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ONE DOLLAR
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NEW YORK

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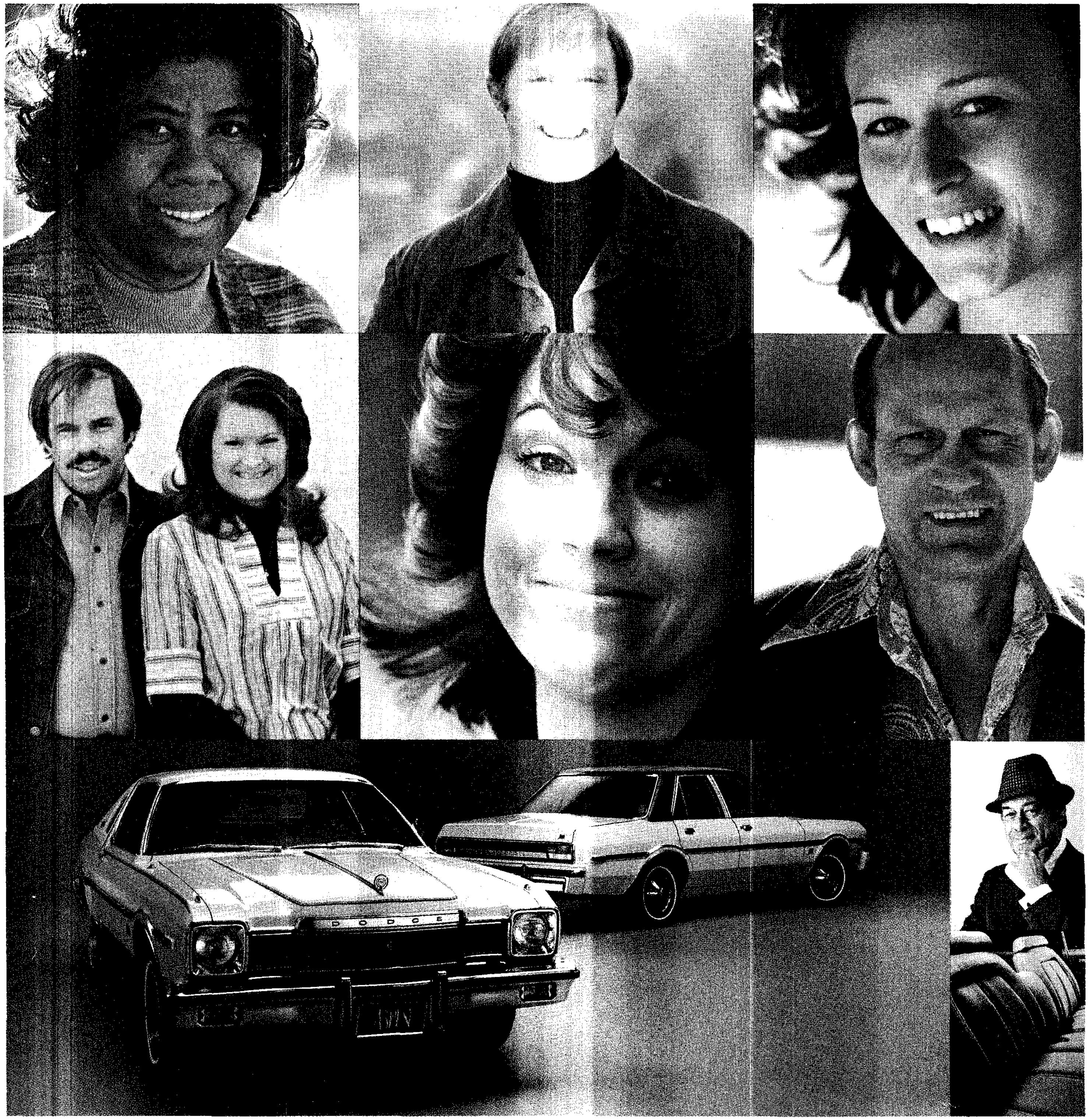

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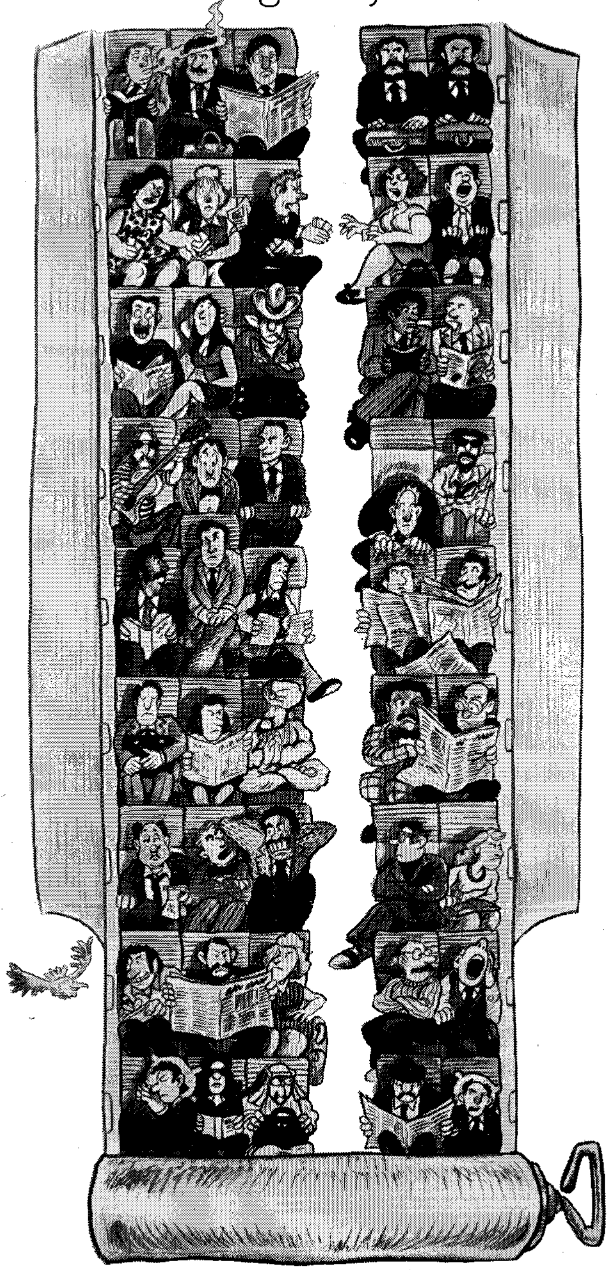

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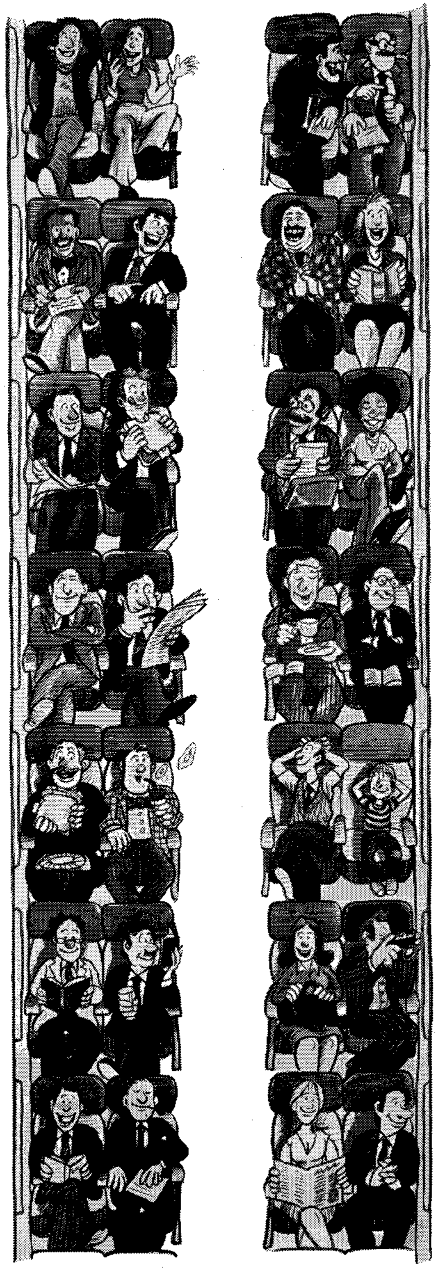

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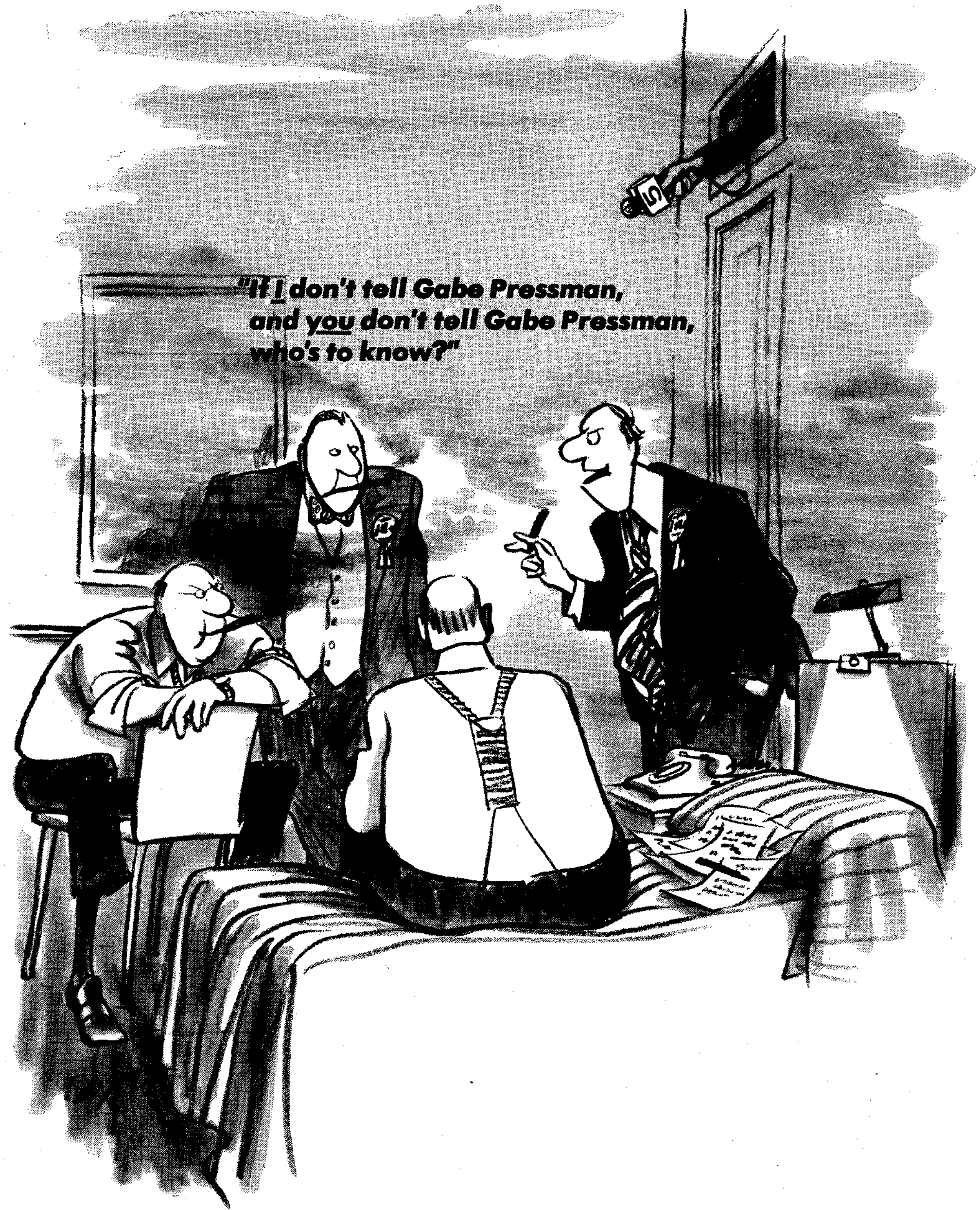
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From the time he was a chubby child living on West 157th Street, Freddie was adored and indulged. When he soared to superstardom, he had the world at his feet and his friends in his pocket. But it wasn't enough for Freddie. He wanted death. So he played with guns, loaded up on dope, and worshiped Lenny Bruce, another ghetto comic who did himself in while still young. Geraldo Rivera knew Freddie and here reports the step-by-step disintegration of the "tall, beautiful Latin" whom everybody loved and nobody could say "no" to.

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Self-help groups, mutual-support systems—call them what you will. They're groups of people with common problems, situations, or conditions, and they have come together to seek mutual aid, comfort, or often just practical advice. Herewith, a handbook covering many such groups in the New York area.

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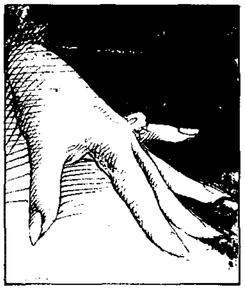
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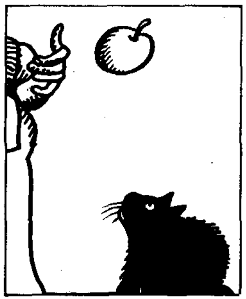
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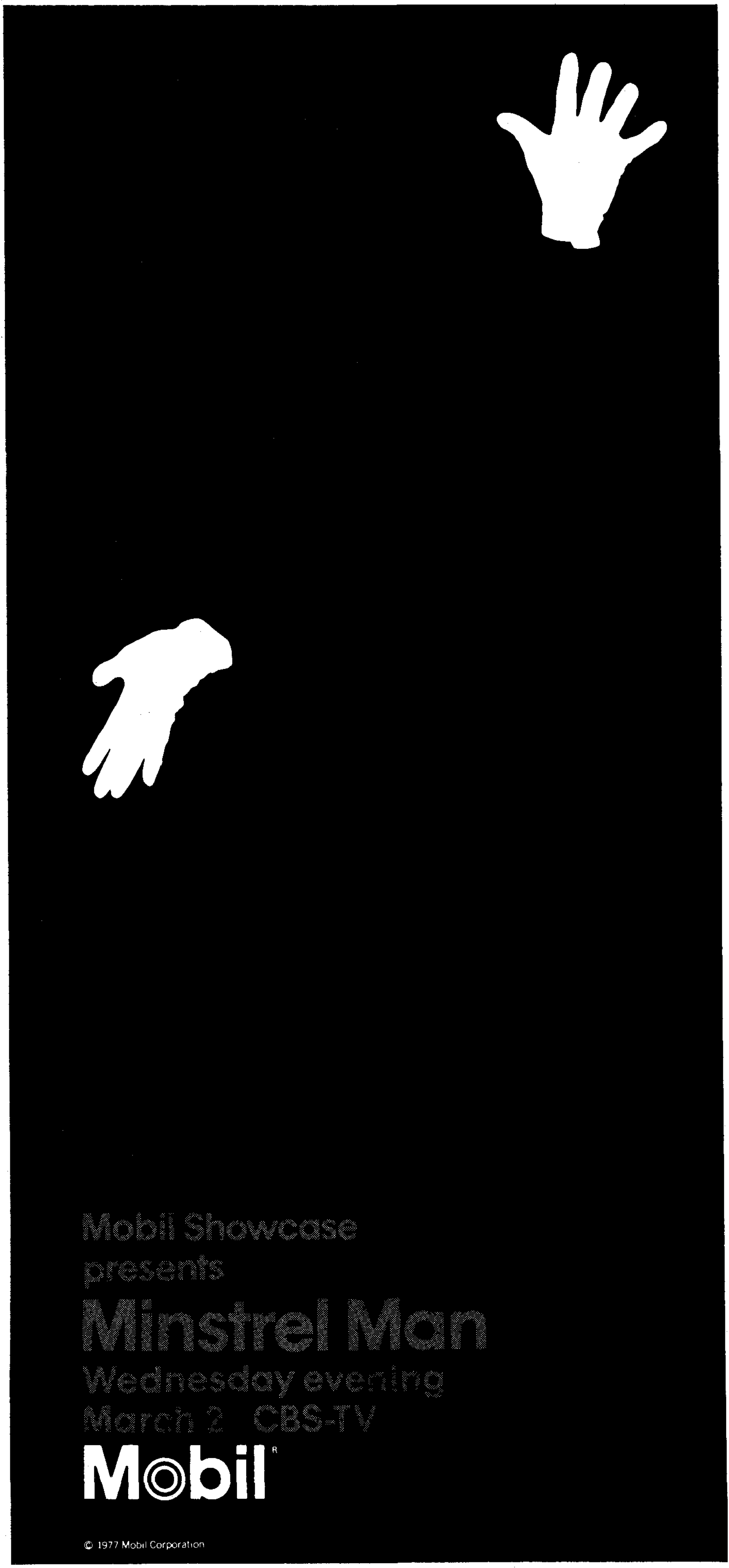

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The Capitol Letter/Nick Thimmesch

SOME NEW YORK ACCENTS IN CARTER'S INNER CIRCLE

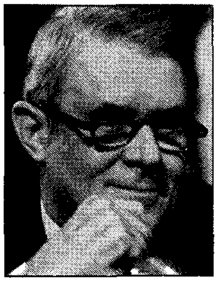
Jimmy Carter wears blue denims, carries his own bags, and affects a down-home Georgia manner, but he sure knows how to go north for top talent. A quick look at the new administration's recruit list shows that Carter, like all presidents before him, has focused on New York to fill the most prestigious positions.

In tapping New York, Carter's chief recruiters, Hamilton Jordan and Vice-President Walter Mondale, paid only nominal attention to political reward. They did not clear appointments with the Democratic State Committee, the congressional delegation, or good old pols. Instead, they relied on seasoned scouts, like Theodore Sorensen, Joseph Califano, John Gardner, Cyrus Vance (all New Yorkers), Clark Clifford, and Anthony Lake (a Kissinger apostate now installed at the State Department).

WIDE WORLD

Califano

WIDE WORLD



Vance

If any city and/or state has a lock on the most important handles of power in Mr. Carter's bureaucracy, it is New York. Cyrus Vance, a reliable, Establishment old hand, runs the State Department. Harold Brown, Bronx-born and New York City–educated, is defense secretary. At HEW, Joseph Califano Jr., who grew up in Bedford-Stuyvesant, sits on the federal government's largest single budget. Zbigniew Brzezinski, who spent sixteen years at Columbia University, will now have Carter's ear morning, noon, and night as director of the National Security Council. James Schlesinger, reared in the pleasantness of upper Fifth Avenue, is energy czar. That's quite a cluster.

Vance typifies the gifted small-town (West Virginia) boy who came to a Manhattan law firm (Simpson, Thacher & Bartlett, in 1947), succeeded, and stayed. His Yale education and connections didn't hurt. His intellect was put to hawkish purposes in Kennedy's and Johnson's defense establishments, but his recent *mea culpa* satisfied the doves.

UPI

Brown

UPI

Brzezinski

Brown is the first Jewish defense secretary if you don't count James Schlesinger (who was bar mitzvahed but turned Lutheran at age 21). After showing brilliance in public schools, Brown got his Ph.D. from Columbia at 21. His specialty is nuclear physics.

Califano went through Brooklyn Catholic schools and Holy Cross College before going to Harvard and then joining the navy. Afterward, he lived in Peter Cooper Village and worked in the Wall Street law firm of Dewey, Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer & Wood. Califano loves to visit his aunts Rosalie and Jessamine in Flatbush.

Brzezinski, like Kissinger, is a war refugee (Polish Catholic) who found security and comfort at academe and made a Rockefeller connection (David) at the Trilateral Commission, which Carter latched onto himself. Brzezinski is main-line eastern Establishment.

Schlesinger was born in New York City, attended P.S. 6 and Horace Mann, then got straight A's and three degrees at Harvard. A fast riser in the Nixon administration, he defended the president during Watergate and got so testy with Gerald Ford that he was fired. A Robert A. Taft conservative, Schlesinger is a vulnerable loner, but has Carter's confidence.

Though Ralph Nader worried that Treasury could become "a plantation for bankers," Carter chose two financiers to serve as "point" men on New York's fiscal troubles: Kenneth Axelson, a vice-president of J. C. Penney Company, Inc., has been nominated for Treasury's number-two spot, as deputy secretary. His firm loaned him as a $1-a-year deputy mayor to Abe Beame during the financial crisis. Axelson is reputed to be a nonpolitical technocrat. He will be helped by Roger Altman, 31, a partner at Lehman Brothers, who will become an assistant secretary specializing in capital markets and debt management.

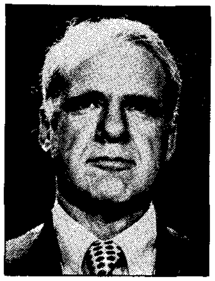
The number-two spot at Commerce went to Dr. Sidney Harman, 58, a whizbang Long Island industrialist who was an antiwar activist, a Eugene McCarthy delegate in 1968, and a civil-rights worker. He is top man at Harman International Industries (hi-fi equipment). Born and educated in New York (City College, Brooklyn Polytech), he is a disciple of Martin Buber and holds a Ph.D. in social psychology.

Also at Commerce is Frank Weil, as assistant secretary for domestic and international business. He was chief financial officer of Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis. A wealthy philanthropist and active Democrat, Weil put on high-level lunches for Carter last spring.

Then there's Sol M. Linowitz, a bit shopworn in public life, onetime Xerox board chairman, and U.S. ambassador to the Organization of American States. Carter has made him conegotiator with Ellsworth Bunker, who is growing weary of trying to get a Panama Canal treaty signed.

New York did well in the second level of the military-diplomatic complex. The best job went to Clifford Alexander, 43, the first black secretary of the army. Some may argue that the suave, handsome Alexander is more a Washingtonian (he's lived there for twelve years and has run for mayor), but he was born in New York and was an assistant district attorney in New York County. In the early sixties, he was an official in the scandal-ridden Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited program. In 1970, he considered running for the U.S. Senate from New York. Alexander can get feisty on race matters and could have bad moments at Defense.

SYGMA



Schlesinger

WIDE WORLD

Axelson

Drew Days III, once number-two

man at NAACP's Legal Defense Fund, was named the first black assistant attorney general. Significantly, Days will be in charge of civil-rights enforcement.

Richard N. Gardner, 49, is new ambassador to Italy and is fluent in Italian besides. Born in New York City, he has been a professor at Columbia since 1957. He belongs to all the right professional organizations. Already off on a Cyprus mission is Matthew Nimetz, 37, born and educated in Brooklyn. He replaces Helmut Sonnenfeldt as counselor to the secretary of state. Nimetz was president of the *Harvard Law Review,* clerk to Supreme Court Justice John M. Harlan, and worked for Califano at the Pentagon in LBJ years. He was a partner at Simpson, Thacher & Bartlett, was executive director of Hugh Carey's transition, and just resigned as commissioner of the Port Authority.

UPI

Harman

UPI

Linowitz

Richard Holbrooke, managing editor of *Foreign Policy* magazine, is the new assistant secretary of state for East Asian and Pacific affairs. Born in New York, Holbrooke was a foreign-service officer in Vietnam, helped author the *Pentagon Papers,* and became a dissident on the Vietnam war. Leslie Gelb, one of the top men on the *Pentagon Papers* project, left his job as New York *Times* diplomatic correspondent to become State's director of politico-military affairs. People who cluck-cluck about appointments think it is significant that two antiwar types have been positioned rather high at State.

WIDE WORLD

Alexander

WIDE WORLD

Gardner

The presence of Lynn Davis has caused some old eyebrows to rise at the Pentagon, where executive quarters carry the aroma of sweat and cigar smoke. Ms. Davis, 33, is deputy assistant secretary of defense for policy plans, which means she is the link to the National Security Council, run by Brzezinski, her former professor. She is now one of the highest-ranked civilian women at the Pentagon. She says she is a "centrist" on military affairs, meaning she gets criticized by hawks, doves, and male chauvinists.

There are at least a half dozen New Yorkers picked for top jobs largely because of their loyalty to Carter. Leading them is Margaret "Midge" Costanza, 44, whose White House office is a liaison between the president and public-interest groups—the job Charles Colson did for Nixon and William Baroody did for Ford. Midge won Carter's attention and gratitude for backing him when he was thought of as "some southern governor." She was cochairperson, with William vanden Heuvel, in Carter's New York State campaign. Before coming to Washington, she was vice-mayor of Rochester.

Mark Siegel worked in the Carter campaign from his post as executive director of the Democratic National Committee. He helped direct the frantic but successful effort to keep Eugene McCarthy off the New York ballot. After the election, Siegel put together review books on Cabinet candidates. For this service, Siegel was rewarded with the job of deputy assistant to the president for policy analysis.

Mayor Beame's Washington lobbyist, Bronx-born Bruce Kirschenbaum, 32, helped persuade his boss to endorse Carter, then joined the Carter talent-hunting operation. Result: Kirschenbaum is now associate director for intergovernmental affairs. He worked one year for Senator Javits. In 1974, he took the lobbyist's job. Now Kirschenbaum's lobbying for New York City will be done inside the White House.

Orin S. Kramer has shuttled between New York and New Jersey and regards himself as a New Yorker. He is now an associate director of the domestic council under Stuart Eizenstat, after working with him as an issues specialist in the campaign. Kramer joined Simpson, Thacher & Bartlett in 1970, was legislative assistant to Assemblyman Andrew Stein, and ran the New York State nursing-home investigation. He's 31, an ex-marine, and can be solemn at times.

Barry Jagoda, 33, won an Emmy as producer of CBS News's coverage of Watergate. That got him the job as Carter's television adviser during the campaign. Now Jagoda carries the weighty title of special assistant to the president for media and public affairs, which means Carter listens when Jagoda coaches him to wear a sweater and sit by a fireplace for his first talk to the American people. After getting a master's degree at Columbia, Jagoda rose quickly at CBS.

Isabel Hyde, 28, has an envied job as executive assistant to Secretary of Commerce Juanita Kreps. Hyde was a greenhorn, but her willingness and potential sold Mrs. Kreps on hiring her. Perhaps another good reason she made the team is that knowledgeable Washington hands have described her as "the ornament of the new administration, the best-looking girl they've got." She has been a sometime date of William vanden Heuvel. During the campaign she briefed Carter on local issues in cities and towns. She was born in New York City, educated at Brearley, Columbia, and Barnard.

That nearly completes the list to date, but more New Yorkers will be appointed to those top 200 or 300 jobs. Right now, Carter's personnel crew is coding and analyzing candidates for the next tier of jobs according to qualifications, interest, and affirmative-action "characteristics" (meaning favoritism to women and blacks).

Meanwhile, William vanden Heuvel was recommended for deputy attorney general, but the appointment of Griffin Bell required that Carter name someone more pleasing to liberals. So vanden Heuvel waits, perhaps vicariously enjoying the upward mobility of Ms. Hyde. Bella Abzug has been touted mightily to Carter, but he only wishes that effort would be more quiet. He did see Bella last week, though, so who knows what will happen?

WIDE WORLD

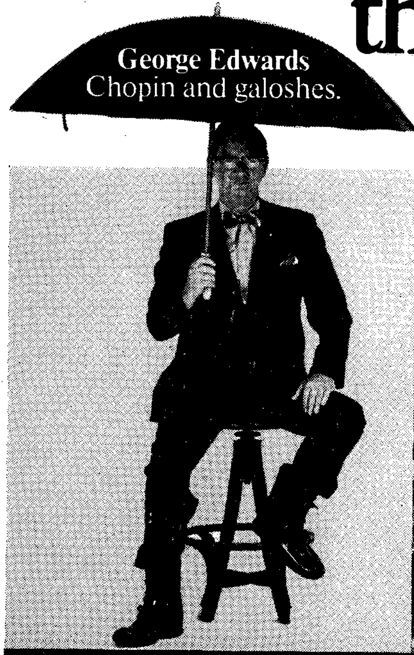
Gelb

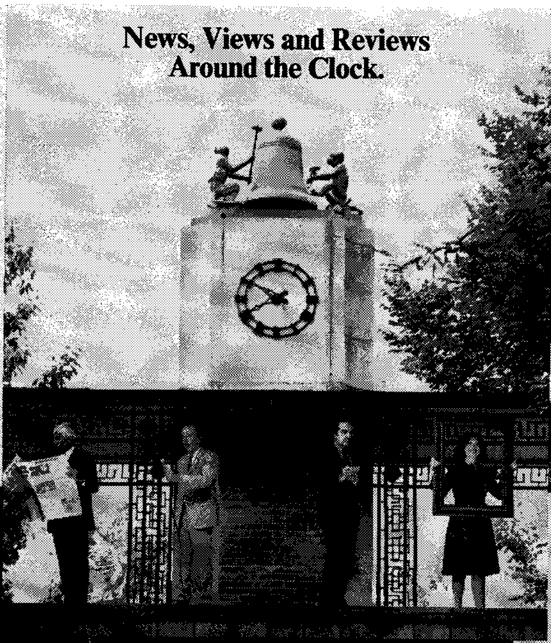
UPI

Costanza

Back in 1974, Noel John Sterrett came to New York to a job as stage manager of a dinner theater in Elmsford, a Westchester suburb. He then worked variously as a cinematographer and free-lance photographer. In 1976, he started graduate school at New York University and worked as a volunteer for Carter in the city. Now he's cranking up a computerized information system for the White House press office. Since Sterrett spent nearly two years in Manhattan, he's labeled a New Yorker, but he says, in a slight southern drawl, "Well, I lived on West 76th Street and commuted up to Elmsford, but I'm really from Atlanta. I was born and raised there." ▬

There's a lot more to a great music station than great music.


George Edwards
Chopin and galoshes.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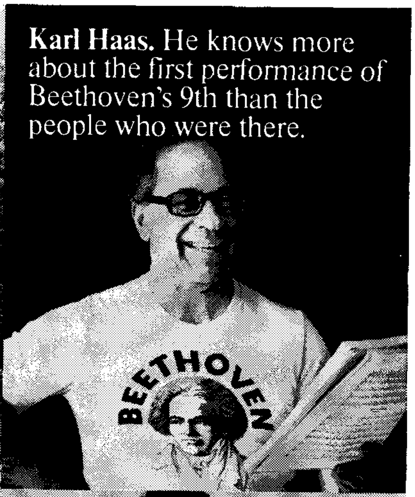
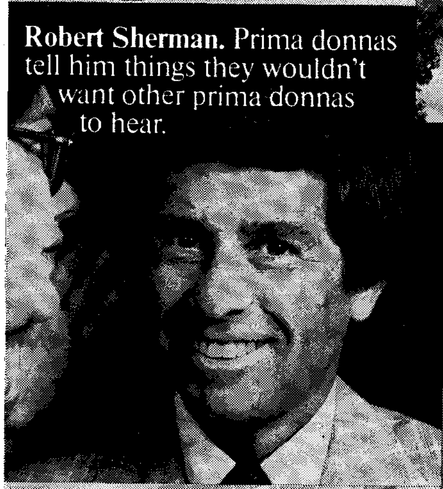
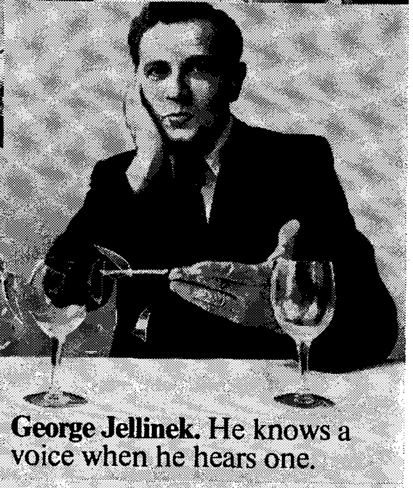
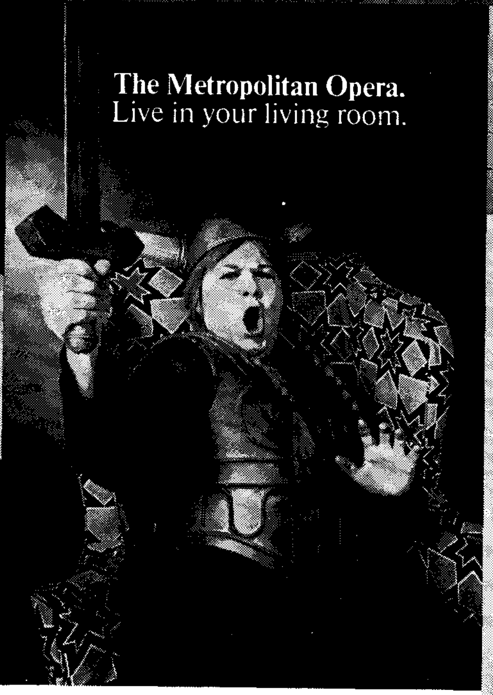

Karl Haas. He knows more about the first performance of Beethoven's 9th than the people who were there.


Robert Sherman. Prima donnas tell him things they wouldn't want other prima donnas to hear.


George Jellinek. He knows a voice when he hears one.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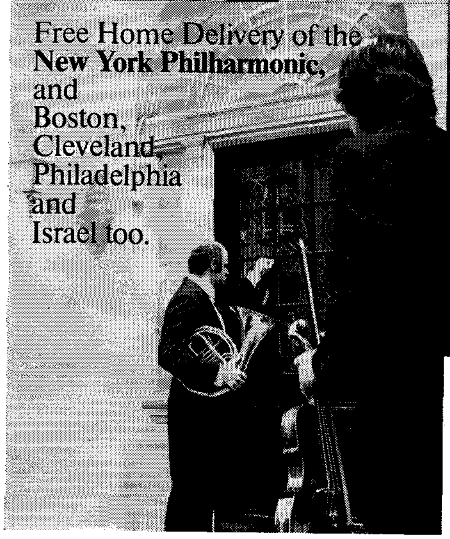
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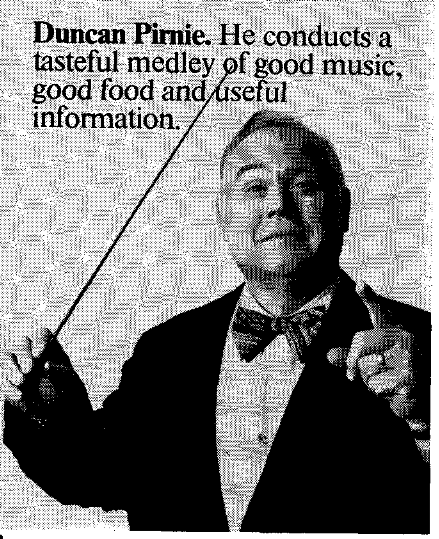
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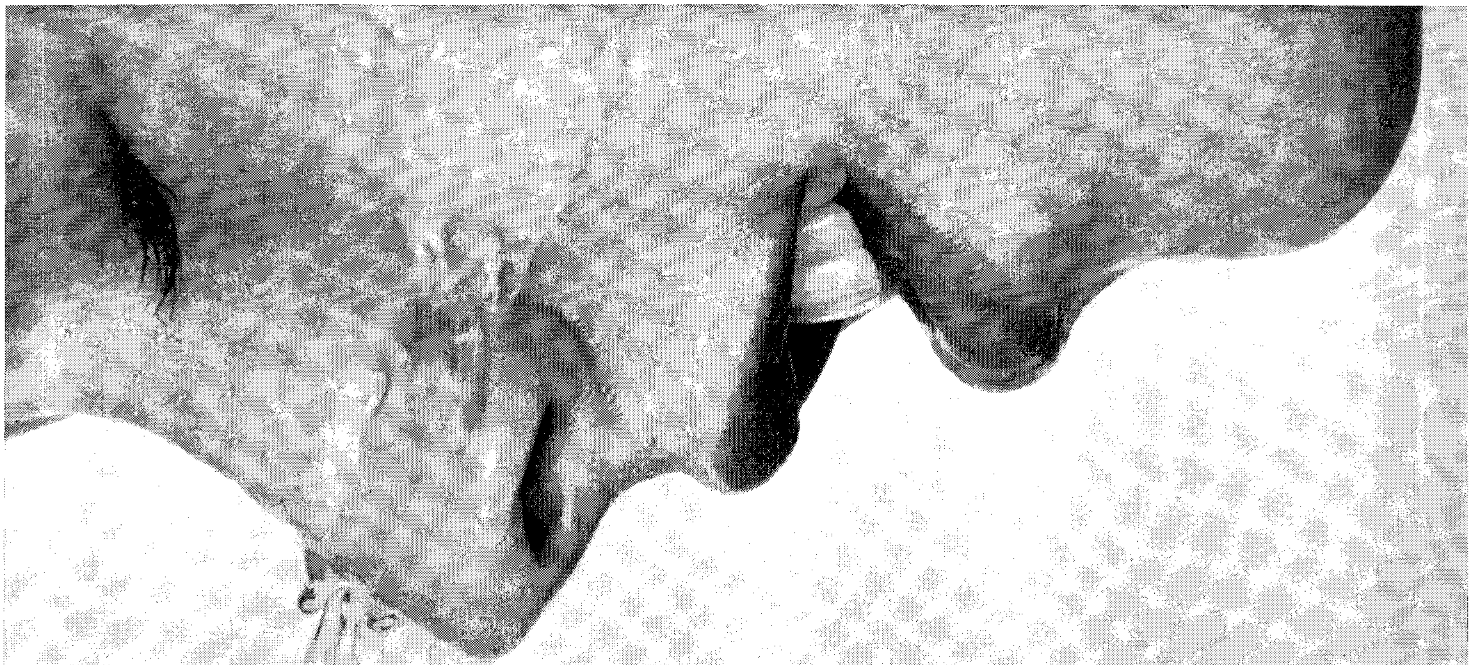

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The Bottom Line/Dan Dorfman

A SCARY OUTLOOK: SURGING INTEREST RATES, HIGHER INFLATION

Selling Time Again?

About two months ago, the *Bank Credit Analyst,* a well-respected forecaster of stock market and business trends, fired off a monthly report to clients containing these glowing words: "The greatest risk investors face is being caught out of another explosive rally which could begin literally at any time." It was more of the same last month when the two men who publish the 28-year-old report, Donald R. Storey and J. Anthony Boeckh, declared that it should only be a matter of time until stock prices break out of their narrow trading range (925–1,015 in the Dow Jones industrials) and extend the bull market which began in December of 1974.

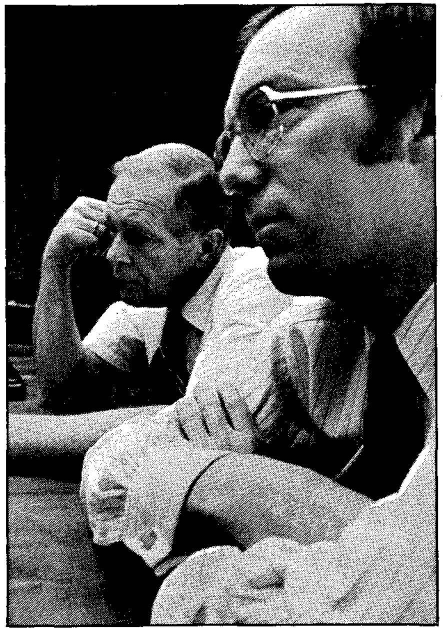
Well, Storey and Boeckh, who analyze money and credit conditions as a way of predicting business trends and stock prices, have had a sudden change of heart, thereby ending two years of solid bullish sentiment.

I caught up with the two analysts in New York last week (Storey and Boeckh have headquarters in Bermuda and Montreal, respectively) and was told that "background forces are developing that don't look good. We're in the beginning stages of an adverse credit environment [characterized by excessive credit demands]. And there's enough going on to suggest that investors should cut back on their equity exposure . . . because the risk in the stock market has materially increased."

Storey and Boeckh are not the usual brash Wall Street types who are prone to flamboyant statements. They're soft-spoken, conservative in dress, and think before responding to a question. Some money managers think they're a bit too bullish at times (throughout 1976, for example). But they're regarded as two of the most incisive analysts tracking the credit and monetary markets. Accordingly, their views—which will be spelled out in the March issue of *Bank Credit Analyst*—certainly merit a respectful hearing.

It's hardly a revelation that the course of the stock market is dictated by the trends in interest rates and inflationary expectations. But that's precisely what's bothering Storey and Boeckh. They see potential problems on both counts, with the possibility that interest rates could be in the double-digit column in mid-1978. A rise in the inflation rate to the 6.5 percent level is also viewed as a distinct possibility.

MORRIS WARMAN



Storey (left) and Boeckh: *Credit fears.*

This thinking is in sharp contrast to Storey and Boeckh's views of just two months ago, when they felt that the proper links had fallen in place for ensuring a substantial bull market over the next three to five years. Their assumptions had included a deflationary business environment in which the real gross national product would grow at a slow 4 to 4.5 percent annual rate over the next few years; further, that the budget deficits would gradually trend toward zero by the end of the decade. There was also expectation that the healing process from the excesses of the last ten years—inflation, declining corporate and bank liquidity, and excessive government expenditures—would continue satisfactorily.

Alas, Storey and Boeckh now conclude that such a scenario is becoming increasingly less likely. For one thing, they think Jimmy Carter's new fiscal-stimulus package (an estimated $31 billion over the next two years) was unnecessary because the economy had already picked up and its growth rate was proceeding nicely. Their obvious fear here is the threat of higher inflation.

On top of this, the analysts said, was their sudden awareness that the government's borrowings are massively excessive for this phase of the business cycle. Taking into account Carter's new fiscal package, government borrowings over the next two years could run in the $150 billion to $170 billion range—leading, warn Storey and Boeckh, to sharply higher interest rates.

The two analysts offer several other arguments in stating their bearish case:

☐ Late in the fourth quarter of last year, it became obvious that the government's budget deficit—which stood at close to $60 billion—had stopped improving after mid-1976.

☐ The financial position of the corporate sector deteriorated in 1976 after making tremendous improvements in 1975. (In 1975, corporate cash flows, for the first time in ten years, had exceeded investments.)

☐ The Federal Reserve revised its capacity figures (a reference to plant utilization), indicating that there's a lot less excess capacity in the economy than people think. Thus, it's the *Bank Credit Analyst*'s contention that if the United States were to use as much excess capacity in 1977 as in 1976, the country would be pretty close to full capacity by year-end 1977. And this would invariably lead, say Storey and Boeckh, to delivery bottlenecks, shortages, and rising inflationary expectations.

Storey and Boeckh serve up a scary investment outlook. They say 1977 will be characterized by excessive credit demands from both the government and the corporate sectors, leading to higher interest rates or excessive monetary expansion, or both.

The Fed, of course, could always choke off excess demands by tightening the money supply. If this were to happen, though, say Storey and Boeckh, "you would have a quick mini-credit crunch and a material slowdown in business, perhaps even a recession. And the market could drop maybe 20 percent in three or four months." Suppose, though, the Fed goes the other way and permits sizable monetary expansion? "Bad news again," respond the analysts. "The market might be good for a few months, but you'd have inflation and eventually a severe credit crunch [as the Fed applies the brakes to curb inflation]."

Storey and Boeckh concluded the interview on a dismal note. "Whatever the Fed does, it's screwed . . . . and we'll all be screwed, too, by a very bad bond and stock market. That's why this is surely the time to do some selling."

(Continued on page 12)

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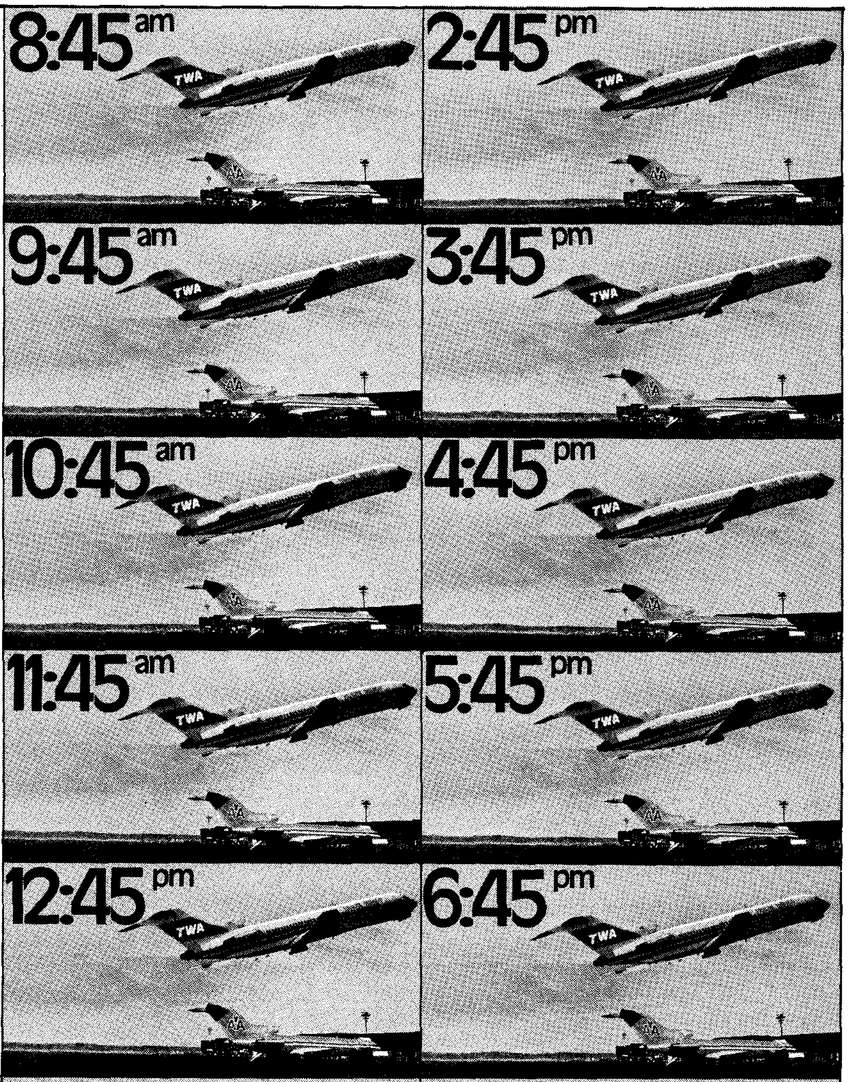

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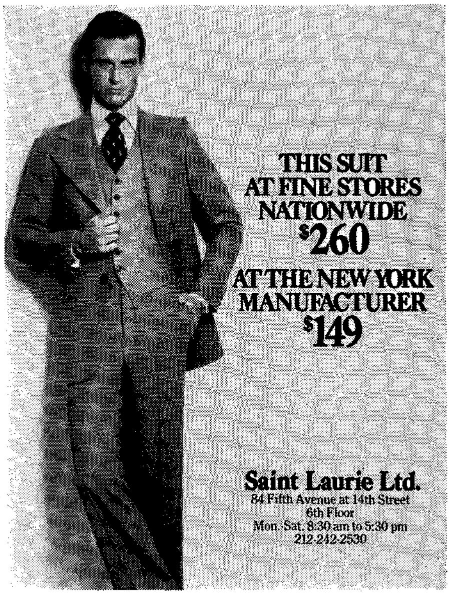
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The Well-Greased Palm

Anybody who's *anybody* in New York has eaten at the Palm Restaurant. The food's great—but the prices are out of sight (a four-and-a-half-pound lobster recently went for $32; steak is $12.50, and a slice of cheesecake goes for $2). Yet, the Palm lost money in the first three months of 1976 even though the place was consistently jammed. No, nobody was stealing (although some customers say the prices are a license to steal).

The problem? "We weren't charging enough to cover our costs," a straight-faced Bruce Bozzi, one of the owners, told me at a luncheon interview (at the Palm, of course). And, not that any Palm customer ever seems to care, prices went up about 5 to 15 percent across the board. (At present, the Palm pays about $6 apiece for its steaks and $14 each for lobsters.)

Thanks to its higher prices, the Palm is now in the black. No doubt that comes as good news to Bruce Bozzi and Walter Ganzi, whose families opened the Palm in 1926 as a neighborhood speakeasy (serving 90-cent steaks and bowls of spaghetti) and who continue to operate it today at the same location at 45th Street and Second Avenue.

Every successful restaurant has some noteworthy features, and the Palm—whose patrons range from bookies to rock stars—is no different. Aside from its reputation as being one of the city's best steak houses, it offers long waits, lots of people, deafening noise, no privacy, rough wooden tables, sawdust on the floor, and caricatures scribbled all over the walls.

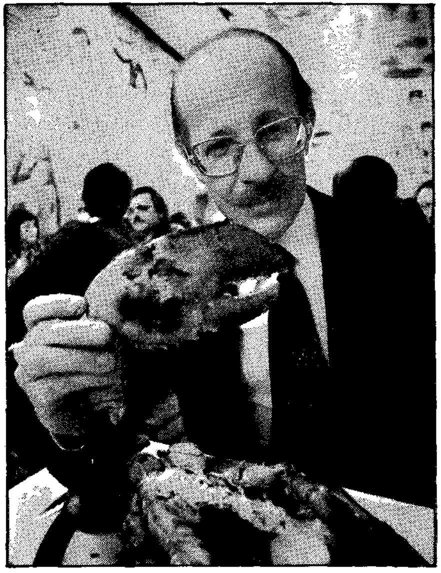
Not the kind of restaurant that would have widespread appeal? Wrong. The Palm has expanded to four Palms—another in New York (Palm Too), which is totally owned by the Bozzis and Ganzis, one in Los Angeles (50 percent owned), and one in Washington (66 percent owned).

And the profits, I hear, are simply scrumptious. In 1976, pretax earnings reportedly ran between $1 million and $1.2 million on sales (for all four restaurants) of $7 million. The original Palm was the sales leader, with 1976 volume of $2.7 million. The runner-up, the Los Angeles Palm, did $1.8 million. The Washington Palm had 1976 sales of $1.6 million. And Palm Too rounded out the year with $900,000.

Many steak houses in the early 1940s were forced to close because of their inability to get enough meat. The Palm didn't have any such problem. "We have certain connections . . . and were able to get all the meat we needed," Bozzi said with a knowing smile.

If you think the Bozzis and Ganzis do well, you should only be a Palm waiter. Their tips, I hear, thanks to the big tabs, are enormous, averaging $500 to $600 a week. (Bozzi says the average check per person, including tips and taxes, runs $12 for lunch, $22 for dinner; some patrons, however, say those figures are at least 50 percent too low.)

MATTHEW KLEIN


The Palm's Bozzi: *A $32-lobster lover.*

Bozzi seems to have a pet answer for his restaurant's success: "We serve a good plate of food; people get value for the dollar spent . . . and everyone is treated equally."

I'd like to add my two cents: Thank God for expense accounts.

Those Unlucky Insiders

Top officers and directors of Burroughs Corporation will shortly be hit with a $500-million derivative suit, alleging misuse of inside information and the "manipulation" of certain facts in their possession relating to the company's prospects. The action is being taken by Mary Mayer, a holder of 100 Burroughs shares, in behalf of herself and other Burroughs shareholders.

Last November and December, at least eight Burroughs officers, including chairman Ray Macdonald and president P. S. Mirabito, sold 54,400 Burroughs shares in roughly the 86-to-92 range. In mid-January, several adverse business trends at Burroughs were disclosed, causing the company's shares to tumble to 68¼—resulting in a market loss to Burroughs shareholders of some $500 million. But the Burroughs officers, thanks to their timely selling, saved themselves close to $1 million.

I. Walton Bader of the law firm of Bader & Bader, which is handling the action, told me the suit would also seek to have the Burroughs officers return to the corporation the $1-million profit they made in Burroughs. ▬

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

Feb. 22 thru March 1

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Friday, February 25

F for Fake–Orson Welles stars in and directed this celebration of tricks, games, and hoaxers. Clifford Irving and the late art forger Elmyr de Hory co-star. D.W. Griffith.

IT DOESN'T HURT A BIT

Jerry Houser as a hockey player with a latent zest for violence in **Slap Shot,** a film about people in the sub-culture of professional ice hockey, starring Paul Newman, with Lindsay Crouse and Strother Martin; directed by George Roy Hill, from a screenplay by Nancy Dowd. Beekman; National; Murray Hill.

THE MOVIES

Alexander Nevsky–This highly tendentious film about a historic Russian ruler stopping a fierce invasion by Teutonic knights reveals Eisenstein at his most crowd-and-commissar-pleasing; it is deprecated by purists but may be more accessible and enjoyable than any other of the director's films. The battle scenes are justly famous—indeed, they have set the style for all knightly mayhem on screen. Prokofiev's music is one of the great film scores and has, justly, become a concert piece. 2/23, Carnegie Hall Cinema; Museum of Modern Art, 2/24 at 2:30; 2/25 at 6 p.m.

Blow-Up–A borderline Antonioni film: not one of the great ones, but not one of his failures. About a photographer who uncovers a murder that may not be a murder, mod London seen through Italian eyes, and our old friends, illusion and reality. Some unappealing posturing, but also some highly cinematic excitement. As always with Antonioni, splendid scenery and fine cinematography. 2/24, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Bound for Glory–David Carradine portrays Woody Guthrie in an autobiographical film about the legendary folksinger. It deals mostly with the Depression, the Dust Bowl, and the desperate people traveling to California where new horrors await them. Seeing this film, directed by Hal Ashby, is the nearest thing to leafing through the album of a great photographer (Haskell Wexler). Little Carnegie.

The Bicycle Thief–One of the epochal achievements of Italian neorealist cinema. Vittorio DeSica's film deals with a poor man and his son in postwar Milan, living off the father's bicycle, which gets stolen. The search for that missing life-saver is moving, funny, grotesque, and finally shattering, and the performances of the expertly guided and amateur cast almost more real than life itself. 2/27, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Cassandra Crossing–Could have been a good-bad disaster if it did not take itself so seriously, if it were better acted and directed, and, if it made a minimum of sense. There are unforgiveable performances by Burt Lancaster, Richard Harris, John Phillip Law, and (Actors Studio members past and present please note) Lee Strasberg. Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Cine; 34th St E; Loews Triplex.

The Cookies (Les Galettes de Pont-Aven)–Written and directed by Joel Seria, the film makes every effort to be whimsical, touching, and outrageous by turns, but ends up showing mostly lots of effort. Here and there a bright moment peeps through. The whimsy, on the whole, is more convincing than the pathos. 68th St Playhouse.

Cousin, Cousine–A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchefla that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. Paris.

The Damned–Campy melodrama masquerading as historical significance. The rise of the Nazis seen from the vantage point of a Krupp-like Germany family, for which read: Visconti indulging his grandly operatic taste for opulence and perversion. Even good actors give bad performances, and the cinematography is remarkably poor. Most of this doesn't even make sense. 2/27-3/1, Elgin.

Day for Night–François Truffaut at his far-from-best, but not at his worst, either. The inside story of the making of an international movie, chiefly interesting as a filmed gossip column and an invitation to wax sentimental about the movies. Still, Truffaut's erratic brilliance comes through sporadically, and there is one magisterial performance by Valentina Cortise, and one abyssimal one by Jean Pierre Leaud. 2/25,26, Bleecker Street Cinema.

Death in Venice–Luchino Visconti at his most rotten-ripe. To make a movie from Mann's novella was a bad enough idea; to make this movie, unforgivable. Sumptuous decor and costumes; middling photography of Venice (still something to look at), uninspired performance by Dirk Bogarde, and a lot of pretentious nothing besides. Even Mahler gets badly played on the sound track. 2/27-3/1, Elgin.

Face to Face–Ingmar Bergman's latest is doubly disturbing. First, because it may be the most harrowing portrayal ever of a nervous breakdown, and, secondly, because it shows a supreme film-maker in total control of his medium merely marking time. The one incontrovertible splendor of the film is Liv Ullman's performance. It is not just sublime acting; it is a piece of great, invaluable daring. Fine Arts.

Fellini's Casanova–This film which lasts over two-and-a-half hours may well be the most ponderous specimen of imaginative vacuity ever devised. Particularly offensive and depressing is that Fellini has taken a fascinating protagonist and very rich story only to make them as hollow and aimless as he himself must have become. Cinema I.

Five Easy Pieces–A film much overrated when it first appeared because Carol Eastman's pseudonymous screenplay and Bob Raphelson's pseudo-artistic direction aped prestigious European models—chiefly Bergman—albeit badly. All about alienation in America told in terms of a musical family in Oregon and the scapegrace son who works as an oil rigger and lives with a waitress and finally gives up altogether. Jack Nicholson is impressive part of the way. Lois Smith is marvellous as his sister, and there is a dazzling but hammy cinematography by Laszlo Kovacks. 2/27, Bleecker St Cinema.

The Front–Martin Ritt's film is all facade, posturing, cliches, and cutenesses; it might as well have been made by people whose information about McCarthyism came from a couple of magazine articles, and whose knowledge of human beings from Earl Wilson's column. Even at that, the film may owe its existence to the fact that it deals with blacklisting on television only, and does not foul its own nest, however prefouled that may be. Thru 2/22, Gramercy.

Fun with Dick and Jane–Even if the film were a good deal worse it would still deserve to be seen for the greatly gifted Jane Fonda who is the only all-purpose actress we've got in Hollywood today. She is by far the most irresistibly smart-alecky wife since Myrna Loy in the *Thin Man* series. Theme concerns a couple, living beyond their means, who turn to a life of genteel crime. Loews State I; Loews Tower East.

Harlan County, U.S.A.–Barbara Kopple's well-intentioned piece of work about a coal miners' strike in Kentucky that lasted thirteen months and led to, after the brutal shooting of a miner, the mine owners' acceding to the miners' demands, which were nothing more than the right to unionize. Cinema II.

King Kong–This new version, directed by John Guillermin, tried hard to come up with things the original lacked—Freud, feminism, ecology, social satire, spoofing of astrology, and above all, sympathy for the ape. The romance now is much more between beast and girl than between boy and girl. But nothing substantial has been added and something considerable has been forfeited. Embassy 49th.

King of Hearts–Philippe De Broca's comic parable in which the inmates of an asylum take over a small French town during World War I. With Genevieve Bujold, Alan Bates, Jean-Claude Brialy. New Yorker.

Last Tango in Paris–About sex, love and death among today's disaffected young and disenchanted middle-aged, this purports to be a social document, eroticism at its best, and a work of art, but despite fancy positions and posturings, fails at all three. Neither Bertolucci's directorial attudinizing, nor the actors' elaborate improvisations come to much beyond one good sex scene (the first), and Brando's vaunted performance is merely an anthology of all his former ones, while Maria Schneider's main talent is for looking unwashed even in a bathtub. Modish cinematography, bad music, and dialogue full of pratfalls. 2/26, Elgin.

The Last Tycoon–The movie version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's book is an honorable failure, honorable because it tries to serve its vision of the original faithfully; failure because that vision falls considerably short of Fitzgerald's. Elia Kazan directed, and his naturalism laced with expressionalistic touches introduces elements to disharmonize with Harold Pinter's screenplay, and Fitzgerald's book. Robert De Niro's Monroe Stahr, the protagonist, is perfection itself, but Ingrid Boulting, the Kathleen, is disastrous. Thru 2/23, Embassy 72nd.

The Late Show–If you like latter-day variations on the private-eye movie—variations that consist chiefly of tongue-in-cheek deflations of the genre, you may find this film just your thing. Though its plotting is rudimentary and its illogic gigantic, it has oodles of atmosphere and a likeable way of not taking itself too seriously. Lily Tomlin is totally winning. Sutton.

Logan's Run–Jenny Agutter and Michael York co-star in one of those world-after-the-holocaust bits of futuristic wool-gathering, directed by Michael Anderson. Gifted and winning performers, they overcome deadly preposterousnesses almost as easily as mortal dangers. There is creditable supporting work from Richard Jordan, and a bit of genius from Peter Ustinov. Thru 2/22, Olympia.

Lumiere–A film that offers us Jeanne Moreau as scenarist, director, and star disappoints us to a greater or lesser degree on all counts. It's impossible to have watched Moreau's development from a band singer, through a light comedienne, into a leading dramatic actress of stage and screen without having admired her fervently. It is, therefore, sad to see this angel of eroticism grow middle-aged before our eyes, in the role she plays of Sarah, an actress who is passionately loved by at least two young men. From 2/24, Embassy 72nd.

The Marquise of O. . .–Eric Rohmer's film version of Heinrich von Kleist's 1808 novella is as intelligent and successful as such an undertaking can get. The liberties the director has taken are minimal, and generally inventive as well as dramatically justifiable. Thru 2/24, D.W. Griffith; Quad.

Nashville–Despite certain obvious flaws, such as too much dreary country music, imperfect allegory, and a continuity and characterizations that suffer from too much chopping, this is an important and compelling film with a rich texture, good social observation, some unforgettable scenes, and generally fine acting. 2/28, Bleecker St Cinema.

Network–Sidney Lumet's latest film is a further lap in Paddy Chayefsky's, the scenarist's, fascinating race against decrepitude and impotence. But Lumet continues to improve as a director, and the acting, by William Holden, Robert Duvall, Peter Finch, Faye Dunaway, Beatrice Straight, is impressive. Thru 2/24, Murray Hill; RKO 59th I; Trans-Lux 85th; from 2/23, Greenwich.

Next Stop Greenwich Village–Paul Mazursky continues his career as a slick sentimental self-serving filmmaker, here waxing nostalgic over his youth in the Village of the 50s where he came from Brooklyn to become an actor. Larry (Paul) is a nice Jewish boy surrounded by crazy Village characters. Lenny Baker, and especially Ellen Greene, are fine. Shelley Winters is horrendous. Mazursky's direction is obvious, and the cinematography poor. 2/25, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Passion of Anna–One of Bergman's two finest films since *Persona*, incomparably superior to *Cries and Whispers*, and prefiguring (and surpassing) much of *Scenes from a Marriage*. Aside from being a profound document about the impossibilities of love relationships, this film is a veritable compendium of technical achievements, and contains some of the most marvelous color cinematography, in the subtlest tones, ever seen. Thru 2/22, Elgin.

The Pink Panther Strikes Again–Distinctly superior to its predecessor, *The Return of the Pink Panther*, this one features also some jolly movie parodies and mild political satire along with good-natured and often amusing slapstick, old hat though it may be. With Peter Sellers, Herbert Lom, Colin Blakely, Leonard Rossiter, and Lesley-Anne Down. 2/15-22, St Marks Cinema; Olympia.

Potemkin–Sergei Eisenstein's most famous film, probably because, in the famous Odessa Stairs sequence, it most palpably embodies his ideas on montage. A historic and worthy film about an insurrection on a czarist battleship, in the most grandly expressionist style of filmmaking, this is nevertheless not everybody's samovar of tea. Yet it is undeniably powerful and, at times moving, and a necessary element of anybody's cinematic education. 2/23, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Providence–Alain Resnais's first English-language film is his first unmitigated disaster. John Gielgud, the partially hidden narrator of the film, an old dying man, imagines a convoluted scenario involving a love triangle made up of his legitimate son, his illegitimate son, and the former's wife (Dirk Bogarde, David Warner, and Ellen Burstyn). Cinema III.

Pumping Iron–A specialized sort of documentary film about muscle men and, to a much lesser extent, their families, trainers, fans; a film that cannot help having a certain freak-show appeal. Yet it does have its riveting passages, as when we see the screen wellnigh explode with the superhuman, or superbovine, exertions of these body builders, or when Arnold Schwarzenegger, the champion of champions, gives out with mischievous bits of witty cynicism. Plaza; From 2/23, RKO 86th I.

Rocky–This is a pugnacious, charming, grimy, beautiful fairy tale—a small pearl of realism formed around a grain of story-book impossibility. An obscure Philadelphia boxer gets a crack at the heavyweight championship, and what distinguishes this tale from so many other boxing tales is the precision with which the locales, the background activities, and the talk are evoked. It's an uppercut to the devil's jaw and an upper for the viewer's spirits. Directed by John Avildsen. Loews Triplex; Columbia I; Quad; Embassy 46th; RKO 86th II; thru 2/22, Greenwich; from 2/23, Gramercy.

The Sentinel–Michael Winner's latest unspeakably vulgar movie in the supernatural horror genre is dreadful, and the only moments of true horror occur when we are forced to watch Sylvia Miles in the nude. Rivoli; 86th St E; Columbia II.

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution–Nicol Williamson is a self-indulgent sensualist and social upstart rather than the ascetic, upper-class Sherlock Holmes in this film, wherein Freud (Alan Arkin) tries to analyze the cure the cocaine-besotted dick, and the two men collaborate in a bit of crime detection. Quad.

Silver Streak–An expensive attempt, directed by Arthur Hiller, at crossbreeding *The Lady Vanishes* and *Twentieth Century*. It is not so much a cross-fertilization as a cross-sterilization. Jill Clayburgh, once again unworthily cast, once again keeps her head above ditchwater. Gene Wilder is miscast in a young-Jimmy Stewart role, and Patrick McGoohan is loathsome above the line of duty. Thru 2/22, RKO 86 I; Trans-Lux East; thru 2/24, National.

A Star is Born–This third version of the film, with Barbra Streisand in what seems to be both the female and male leads, is not only unneeded, it is emphatically uncalled-for. Streisand's notion of acting is to bulldoze her way from one end of a line to the other without regard for anyone or anything; you can literally feel her impatience for the other performer to stop talking so she can take over again. Forum; Waverly; Loews Triplex; U.A. East.

The Story of Adele H.–Truffaut's latest film is about the daughter of Victor Hugo who, growing up in the Channel island of Guernsey, whither her father was banished, had the misfortune to fall in love with a British lieutenant who eventually tired of her, both on Guernsey and in London, where she had followed him. Unfortunately, Truffaut has opted for swift, short episodes, trying to make out of lean, restless vignettes a sweeping canvas of love, madness, personal tragedy. The gifted, adorable, rising young star, Isabelle Adjani, under twenty when she made this film, plays Adele, and Bruce Robinson the lieutenant. 2/24,25, Bleecker St Cinema.

Twilight's Last Gleaming–Robert Aldrich's film may well be the first main-line film that tries to take full account of the Vietnam-Watergate debacle on behalf of Hollywood. It is laid somewhere in the near future but tries to come to grips with our recent past and its possibly fearful consequences. Unfortunately, its sincerity does not seem to exclude sensationalism. Loews State II; Loews Orpheum; Eastside.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Seven Beauties.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *A Star Is Born.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). Thru 2/24, *Seven Beauties.* From 2/25, *Slap Shot.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker, at Laguardia Pl (674-2560). 2/22, Avant Garde Program IV; *Sherlock Jr.* 2/23, *The Wild Child; Every Man for Himself and God Against All.* 2/24, *The Story of Adele H; The Wild Child.* 2/25, *Day for Night; The Story of Adele H.* 2/26, *Chinatown; Day for Night.* 2/27, *Five Easy Pieces; Chinatown.* 2/28, *Nashville.* 3/1, Avant Garde Program V; *Our Hospitality.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 2/22, *All My Sons; The Pedestrian.* 2/23, *The Battleship Potemkin; Alexander Nevsky.* 2/24, *Blow-Up; Zabriskie Point.* 2/26, 2/25, *Next Stop, Greenwich Village; Alex in Wonderland.* 2/26, *The Rose Tattoo; Summer and Smoke.* 2/27, *Nights of Cabiria; The Bicycle Thief.* 2/28, *Moi Pierre Riviere Ayant Ma Mere, Ma Soeur, Mon Frere; Juliette et L'Air du Temps.* 3/1, *Nuit d'Or; Demain Les Momes.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Fellini's Casanova.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Harlan County, U.S.A.*

Cinema III, 2 W 59 (752-5959). *Providence.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Rocky.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Sentinel.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Thieves.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). Thru 2/24, *The Marquise of O. . .* From 2/25, *F for Fake.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Twilight's Last Gleaming.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). Thru 2/24, *The Last Tycoon.* From 2/25, to be announced.

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *The Sentinel.*

Elgin, 8th Ave & 19th (675-0935). Thru 2/22, *Persona; Passion of Anna; Shame.* 2/23, *Sanjuro; The Haunted Samurai.* 2/24, *Breakfast at Tiffany's; Two for the Road.* 2/25, *Goldfinger; Dr. No; You Only Live Twice.* 2/26, *Last Tango in Paris; The Night Porter.* 2/27-3/1, *The Damned; Death in Venice; Ludwig.* Fridays at Midnight, *Gums;* Saturdays at Midnight, *The Harder They Come.* Senior citizens, 25¢ at all times.

Embassy 46th, at Bdway (757-2408). *Rocky.*

Embassy 49th, at Bdway (582-4066). *King Kong.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 2/23, *The Last Tycoon.* From 2/24, *Lumiere.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *Face to Face.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *A Star is Born.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 2/22, *The Front.* From 2/23, *Rocky.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). Thru 2/22, *Rocky.* From 2/23, *Network.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Bound for Glory.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *The Cassandra Crossing.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *The Cassandra Crossing.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Twilight's Last Gleaming.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. *Fun with Dick and Jane.* II. *Twilight's Last Gleaming.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Fun with Dick and Jane.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). Listings always tentative here. I. *Rocky.* II. *A Star Is Born.* III. *The Cassandra Crossing.*

Murray Hill, 34th at 3rd Ave (685-7652). Thru 2/24, *Network.* From 2/25, *Slap Shot.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd (956-7078). 2/22, noon, film shorts; 2:30, *The Treasure of Arne;* 6 p.m. What's Happening? 2/24, 2:30, *Alexander Nevsky;* 6 p.m. *The Ingmarssons;* 8:30, *Karin, Daughter of Ingmar.* 2/25, 2:30, *People of Hemso;* 6 p.m. *Alexander Nevsky.* 2/26, noon, *The Little Colonel;* 2:30, *People of Hemso;* 5 p.m. *Synnove Solbakken.* 2/27, noon, *The Little Colonel;* 2:30, *The Monastery of Sendomir;* 5 p.m. *A Crazy Page.* 2/28, noon, TV commercials; 2:30, *Synnove Solbakken;* 6 p.m. An evening with Rosa von Braunheim of Munich. 3/1, noon, TV commercials; 2:30, *The Monastery of Sendomir;* 6 p.m. What's Happening?

National, Bdway at 43rd (869-0950). Thru 2/24, *Silver Streak.* From 2/25, *Slap Shot.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *King of Hearts.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 2/22, *The Pink Panther Strikes Again; Logan's Run.* From 2/23, *The Enforcer; Fighting Mad.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Cousin, Cousine.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 2/22, *Pleasure Is My Business; How Funny Can Sex Be?* 2/23-3/1, *The Enforcer; Freebie and the Bean.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Pumping Iron.* (Live body building demonstrations after evening performances.)

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. *The Marquise of O. . .; Claire's Knee.* II. Thru 2/24, *The Town That Dreaded Sundown.* III. *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.* IV. Thru 2/22, *Through the Looking Glass; Every Inch a Lady.* From 2/23, *Rocky.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 2/22,23, *Golden Boy; My Sister Eileen.* 2/24-26, *His Girl Friday; Theodora Goes Wild.* 12/27-3/2, *Only Angels Have Wings; Dirigible.*

Rivoli, Bdway at 49th (247-1633). *The Sentinel.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Bdway at 47th (757-5450). I. Thru 2/22, *Joshua; Welcome Home Brother Charles.* From 2/23, to be announced. II. *The Town That Dreaded Sundown; Last House on the Left.*

RKO 59th St I & II, nr 2nd Ave (688-1717). I. *Network.* II. *The Town That Dreaded Sundown.*

RKO 86th St I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Silver Streak.* II. Thru 2/22, *Rocky.* From 2/23, *Pumping Iron.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 2/22, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.* From 2/23, *The Enforcer.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at St Marks Pl (777-1955). Thru 2/22, *The Pink Panther Strikes Again; Where's Poppa?* 2/23-3/1, *The Enforcer.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *The Cookies.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *The Late Show.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 2/22, *Paths of Glory; The Killing.*

Theater St Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). To be announced.

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *The Cassandra Crossing.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Silver Streak.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Network.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *A Star Is Born.*

Victoria, 46th & Bdway (354-5636). *The Enforcer.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *A Star is Born.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Wednesday, February 23

Unexpected Guests–A new comedy by Jordan Crittenden about events that occur to a man who comes home from work to find his wife has run off with a cello salesman. With Jerry Stiller, Zohra Lampert, Anne Ives, Michael Vale. Directed by Charles Grodin. Little Theater, 240 W 44th St (221-6425).

Thursday, February 24

Caesar and Cleopatra–Rex Harrison and Elizabeth Ashley star in the George Bernard Shaw play, directed by Ellis Raab. With Paul Hecht, Novella Nelson, and Patrick Hines. Palace, 1564 Broadway (PL 7-2626).

Friday, February 25

Romeo and Juliet–Paul Rudd and Pamela Payton-Wright in the Shakespeare tragedy; directed by Theodore Mann; also in the cast are Jan Miner, Jack Gwillim, David Rounds, and Lester Rawlins. Previews start tonight prior to a 3/17 opening. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

CURRENT

American Buffalo–A new play by David *(Sexual Perversity in Chicago)* Mamet which takes place in a junk shop and deals with two old men and a youth who becomes involved in a robbery. With Robert Duvall, Kenneth McMillan, and John Savage. Directed by Ulu Grosbard. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the likes of Avon Long and Josephine Premice. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30 & 7 p.m. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

California Suite–Sleazily written, shoddily constructed, and without even a scintilla of Neil Simon's usual slick adroitness with a gag line, this grab bag of skits about life in a Los Angeles hotel suggests that California life may have scrambled Mr. Simon's brains. Gene Saks's direction draws a few moments of bovine humor from Jack Weston, but Tammy Grimes, Marge Redmond, and George Grizzard look as foolish as they are made to sound. Mon thru Sat at 8; Sat, Sun, Wed mat at 2. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 49th (246-0220).

The Cherry Orchard–A revival of the Chekhov play, adapted by Jean-Claude van Itallie, directed by Andrei Serban. With Irene Worth, George Voskovec, Raul Julia, Meryl Streep, Marybeth Hurt, Cathryn Damon. Runs thru 4/3. Vivian Beaumont, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

Chicago–A music vaudeville, with book by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse, based on the 1926 melodrama about a Chicago murderess. Music by John Kander. There is fun here, and like any spectacle that carries the Fosse signature, it demands to be seen. *(J.S.)* Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's taut, energetic direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990).

Comedians–Trevor Griffiths's uneven but often brilliant dissection of the place of laughter in today's world of debased standards. There are gags here to please the crowd, but they explode like smoke-bombs. Mike Nichols's direction is wonderfully taut and understated, and a splendid all-male cast, notably Jonathan Pryce as a funnyman filled with hatred, provides some spectacular theater even when the play loses its way, as it occasionally does. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed at 2. Music Box Theater, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dirty Linen & **New-Found-Land**–Tom Stoppard's interlinked playlets, both set in a Parliamentary committee room, elevate the fine old art of farce-writing to a high intellectual level. The joke-spinning is murderously, achingly funny, no less so for the intricacy and the dazzling literacy of Stoppard's word-gaming. If you feel certain pains on leaving the theater, that's your laughing muscles being reactivated after a long, dismal season of rest. Ed Berman directs, and the cast is fully the equal of its London counterpart. Mon thru Sat at 8; Wed mat at 2. Golden Theater, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play which is structured around a valid premise, an exploration into the tortured mind of a boy who suddenly goes beserk and blinds a stableful of horses. But the play is ruined by Shaffer's concept of the psychiatrist, who is forced constantly into tedious (and, to an intelligent auditor, insulting) sermons on what it all means to him. With Alec McCowen and Michael Snyder. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

Fiddler on the Roof–Nothing has aged so much that this 1964 Bock-Harnick-Stein musical has lost any appreciable glow. Even so, as Zero Mostel has had to slow down his timing in the lead role, and as some key members of the new cast fail to erase memories of their predecessors, it becomes increasingly clear that the real "Fiddler" is Jerome Robbins, whose staging transmutes common clay into something like gold. Since Mr. Robbins returned to restage this revival, it has become, once again, an imperative. Mon thru Sat at 8, Wed mat at 2. Winter Garden, 1634 Bdway (245-4878).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/ When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling theatrical experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Godspell–Although it may have been overpraised when new (thanks to *J.C. Superstar's* also having been around), the artless joy of this retelling of the Passion through the eyes of flower-children, the romping inventiveness of its appealing cast, and the vitality of most (if not all) of Stephen Schwartz's music still make this one of the loveliest things in town. The move to Broadway has been well managed, and you're still invited onstage for wine at intermission. Wed thru Sat at 8; Mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5:30 p.m. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (265-1855).

Grease–An amusing, ridiculous 50s rock 'n' roll musical exploring the myth created by the mass media of what teen-age life was like in the 50s. Excellent choreography by Patricia Birch. Book, music & lyrics: Jacobs & Casey. Directed by Tom Moore. *(J.S.)* Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard, Sherman Yellen. Weeknights at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Otherwise Engaged–With words wise and winged, Simon Gray shows us how easy it is to retreat into electronic armor and cut all communication with humanity. The play is, at once, both wittier and more profound than Gray's excellent *Butley* and, as directed by Harold Pinter, it becomes one of Broadway's few genuinely rewarding experiences. As the hero, a man on his way to becoming a robot, Tom Courtenay may be a little *too* charming, but his way with the language is indeed elegant. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

A Party–Adolph Green and Betty Comden are such charming hosts, and their song lyrics embody so much of the spirit of Broadway theater at its sassiest, most iconoclastic, that the "and-then-we-wrote" format of their retrospective becomes heady, classy entertainment of high order. Even their manner of presentation, at a "party" that looks more like a hangover, becomes immensely likeable. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Pippin–The most beautifully gotten up musical ever to surround a near-vacuum, the "vacuum" being Roger O. Hirson's empty and pretentious book about Charlemagne's son. The "near" is Stephen Schwartz's music and lyrics, with an awkward, amateurish charm, but at least they have a somewhat medieval feel. Director-choreographer Bob Fosse's only flaw is an excess of inventiveness. *(J.S.)* Tues, Wed & Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Imperial, 45th nr 8th Avenue (CO 5-2412).

Same Time, Next Year–Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell in a romantic comedy by Bernard Slade about an annual rendezvous that lasts for 25 years involving a pair who are married, but not to each other. A two-character play similar in theme to *Avanti,* and in quality to *The Voice of the Turtle,* it is genuinely funny, often moving, and slyly perspicacious throughout. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. *(J.S.)* Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

Shenandoah–A musical by James Lee Barrett, P. Rose, P. Udell, and Gary Geld; directed by Philip Rose; stars William Chapman. It takes no Civil War expert to know that this foolish hyperanachronism has about as much to do with history as with wit, tunefulness, or basic intelligence. The book goes from nowhere to nowhere, unless commuting between jolly homespun philosophy and arrant tear-jerking constitutes an itinerary. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. *(J.S.)* Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Sly Fox–Larry Gelbart has misread a certain famous tombstone as "O Rape Ben Jonson," and has done just that in this gross, gaggy rewrite of *Volpone.* As the Fox himself, George C. Scott mistakes pose-striking for comic acting, and Arthur Penn's direction is a luckless try at creating a Jacobean *Hellzapoppin'.* Ugh. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (Cl 6-6699).

The Trip Back Down–John Collum wanders through John Bishop's play with a worried look, which could mean that he has read it. Mr. Bishop—who, the program ingenuously points out, had only *thought* about writing until three years ago—is here concerned with an out-of-luck racing-car driver who returns home in search of "the answers." The Pits. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

The Wiz–New musical version of the *Wizard of Oz* with an all-black cast; by William F. Brown and Charlie Smalls; directed by Geoffrey Holder. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. If you already know Oz, from the Baum books and the Garland movie, you're ahead of the game. *J.S.)* Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Tues thru Sun at 8; mat Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Another Way To Love–Dramatization of sex fantasies, performed without nudity. Mon thru Sat, at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat also at 10:30. Sat mat at 3 p.m. $7.50. Bijou, Bdway & 45th (966-0322).

Ashes–David Rudkin's play begins as a witty, low-key piece about a couple struggling to have a baby; gradually, and inexorably, the scope widens to embrace a wide range of brilliant disturbing thoughts about life itself. The play (by a Britisher hitherto unknown here) is something close to wonderful, as is the performance by a four-member cast directed by Lynne Meadow. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Brownsville Raid–Douglas Turner Ward stars in a play by Charles Fuller which takes place on a U.S. army post in that Texas town in 1906, when, it was reported, a troop of black career soldiers raided the town. Directed by Israel Hicks, it's a tenth anniversary Negro Ensemble Company production. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 3:30 & 8:30; Sun 2:30 & 7. Thru 2/27, Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the róles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this rather special show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

The Condemned of Altona–Jean Paul Sartre's play, English version by Justin O'Brien, directed by Jean McFaddin, with Stefan Schnabel, Jeff Cannon, and Chris Weatherhead. Thurs & Sat at 8; Sun at 2:30, Thru 3/13. $2.50. Jewish Repertory Theater, Emanu-El Midtown Y, 344 E 14th St (674-7200).

The Creditors–Strindberg's play, adapted and directed by Linda Mussman. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Time & Space, Ltd., 139-141 W 22nd St (741-1032).

David Mamet's Plays–*Sexual Perversity in Chicago* and *Duck Variations,* two beautifully written, subtle, and wise short plays about — well, about life: young people's lives ruined by meddling "friends," old people's lives ruined by aching, desperate dullness. It's all treated with a fine, light touch, which the expert direction of Albert Takazauckas deftly underscores. Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 8. Thru 2/28, Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

Double Bill–GBS's *How He Lied to Her Husband,* and *Annajanska;* both directed by Arthur Reel. Fri & Sat at 8 & 10; Sun at 5 p.m. Thru 3/20. $3. Drama Committee, 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Double Bill–Harold Pinter's *The Collection,* and Karen Quigley's *The Portrait Project.* 2/23, 24, 25, 26, 27, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Ward Nasse Gallery, 131 Prince St (997-4480).

Drama Committee Repertory–Henrik Ibsen's *The League of Youth.* Thurs, Fri, Sat at 7:30; Sun at 2:30, thru 3/20. G.B. Shaw's *Man of Destiny,* Fri & Sat at 10:30; Sun at 5 & 8 p.m. thru 2/20. Gate Theater, 2nd Ave at 10th St (929-8377).

End Game–Samuel Beckett's play, directed by Steve Chernak. Fri & Sat at 10 p.m. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

The Fantasticks–In the zillionth year of its run, with its notable list of acting alumni, this innocuous drivel has finally found its audience: one man who attends regularly because it cures his insomnia. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

The Firebugs–Max Frisch's drama, directed by Louis Mascolo. 2/24-27, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Studio 17, 18 E 17th St (924-3698).

Foul Shot–Edward J. Silva's play. 2/25,26; 3/2, 4, 5, 9, 11, 12, at 8 p.m. $3. Broadway Methodist Temple, 174th St & Bdway (942-1769).

Great God Brown–Eugene O'Neill's play; Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, Sun mat at 3. Thru 2/27. $2.50. Malachy Theater, 552 W 53rd (581-3785).

Glowworm–A group-created project taking a comic view of decadent society and other frivolities, directed by Barbara Vann. Wed thru Sun at 7:30, Thru 3/3. $4. Theater, 45 E 20th St (475-9623).

Godsong–Adapted from James Johnson's *God's Trombones* by Tad Truesdale, who also directs. A gospel rock-dance revival. Wed thru Sun at 7:30; Sun mat at 3, Thru 3/6. La Mama Annex, 66 E 4th St. (475-7710).

Green Julia–Paul Ableman's play, directed by Susan Schulman. Wed thru Sat, Thru 2/26, Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St (765-9540).

Greenwich Village Follies–Revue, with music, lyrics, and vignettes by Ronnie Britton. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sat also at 10:30. Sun, 5 & 7:30. Cricket Theater, 162 Second Ave (533-8010).

High Infidelity–A comedy by John Dooley, directed by Martin Oltarsh, which satirizes faddist therapies and politicians. 2/28, 3/1, 2, and 3/8-13, at 8 p.m. Theater for New City, 113 Jane Street (575-9415).

I Am a Camera–John van Druten's play adapted from Isherwood's *Berlin Stories.* 2/22-26, nightly at 8, Sat at 5 & 8:30. $2.50. Allen Stevenson Theater, 138 E 78th (628-3899).

Ivanov–Anton Chekhov's play. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. 2/24-3/6. $2.50. Meat and Potatoes, 58 W 39th (391-2346).

STINGING BEA

Donna Rowe is the notorious Beatrice in Percy Bysshe Shelley's **The Cenci,** 2/25 at 7:30 and 2/26 at 10:30, at the Jean Cocteau Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060). Other plays in repertory there are Ionesco's *Rhinoceros,* 2/25 at 10:30 and 2/26 at 7:30; and Shakespeare's *Macbeth,* 2/27 at 3 p.m.

Jules Feiffer's Hold Me!–Staged by Caymichael Pattern, with Geraldine Brooks, Kathleen Chalfant, Paul Dooley, Michael Tucci, and Dalienne Majors. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7:30 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. $8.50 & $7.50. Thru 2/25. Westside Cabaret, 407 W 43rd (541-8394).

Kopit Festival–Six one-act plays by Arthur Kopit. Generally Fri thru Mon schedule thru 3/12. Call 243-7494 for details. $2.50. Impossible Ragtime Theater, 120 W 28th St.

The League of Youth–A rarely performed political comedy by Henrik Ibsen, directed by Arthur Reel. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 2:30, thru 3/20. Gate Theater, 162 Second Ave (575-1115).

Manhattan Theater Club–Larry Ketron's *Quail Southwest,* 2/24-3/13, Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 2:30; $2.50; at the Upstage. 2/23-3/6, C.C. Pryor & Friends, Wed thru Sun at 8:15; $2.50; at the Cabaret. 321 E 73rd (288-2500).

Marco Polo Sings a Solo–John Guare's latest uninspired lunacy marks a further decline in a once-promising talent. This work, wrecked not only by Guare's self-indulgent overwriting but also by Mel Shapiro's slack direction, makes a stab at being a futuristic parable. An all-star cast (Joel Grey, Chris Sarandon, Madeline Kahn, etc.) is utterly wasted, although Anne Jackson does have one monologue, beautifully delivered, that comes close to making sense. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

A Midsummer Night's Dream–Shakespeare's comedy, directed and designed by Donald Brooks. Thru 3/5. $2.50. St Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W 20th (WA 9-2390).

My Life–There's an honest-to-god swimming pool on the stage, but Corinne Jacker's new play — one of those where-did-I-go-wrong talking photo albums — won't wash. The Circle Rep earmarks are there: Marshall W. Mason's fluent direction, and good work by some of the company's regular actors; but this is one of the company's more negligible efforts. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at $3. Thru 2/27, Circle Repertory Theater, 99 Seventh Ave So on Sheridan Square (924-7100).

Nightclub Cantata–A congenial revue of songs by the prolific and versatile Elizabeth Swados, arranged by her and sung with high style by eight immensely talented youngsters including the author. A few of the lovesongs are a mite sweet; one or two others stoop to the glitzy earnestness of Brel, but the show contains enough dazzling talent to outweigh passing flaws. Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker (982-9292).

No Exit–Jean Paul Sartre's play, directed by Rose Lynch. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30; Sundays at 4 p.m. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Peg o' My Heart–Unless you've seen a lot of theater this season, you may be immune to the simple, fresh delights in J. Hartley Manners's 1912 heartwarmer (written for Mrs. Manners, a.k.a. Laurette Taylor). Under Gene Nye's unerringly clear-eyed direction, the play has returned to us full of love, and even a touch of wisdom, and the Lion Company (led by the winsome, adorable Peg of Sofia Landon) plays as if caught up in a masterpiece. Thurs, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. $3.50. Thru 2/27. Lion Theater, 422 W 42nd (947-4224).

Piaf, a Remembrance–The misguided producers of this loathesome enterprise, purportedly a memoir in drama and song of this most heartrending artist, have obviously mistaken "Gaul" for "gall." As Piaf, an aging New Jersey housewife named Juliette Koka is ludicrously inept, degrading both herself and her material. Playhouse, 359 W 48th (541-9820).

The Recruiting Officer–A restoration comedy by George Farquhar, directed by Philip Meister, Thurs thru Sat, 2/24-3/19, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

Repertorio Espanol–During the month of February: Fernando de Rojas's *La Celestina; Miguel Mihura's La Decente.* Spanish Theater, 138 E 27th (889-2850).

Savages–Christopher Hampton's play about the kidnapping of an English diplomat by Brazilian revolutionaries. With Joseph Maher and Alan West; directed by Gordon Davidson. 2/24-3/13, Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (760-9847).

The Sea Gull–Chekhov's play, directed by Eugenie Leontovich. Thurs, Sat & Sun at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 3/6. $2.50. Universalist Church, Central Park West & 76th St (580-0230).

The Seven Year Itch–George Axelrod's comedy of the 50s; directed by David McNitt. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at $5. $5. Academy Arts (Hotel Sutton), 330 E 56th (486-1431).

She Stoops To Conquer–Oliver Goldsmith's comedy, directed by Vicky LaViscount. Fri & Sat at 7:30; Sun at 3, Thru 3/7. Theater Forum, 333 6th Ave (243-9225).

Soho Repertory–2/26, 2/27 at 7:30, *Faustus X 7.* 2/25 at 8:30, 2/26 at 10:30, 2/27 at 4:30, Joe Orton's *What the Butler Saw.* Soho Theater, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

A Soljourney Into Truth–The National Black Theater, on its return from Nigeria, is again presenting this new art form, directed by Barbara Ann Teer. 2/25, 26 at 8 p.m. 2/27 at 3 p.m. $5. 9 E 125th (427-5615).

Streamers–David Rabe's finest play so far, in a distinguished production by Mike Nichols, is enough to restore anyone's faith in the future of native theater. Externally, the play is about Vietnam-bound soldiers; underneath, it is about the way human beings struggle to find responsive chords in one another, and often fail. Tues-Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2:30; Sun at 3 p.m. Mitzi E. Newhouse, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.)*, but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galbway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (541-8394).

The Wedding–Stanislaw Wyspianski's play, directed by Raymond Marciniak. Thrus thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 5 p.m. $3. Thru 3/6. NYTE, Inc., 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

What the Butler Saw–Comedy by Joe Orton, directed by David McKenna. Thurs thru Sun at 8. Sun at 3, Thru 3/13. $3. Nat Horne Theater, 440 W 42nd (582-5713).

The Winter's Tale–Shakespeare's tragedy-comedy, Thurs thru Sun, 2/24-27 & 3/4,5. Lincoln Square Center, 150 W 68th (595-4767).

Wooden O Repertory–Two eighteenth-century plays: Royal Tyler's *The Contrast* and Nicholas Rowe's *The Fair Penitent*, the first 2/24, 26 at 8 p.m., the latter 2/22,23,25 at 8 p.m. 2/26 at 2 p.m. Wooden O, 335 W 38th (736-5720).

Yerma–Lorca's play, directed by Luz Castanos and Victor Acosta. 3/4,5,11, at 8 p.m. 3/6, at 3 p.m. Nuestro Teatro, 277 Park Ave So (673-9430).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's reviews

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Cl 7-7000).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Bonatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonette–890 Second Ave. French nightclub with singer Rita Dimitri Closed Sundays (752-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lexington. Roberto and Mitsuko Revue. Also Javier and his Marionettes, and singer Jorge Pais. In the Flamenco Suite, Carmen Acevedo and her Basque group (PL 2-8080).

Chez Z–320 E. 79 St. Candlelight restaurant with Pat Hood singing blues, jazz and pops (734-4700).

Cleo's–Bdway & 63rd St. Joyce Bryant, a blues singer, entertains at this pretty place (opposite Lincoln Center), every night but Sunday, from 9:30 on (724-6301).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Elegant Egyptian decor, international cuisine. "Ooh La La," a revue with belly dancers, whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 10 & 12. Closed Sundays (753-3471).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque, Tues thru Sat. Singer Arthur Prysock arrives 2/22 to stay thru 3/5 (PL 5-6010).

FAVORITE SONGSTAR

Ms. Carmen McCrae headlines at **Rodney Dangerfield's** nightclub thru March 5th nightly, shows at 9:30 and 11:30. Joining her is a new West Coast comic called Tim Thomerson. The address is 1118 First Avenue, and for reservations call 593-1650.

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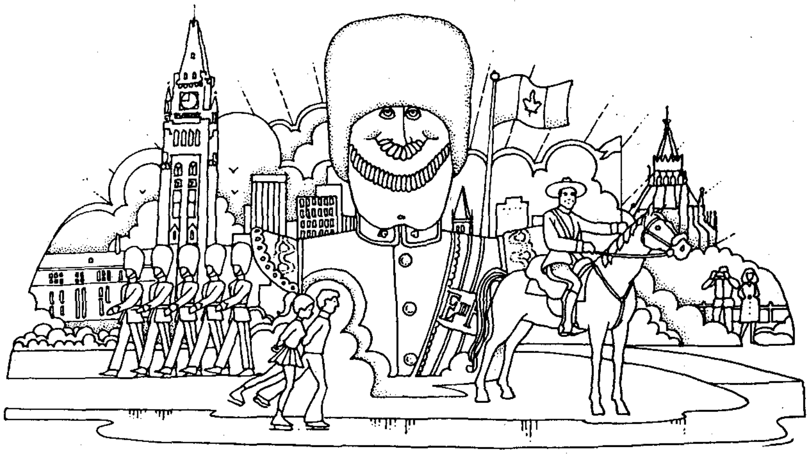

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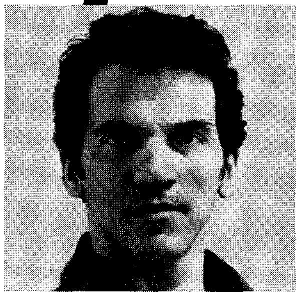

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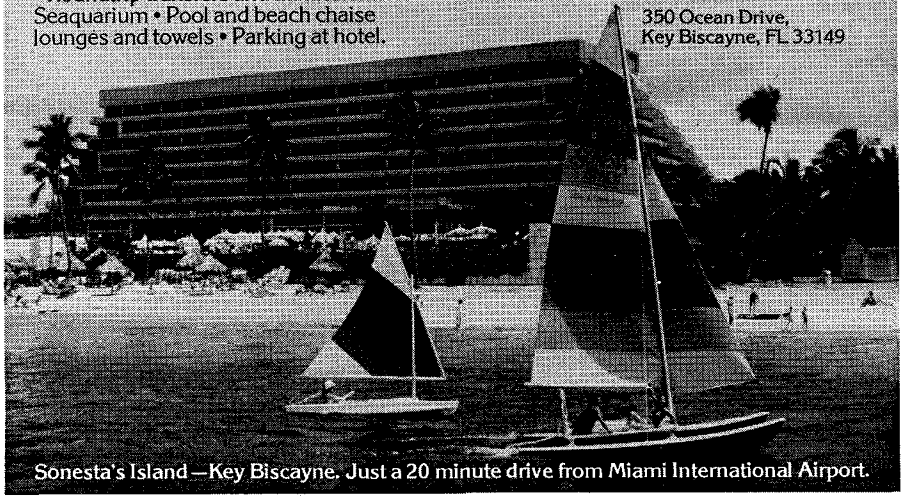

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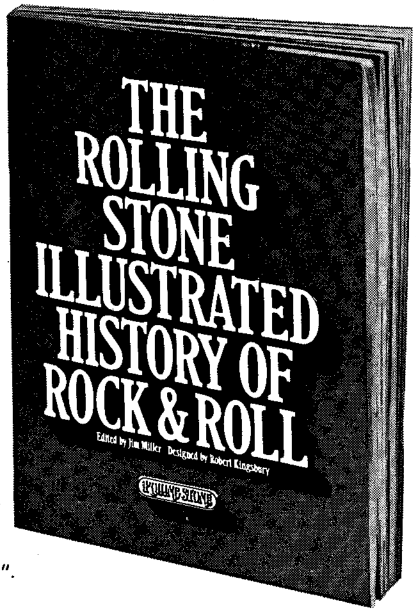
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Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

ONE OF FOUR

Vicki Barnes and her Quartet headline at **Jimmy Weston's,** 131 East 54th Street, all the way through March 9th, nightly except Sundays at 10; midnight, and 2 a.m. Also on the bill, the Tommy Furtado Trio, Mon thru Fri; and the Bernie Leighton Quartet, Sat. & Sun. (838-8384).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists. A pre-Lenten festival thru 2/22, with a cast of 36 singers, clowns, dancers and musicians (JU 6-5151).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison, betw 77th & 78th. Elegant French seafood spot, with Neal Wolf at the keyboard Tues thru Sat (628-3333).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush new place on the site of the old one, with a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Vittorio Impiglia entertaining Wed thru Sat until 1 a.m. (EL 5-2070).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. "Porcupine," a revue, in the Valentine Room Mon thru Sat at 9 & 11 (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Living Room: Jazz guitarist Gene Bertoncini here Mon thru Fri, 5 to 7 p.m. For keyholders only (752-3100).

Prive–1078 First Ave. All white and silver elegant supper club, with Lester Lanin's trio and Herb Winner playing the piano Tues thru Sat (688-8778).

Rainbow Grill–65th Floor, Rockefeller Center. Comfortable dining, Picasso tapestries, a world-famous view. Thru 2/26, Comedian Sal Richards and singer David Lawton. 2/28-3/5, Joey Adams (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world (almost) from its 65th floor windows. Bobby Rosengarden, who always manages to put together a respectable band that can satisfy both dancers and listeners, is joined by the dynamic vocalist Carrie Smith. Tues, Wed, Thurs, from 7 p.m. Fri & Sat, from 8 p.m. & Sun from 6 p.m. with him is vocalist Carrie Smith (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Bi-level discotheque, open Mon to Thurs, 5 p.m. to 1 a.m.; 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. on Fri & Sat (MU 8-3365).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. 2/22-26, Holly Woodlawn. 2/27,28, Moogy Klingman Revue. 3/1-5, Sylvia Syms. On Thurs, Fri, Sat, 5:30-7 p.m., and on Sunday's at 3 p.m., singer-pianist-songwriter Blossom Dearie appears, engagingly; her smallness of voice should not be confused with an inability to swing, and her material is special indeed (691-0900).

Regine's–502 Park Avenue—Only non-private private club in New York. Classy foreigners and natives dancing chic to chic. Not for welfare cases (826-0990).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday thru Sunday from 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (Cl 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave at 56th. Dining and dancing, with late show, thru 3/5, by Vibrations, thrice nightly. Closed Sundays (421-0900).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub, with dining, dancing and a revue headlined by Aris San (683-9409).

Tuxedo Ballroom–190 Third, at 17th. A really imaginative new discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, with loud music; downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Dancing to the music of Tony Terini's Trio, Mon thru Fri, from 8 p.m. to 1.

Carlyle, Madison at 76th (RH 4-1600). **Cafe Carlyle:** Thru 2/26, Singer Teddi King, with drummer Josh Gerber, bassist Ernie Furtado, and pianist Irving Joseph. 3/1-26, Tues thru Sat, pianist George Shearing. **Bemelmans Bar:** Jazz pianist Marian McPartland plays nightly, except Sunday.

Hilton, 6th Ave & 53rd (JU 6-7000). **Kismet Lounge:** Karen Brown at the piano & organ from 5 to 11 p.m. **Mirage:** Roland Granier de Lafayette at the piano from 4 to 9 p.m.

Pierre–5th Ave at 61st (TE 8-8000). **Cafe:** The Rene Martel plays Tues thru Sat; Sun & Mon, pianist Steve Waltner.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment by Chuck Garret & Co., nightly, except Sun, thru 3/5.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Mon thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

Stanhope Hotel, 5th Ave & 81st (288-5800): Pianist George Feyer plays everything from Viennese schmaltz to sophisticated show tunes and pop, sings everything from Porter and Coward to his own political parodies. Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **King Cole Grill:** Pianist-composer Ray Hartley plays Mon thru Fri, 5:30-11 p.m. *Lounge:* Bill McCauley plays Mon thru Sat, 7 to 1 a.m.

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Alfredo's Settebello–125 7th Ave So. Large European-style room, featuring, thru 2/27, singer Joe Masiell. Closed Mondays (675-4630).

Ali's Alley–77 Greene Street. Thru 2/26, the highly personal tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan leads a quartet. Jordan has honed his sound into a warmly elastic tool, and his ideas repay attention. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist-arranger Frank Foster leads a big band with a fierce rhythm section and several adept soloists. (226-9042).

Angry Squire–216 Seventh Ave at 23rd. Restaurant-club with jazz Fri thru Sun, 9 to 3 a.m. Thru 2/27, the Duke Cleamons Trio (242-9066).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

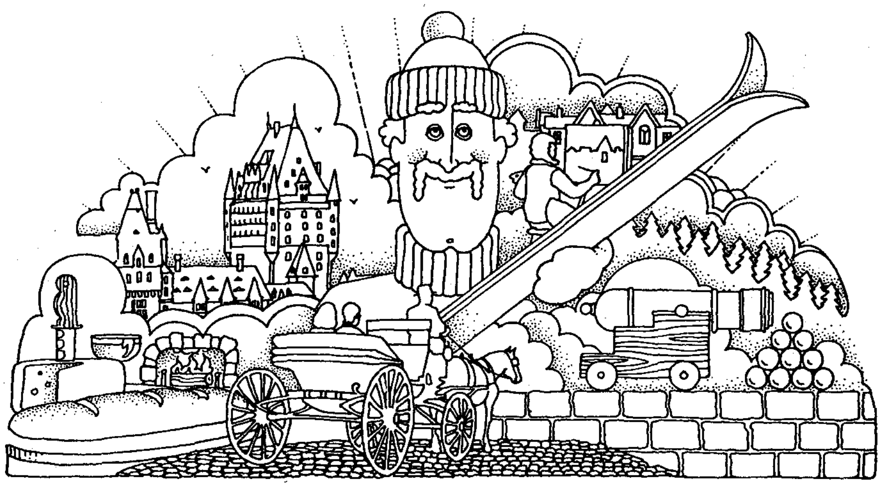
Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Barbarann–349 W 46th. 2/22-27, Nightly at 11:30 p.m., Leata Galloway. Tues thru Sun at 8:45 (Sat & Sun mats at 2:45), a musical revue, *Starting Here, Starting Now.* 3/1-13, at 11:30, singer-writer-composer Marc Allen Trujillo (541-6150).

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Attractive restaurant features Dardanelle who plays somewhat in the Tatum style and sings somewhat in the manner of Lee Wiley. Tues thru Sat, 7 p.m. to midnight (684-3223).

Bottom Line–15 W 4th St. Thru 2/23, singer-pianist-deep South meditator—and the ideal candidate for poet laureate of the Carter administration—Mose Allison is back, but the real story is the supporting group, the Son Seals blues band, a powerhouse of Chicago authenticity (228-7889).

THIS WEEKEND INSTEAD OF QUAFFING COGNAC AT THE CLUB...



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Bradley's–70 University Pl. Barry Harris, the eminent modern pianist whose blend of Powellian lyricism and energy, makes for mesmeric evenings all this week (228-6440).

Chung Kuo Yuan–1115 Third Ave (at 65th). Legendary saloon singer-pianist Hugh Shannon entertains Wed thru Sun at this new Chinese restaurant, from 9 thru 2 a.m. (371-9090).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–Charming Village spot with an open hearth fire, and, for entertainment, thru 3/12, singer Janice Solia, Mon thru Sat 673-5720).

Cookery–University Pl & 8th. Maxine Sullivan (here thru 3/9), the perennial Loch Lommond girl, still has the voice of a girl, and the easy, swinging phrasing of a bygone era; Every night but Sunday, with the gifted and unpredictable pianist Dick Katz. On Sundays, 8 to 1 a.m., boogie woogie specialist Sammy Price (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th and Vanderbilt. A New Orleans restaurant, with Sammy Price, a master of first class boogie woogie (a school of music frequently parodied by pianists incapable of making it soar), plays for diners and is then joined by his musical friends; Mon thru Fri, 6:30 to 11:30 p.m. There's a Mardi Gras here thru 2/22!) (889-8331).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The houseband, Red Balaban and Cats, includes the genial, clever, and occasionally moving trombonist Vic Dickenson, a true stylist of the horn, as well as clarinetist Herbie Hall, trumpeter Ed Polcer, and drummer Connie Kay. 2/22, trombonist Jimmy Knepper. 2/27, the Jacky Paris-Anne Marie Moss Quintet. (265-8277).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist-singer *Jane Mullaney; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney;* there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Grand Finale–210 W 70th. Thru 2/26, Stephanie Mills sings at midnight, following her performances in *The Wiz* (595-4206).

***Great Aunt Fanny's**–340 W 46th. A cozy, reasonable* theater-district restaurant, with singer-pianist Gladys Easter entertaining Wed thru Sat, from 9:30 Tuesdays, Fay Reed entertains (765-7374).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Four combos: Wed, thru Sun, pianist and Ellington scholar Brooks Kerr leads a trio with drummer Sonny Greer, who was an Ellingtonian before Ellington, and must be seen, and clarinetist Russell Procope, a star in the Ellington constellation for more than 20 years. They are joined by singer Alicia Sherman. Mon. and Tue., two bop masters, Al Haig and Chuck Wayne, are joined by bassist Jamil Nasser. Mon. thru Sat, 4 to 8, the Gene Roland Trio. Sundays from 5:30 to 9:30, the Warren Chiasson trio (371-2220).

Hopper's–452 Sixth Ave. Greenwich Village restaurant complex with a jazz room. Thru 2/26, pianist George Shearing blocks his chords romantically; 2/28-3/12, the incomparable vibraharpist Milt Jackson will raise the room's temperature a bit (260-0250).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying Roy Eldridge is back, in his seventh year at the club, and playing as brilliantly and movingly as ever. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky, another volatile trumpeter, opts for earlier stylistic parameters (CO 5-9505).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Ellis Larkins is a pianist who specializes in the understated: his swing is subliminal, his touch feather light, his ideas tart but fleeting. He's accompanied by bass and drums in this newly opened restaurant-lounge (744-2540). (744-2540).

Lorelei–233 E 86th. Large nightclub dance floor, with singer Mike Kossowski and band Wed thru Sun. Hungarian menu (722-9926).

Nickel's–227 E 67th. Pianist-singer Jerry Scott specializing in show tunes, Tues thru Sat, from 8 on. Audience can sing along (794-2331).

Onde–2nd Ave at 50th. Supper club with soft-sell medleys by pianist Bill Russell, every night but Monday, when Neapolitan troubador Dino Palmero entertains. Closed Sundays (752-9631).

Other End–149 Bleecker. 2/25-27, gravel-voiced blues minstrel Dave Van Ronk accompanies his impressively clean guitar arrangements of Morton, Joplin, etc., with his painfully emotive singing (673-7030).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Pleasant dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Stryker's–103 W 86th. Dave Matthew's leads his big band on Monday nights; on Tuesdays, there's a quartet called Double Image; Wednesdays and Thursdays are given to the exquisite saxophonist Lee Konitz and his propulsive, invigorating nonet—*don't miss it; on Fridays and Saturdays, the daddy* of cool trumpeters, Chet Baker, leads a quartet. (874-8754).

Sweet Basil–88 Seventh Ave So. This crowded neighborhood jazz room has lately expanded its policy to include horns, while continuing to serve a first-class pork chop. 2/22-26, Mike Nock Quartet. 3/1-5, Junior Mance Trio. Sundays from 4, & Monday nights, Mike Nock Quartet (242-1785).

Tramps–125 E 15th. Thru 2/26, Sid Selvidge, singer-composer who is a veteran of the Memphis rock-and-country-blues scene. Shows are Wed thru Sat, 10 and midnight (260-0370).

Village Gate–160 Bleecker St. 2/25, 26, Herbie Mann and the Family of Mann, 10 and midnight on Friday, 10, midnight and 2 a.m. on Saturday (475-5120).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. Thru 2/27, the irresistible trio of Tony Williams, Ron Carter, and Hank Jones. The opportunity to hear Williams, one *of the great drummers of our time, away from the* puerile rock bands he's given to, is not to be passed up. 3/1-6, Rahsaan Roland Kirk and The Vibration Society. Every Monday Night, Thad Jones & Mel Lewis Big Band (989-9011).

West End Cafe–2911 Broadway, at 113th. This popular restaurant-music room has become the home for a mini-jazz festival with legendary names from the swing era proving the timelessness of their original ideas: Mondays, Tuesdays, the Frank Williams Four; Wednesdays, Jo Jones, the premiere drummer, raconteur, conjurer, leads a quartet of friends—they change—and the evening meshes historic ruminations with the classiest rhythms imaginable; Thursdays & Fridays, George Kelly's Jazz Sultans. Saturdays & Sundays, the Countsmen, a Basie-alumni band with Earle Warren (666-8750).

CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, MUSEUMS EDITED
BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Concerts

Extended Run

Lena Horne/Vic Damone/Count Basie, Westbury *Music Fair. The engagement runs thru 2/27.* Performances are Mon-Fri at 8:30, Saturday at 7 & 10:30, Sunday at 7:30.

Tuesday, February 22

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Pierre Boulez conducts, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. Works of Schubert, Mozart, Beethoven & Carter, at 8:30.

Ensemble for Early Music, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

National Orchestral Association, Carnegie Hall; Seymour Lipkin conducts, with Oscar Schumsky, violin. Works by Beethoven, Webern, Berlioz, at 8.

***Jacob Krichaf,** piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.*

Daniel Adni, pianist, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Brooklyn Philharmonia, BAM, Lepercq Space; Lukas Foss conducts at 8.

Wendy Sharp, soprano, Federal Hall, Wall & Broad Sts. at 5:30.

Wednesday, February 23

Faculty Concert, Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700), at 8.

Jubal Trio, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; Seiji Ozawa conducts works by Respighi, Olly Wilson, & Rimsky-Korsakov, at 8.

William Read, harpsichord, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Juilliard School Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.

Clarion Concerts, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.

Lorre Wyatt, WBAI concert Hall, 359 E 62nd St. (826-0400) at 8.

Thursday, February 24

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Klaus Tennstedt conducts, with Miriam Fried, violin. Works of Beethoven and Prokofieff, at 8:30.

Shirley Mathews, harpsichord, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, same program as 2/23, at 8.

Li-Pi Hsieh, piano, Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700) at 8.

Friday, February 25

Composers String Quartet, McMillin Theater, Columbia University, Broadway at 116 St. at 8.

Sergiu Luca, violin/**Albert Fuller,** harpsichord, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, same program as 2/24, at 8:30.

Student Recital, Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700) at 8.

Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Andree Juliette Brun, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Chamber Music of the 17th & 18th Centuries, Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center, at 8:30.

Saturday, February 26

Cosmopolitan Symphony Orchestra, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2:30.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, same program as 2/24, at 8:30.

Austrian Violin-Guitar Duo, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.

Miami University Ensemble for New Music, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

New York Choral Society, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Régine Crespin, soprano, Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall, at 8.

John Cage/Grete Sultan, WBAI Studio C, 359 E 62nd St. at 9.

Nelson Freire, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Sunday, February 27

Lazar Berman, piano, Carnegie Hall, at 3.

Young Audiences Salutes Marian Anderson, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Ruth Glasser, cello, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.

Kazuko Hayami, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 5.

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Andre Watts, piano, Avery Fisher Hall, at 3.

Late Winter Concert, Woolworth Chapel, Jerome Ave & 233rd St. at 2.

New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble, St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, 112th St. & Amsterdam, at 2:30.

Lester Bowie, Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077) at 1.

Laurel Zucker, flute/**Shirley Irek,** piano, St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W 20th St. (929-2390) at 4.

Monday, February 28

New Music Consort, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Owens/Owens/Zafrana, St. Agnes Library, 444 Amsterdam, (448-6283) at 7.

De Vox Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Resonance, Graduate Center, NYU Graduate School, *33 W 42nd St. at 8.*

Tuesday, March 1

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, same program as 2/24, at 7:30.

Sorietta Silman, soprano/**Robert Villani,** tenor, Theo*dore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (264-*4451), at 5:30.

Juilliard School Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.

Philadelphia Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; Eugene Ormandy conducts, with Rudolf Serkin, piano, and Temple University Choir. All Beethoven program, at 8.

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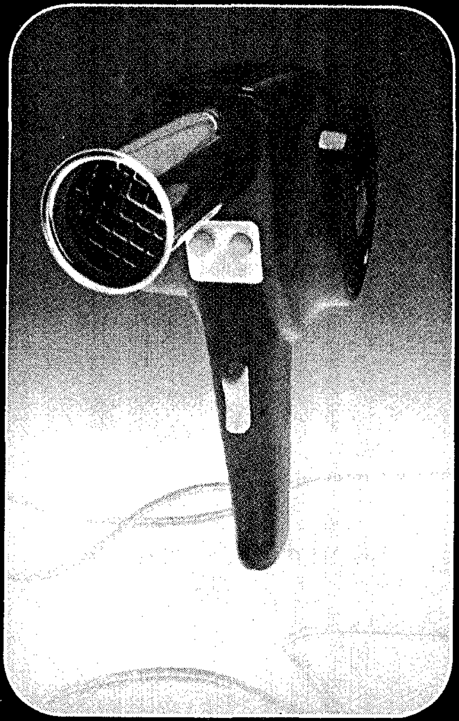

We're not against hair dryers. We're just against dried out hair.

What if someone told you that they took their hair—at its weakest, most vulnerable moment—stretched and pulled it as far as it could go—and then stuck it in a hot oven for a half hour or so. You'd think they were nuts.

Yet, that's exactly what you do every time you blow dry your hair.

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The Problems. Wet hair is weak hair. It needs to be handled gently because it doesn't have the elasticity of dry hair. But blow drying calls for merciless brushing and pulling under direct heat. Sometimes enough heat to bake a cake. And certainly enough heat to take the remaining moisture and oils from the hair. Leaving it wide open to breakage and splitting. And if your hair could talk, it would be pleading for a solution.

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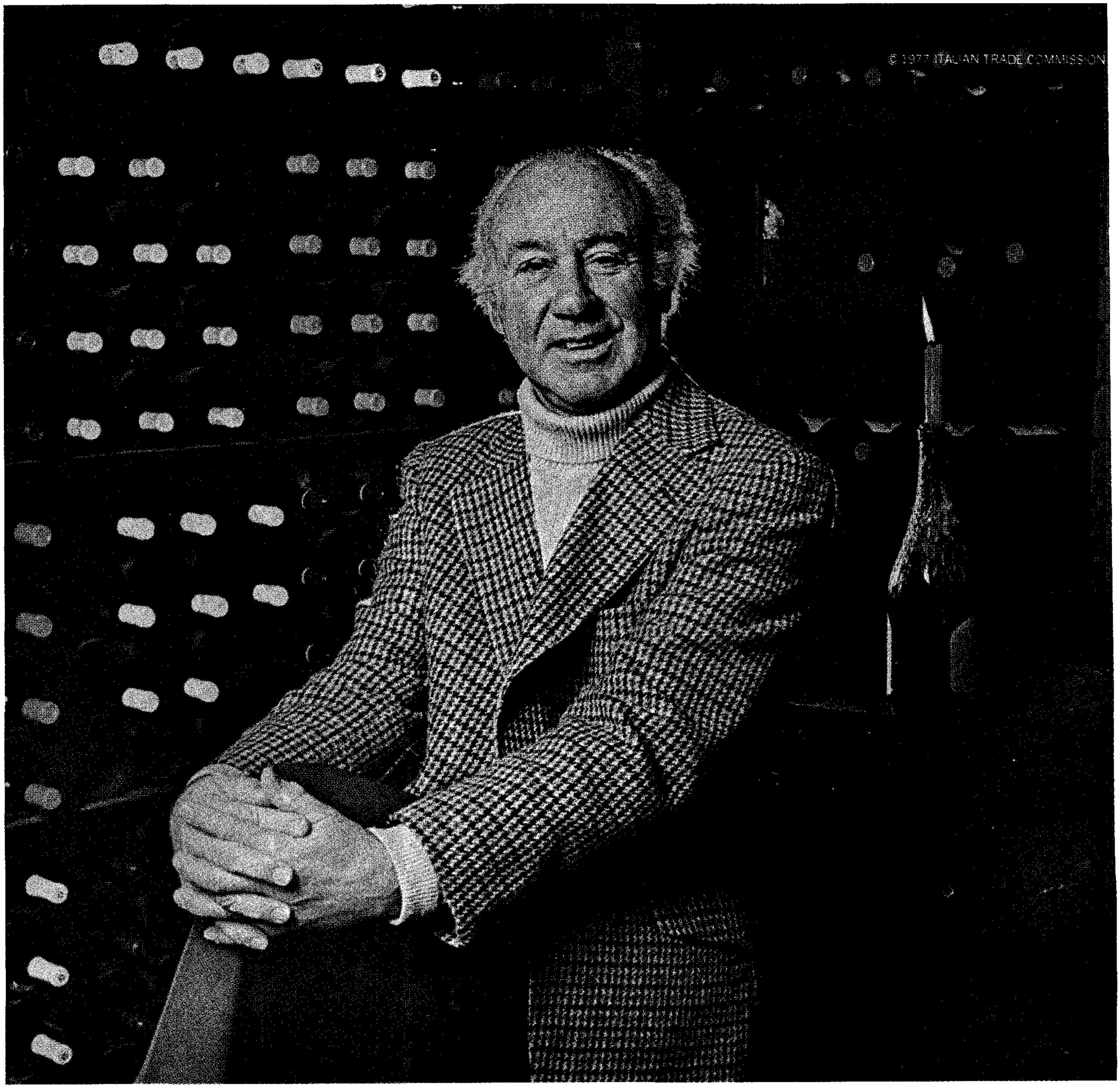

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MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).

CAMI Hall, 165 W 57th (972-0113).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). Metropolitan Opera (580-9830). American Ballet Theater (787-3880). New York State Theater (877-4727). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

92nd St YM-YWHA, Kaufmann Concert Hall, Lexington Ave & 92nd (427-6000).

Palladium, 126 E 14th (249-8870).

Queens College, Colden Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & Kissena Blvd. (793-8080).

Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 2/22 at 8: **Dialogues of the Carmélites** with Ewing, Verrett, Dunn, Crespin. Conductor: Plasson; director: Dexter; designers: Reppa, Greenwood & Wechsler. Wed, 2/23 at 8: **La Bohème** with Scotto, Niska, Pavarotti, Wixell. Conductor: Schippers; director: Melano; designers: Pizzi & Reppa. Thurs, 2/24 at 7: **Die Walküre** with Hunter, Rysanek, Dunn, King. Conductor: Leinsdorf; director: Weber; designers: Schneider-Siemssen, Wakhevitch & Reppa. Fri, 2/25 at 8: **La Forza del Destino** with Price, Elias, Domingo, Milnes. Conductor: Levine; director: Dexter; designers: Berman, Hall & Reppa. Sat, 2/26 at 2: **Il Trittico** with Behrens, Kraft, Zylis-Gara, Barbieri. Conductor: Levine; director: Melano; designer: Reppa. Sat, 2/26 at 8: **Le Nozze di Figaro** with Harper, Blegen, Ewing, Morris. Conductor: Bedford; director: Rennert; designer: O'Hearn. Mon, 2/28 at 8: **La Bohème** (Same cast as 2/23). Tues, 3/1 at 8: **La Forza del Destino** (Same cast as 2/25. MacNeil replaces Milnes.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Wed, 2/23 at 8: **Il Barbiere di Siviglia** with Sills, Curry, Price, Fredricks. Conductor: Caldwell; director: Caldwell; designers: Pond, Senn & Skalicky. Thurs, 2/24 at 8: **Der Fliegende Holländer** with Meier, Curry, Taylor, Berberian. Conductor: Rudel; director: Darling; designer: Darling. Fri, 2/25 at 8: **La Bohème** with Soviero, Palmer, Mauro, Elvira. Conductor: Morelli; director: Auerbach; designer: Evans. Sat, 2/26 at 2: **Il Barbiere di Siviglia** (Same cast as 2/23). Sat, 2/26 at 8: **Die Fledermaus** with Fiske, Rolandi, Toro, Griffith. Conductor: Pallo; director: Freedman; designers: Evans & Aldredge. Sun, 2/27 at 1: **The Marriage of Figaro** with Dale, Little, Hale, Clatworthy. Conductor: Charry; director: Hicks; designer: Wittstein. Sun, 2/27 at 7: **La Belle Hélène** with Daniels, Kehrig, Evans, Billings. Conductor: Effron; director: Eddleman; designers: Evans & Campbell. Tues, 3/1 at 8: **Il Barbiere di Siviglia** (Same cast as 2/23).

Dance

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY
NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATER
BEACON THEATER

Tues, 2/22 at 8: Joint performance. Wed, 2/23 at 8: Nikolais: *Styx; Tower.* Thurs, 2/24 at 8: Murray Louis: *Scheherazade.* Fri, 2/25 at 8: Nikolais: *Group Dance from Sanctum; Untitled I; Triad.* Sat, 2/26 at 3: Murray Louis: *Porcelain Dialogues; Continuum; Glances.* Sat, 2/26 at 8: Nikolais: *Temple; Untitled II; Foreplay.* Sun, 2/27 at 3: Murray Louis: *Geometrics, Murray Louis Solo; Index.* Sun, 2/27 at 8: Same program as 2/23. Tues, 3/1 at 8: Same program as 2/25.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Franco Ciarlo–Frescos transferred on canvas, thru 3/5. Iolas, 52 E 57th (PL5-6914).

Robert Dash/Trevor Winkfield–Recent acrylics on paper/Works on paper, thru 3/3. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).

***James Ensor** (1860-1949)–Selected etchings by this Belgium expressionist, thru 3/4. Sumers, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

***Mary Frank**–Recent sculpture, thru 3/12. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

Christine Griffin–Paintings, thru 3/3. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

Darryl Hughto–Paintings, thru 3/10. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Gershon Iskowitz–Stippled, blotted abstractions, thru 3/5. Jackson, 521 W 57th (586-4200).

***W. Louis Jones/Randy Stevens**–Still lifes, some with squash and cats/Pastel drawings of cocktail parties and cheerleaders, thru 3/3. Kornblee, 20 W 57th (586-1178).

***Rockwell Kent**–His world in paintings, drawings, watercolors, prints and designs, thru 3/19. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).

***Lee Krasner/John Loring**–11 works created from charcoal drawings and oils on paper dated 1937-1940./Photographic silkscreen prints, thru 3/19. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

***Jacques Lipchitz**–Sculptures and drawings from the Cubist Epoch/Ten 20th century photographers, thru 3/12. Marlborough, 40 W 57th (541-4900).

Jan McCartin–Structural still-lifes, landscapes and figures in oil and gouache, thru 3/3. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

Paul Mogensen–Multi-colored spirals on a monochromatic background, 2/22-3/12. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

Albert Paley–Metal forms, thru 3/19. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

***Anne Raymo**–Quilts and prints, thru 3/4. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Bruce Robbins–Plank and ladder matrix structures, thru 3/19. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

Babe Shapiro–New Paintings, 2/26-3/17. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

***Leon Polk Smith**–Black, gray and white geometric tondos, thru 3/5. René, 6 W 57th (765-1330).

Jim Wilson–Paintings, thru 3/2. Berman, 50 W 57th (757-7630). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Chet Augustine**–Enormous forms in palace-scaled space, thru 3/12. Noyes, Van Cline, 1018 Mad Ave (628-5402).

***Gillian Bradshaw-Smith**–Rahda sculpture and drawings, thru 3/19. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

***Francis Brennan**–Editorial drawings from world newspapers, thru 3/5. Nicholls, 1014 Mad Ave (472-0211).

Jorge Castillo–Paintings and watercolors, 2/22-3/26. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

Carlos Cruz-Diez–Kinetic physiochromies, thru 4/15. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

John Duff–Steel rod constructions, thru 3/3. Willard, 29 E 72nd (744-2925).

***Richard Etts**–Metamorphosing forms in sculpture and paintings, thru 3/30. Flanagan, 22 E 72nd (879-7392).

***Lyonel Feininger**(1871-1956)–Watercolors and drawings, thru 2/26. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

Richard Florsheim–Impressionistic views./Recent lithos, thru 3/5. ACA, 25 E 73rd (628-2440) and Associated American Artists, 663 5th Ave (PL5-4211).

***Buckminster Fuller**–One configuration of *Tetrascroll,* 26 pages of 36" equilateral triangles opening out to 40 feet, thru 2/26. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

***Patricia Garrett**–Collages and boxes using graphic and sculptural elements, thru 3/5. Gallery 84, 1046 Mad Ave (628-4920).

***William Glackens**(1870-1938)–Illustrations, studies, and pastels done in NYC, Long Island, and Southern France, thru 2/26. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad Ave (LE5-9888).

Nancy Goldring/David Hendricks–Photo-drawings/Monumental landscape drawings, thru 2/26. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

Nigel Hall–Seven wall pieces of painted aluminum rods, thru 3/3. Elkon, 1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940).

***Ellsworth Kelly**–Paintings, thru 3/5. BlumHelman, 13 E 75th (249-5350).

Kieff–Recent sculpture, thru 2/26. Findlay, 984 Mad Ave (249-2909).

Bascha Mon–Abstractions, thru 2/26. Ault, 25 E 77th (861-2317).

Jan Müller–Landscapes, thru 3/30. Gruenebaum, 25 E 77th (249-5668).

Adrian Murphy–Hard-edged medallions and mandalas in paint, thru 2/26. Rehn, 655 Mad at 60th (753-4694).

***Kunto Nagaoka**–Delicate watercolor abstractions from 1969-1970, thru 3/5. Staempfli, 47 E 77th (535-1919).

Wallace Putnam–Essentialist landscapes, thru 3/3. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Leo Rackow–Watercolors, illustrations and posters from the 30's and 40's, thru 3/12. Harlow, 1100 Mad Ave (988-4360). Wed-Sat 12-6.

Kas Sable–Drawings, including some period peices, thru 3/19. Cordy, 324 E 73rd (249-4791). Tues-Sat 1-7.

***Ludwig Sander**(1907-1975)–Carefully composed, cooly colored abstractions, 2/26-3/17. Knoedler, 19 E 70th (794-0550).

***Pierre Soulages**–Paint on paper and canvas including chiaroscuro works of 50's to large black abstractions of 70's, thru 3/12. Gimpel, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

***Joseph Stella**(1880-1946)–Paintings and drawings, thru 2/26. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

***Norman Turner**–Nudes in Vermont and New Jersey landscapes, thru 2/26. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

Whanki–Abstractions from 1965-1970, thru 3/5. Poindexter, 24 E 84th (628-2844).

***Lebbeus Woods**–Drawings and constructions, thru 3/17. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).

SoHo

***Calvin Albert**–Figures made of resin and bronze abstract forms and charcoal drawings, thru 3/10. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

***Vincent Arcilesi/Louise Frishwasser/Darryl Halbrooks**–A monumental oil of Duane Street Loft./Expressionistic landscapes./Realist paintings of experiments, thru 3/10. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

Ross Bleckner–Frontal and oblique planes interlocking on a black ground, thru 3/8. Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).

Jack Brusca–Summer reflections, thru 3/12. Bonino, 98 Prince (PL2-9556).

David Budd–Impasto monochromatic abstractions, thru 3/19. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

Rudy Burckhardt/Barry Sigel–Paintings and watercolors./Humorous figurative works, thru 3/10. Green Mountain, 135 Greene (674-2390).

***Greg Constantine/Louise Reiner**–T.V. images of famous artists./Mixed-media plexiglass wall pieces, thru 3/9. Razor, 464 W Bdwy (533-3427).

***Rafael Ferrer**–Constructions, free-standing room environments, and drawings on navigational charts, thru 3/2. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

***Maurice Flecker**–Joy Island landscapes and biblical themes, thru 3/9. First St, 118 Prince (226-9011). Tues-Sat 1-6.

Sandy Gellis/Charles O'Connor–Wall pieces and boxes capturing chemical reactions./Large abstractions, thru 3/9. 55 Mercer (226-8513).

***Elizabeth Grubic**–Still-lifes, thru 3/9. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153). Tues-Sat 1-5.

Don Gummer/Brenda Miller–One large wood sculpture./Sisal wall sculptures, thru 3/8. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

***Louise Kramer**–Lacquered metal and clay sculpture plus mono-prints, thru 3/2. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

***Robert Mapplethorpe**–Photographic portraits, thru 2/26. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900). Wed until 9:30 also.

***Ann Marshall/William Monoghan**–Vertical abstractions/Rusting metal and raw canvas, thru 3/5. Soho Center, 114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 1-5, Sat 11-5.

***Brian O'Neill**–Sculptural paintings of aluminum, fiberglass and wood coated with foam and canvas, then painted, thru 3/5. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

***Judith Ostrowitz**–Branches and processed wood constructions, thru 3/3. Eno, 101 Wooster (226-5342). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Charles Rowe–*Eggs Over Soho,* thru 2/27. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (730-9369).

Frieda Savitz–Pastel abstractions/Fiberous art by Dollar, Gabriel, Hamouda, Stram, others, thru 3/6. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

Italo Scanga–New sculpture and multi-media drawings, thru 3/8. Alessandra, 489 Broome (925-7373).

Oleg Sohanievich–Stress sculpture, thru 3/9. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).

***Sharon Wybrants**–12 self-portraits, thru 3/2. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167).

OTHER

Richard Florsheim–Recent lithographs, thru 3/5. Associated American Artists, 663 5th Ave (PL5-4211).

Lucio Pozzi–4 painted vaulted structures creating a changing environment, thru 6/5./Photos of Long Island City by Beck, Freund, Rosenblum and Sonneman, thru 3/19. Institute for Art and Urban Resources at P.S. 1, 21-01 46th Rd, Long Island City, Queens (233-1096).

***E. Schnurr-Colflesh**–Paintings, thru 2/26. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760). Tues-Sat 12-6.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Getler/Pall–50 W 57th (581-2724). Portraits by Dine, Hockney, Katz, Johns, others, thru 3/11.

Heidenberg–50 W 57th (586-3808). Paintings, sculpture, drawings and graphics by Appel, Botero, Coignard, Hofmann, Picasso, Stella, others, thru 3/12.

***Wiener**–41 E 57th (593-1270). Indian, Nepali and Tibetan sculpture and painting, thru 3/26.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

African Tribal Arts II–37 E 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Sat 10:30-5. Terra cotta and stone objects from West Africa, thru 2/28.

Ballet, Opera, Theatre–961 Mad Ave (737-7400). Mon-Sat 11-6. Photos, books, programs plus oils by Oppler dealing with Anna Pavlova, thru 3/1.

***Borgenicht**–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040). The Nude: Avery and the European Masters, thru 3/3.

***Reinhold Brown**–26 E 78th (RE4-7999). Posters done by & for architects from 1894-1947, thru 3/1.

***Committee to Save Grand Central**–59 E 43rd (586-4761). Mon-Fri 10-6. Art Deco architecture in the West Bronx, thru 3/1.

***Duhl**–31 W 54th (582-4163). Tues-Sat 12-5. Basketry in sterling silver, pine needles, seaweed by Ebendorf, Westfall, others, thru 3/26.

***Fourcade**–36 E 75th (535-3980). Small format objects from Duchamp to Heizer including collages by Le Corbusier from late 20's and sculptures by deKooning, thru 3/19.

***Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies**–8 W 40th (398-9474). Mon-Fri 10-5. The Princeton Beaux-Arts and its new academicism including Labatut to the program of Geddes, thru 2/24.

Weintraub–992 Mad Ave (TR9-1195). Israeli graphics, thru 2/28.

SoHo

***Buecker & Harpsichords**–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Lesser known works from 1963 including string constructions by D'Aquila, collages by Picard, others, thru 2/26.

Drawing Center–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon, Tues 11-6, Wed-Sat 11-9. Paintings on paper by Bishop, Humphrey, Mangold, others, thru 2/26.

***OK Harris**–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Photos by Arndt, paintings by Clarke and Inoue, poetry by Lazard, and sculpture by sculpture, thru 2/26.

***Unicorn**–120 Spring (226-0919). Fiber art including Danielle's life-size dolls and Weisenfeld's batiks, thru 3/5.

Vorpal–465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Sun 1-6 also. Works by Collins, De Stefani, Dowis, others, thru 2/28.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Paintings by Groome, mirrored plexiglass sculpture by Pasinski, Sky Series by Russell and sculpture by Torbert, thru 3/10.

OTHER

African-American Institute–833 United Nations Plaza (949-5666). Mon-Fri 5-9, Sat 11-5. African blankets and covers, thru 5/14.

AIGA–1059 3rd Ave (PL2-0813). Mon-Fri 9:30-5. Environmental design including contemporary signage *and architectural graphics, thru 2/25.*

***Center for Inter-American Relations**–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sun 12-6. Latin American drawings, thru 4/10.

***Grey**–NYU, 33 Washington Pl (598-3479). Tues-Fri 10-5, Thurs 10-8:30, Sat 1-5. Recent polychrome sculptures by Avedisian, oils by Hennessy, and lithos after neon and plexiglass sculpture by Grosman, thru 3/4.

Guiness World Records Exhibit Hall, Concourse Level of Empire State Bldg., 350 Fifth Ave. Open daily, 9:30-7.

***Hall of Science**–Corona Park, Flushing (699-9400). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Americana including letters from Presidents, Civil War mementos, sheet music of national songs, thru 6/18.

International Arts–28 E 4th (473-6072). Wed-Sat 1-6. Contemporary native Americans including the Hopi Lomahaftewa, the Seneca Lark and the Toltec Padilla, thru 3/12.

National Art Museum of Sport, Madison Square Garden Center (244-4127).

Pratt Graphics–831 Bdwy (674-0603). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 1-5. Forerunners of the American print Renaissance, 1920-1950 including Davies, Kuhn, Kuniyoshi, Roth, others, thru 2/26.

***Roko**–*90 E 10th (GR3-0760). Tues-Sat 12-6. Ten* American collagists from Adler's gouache paintings on cut paper to Grossman's figurative pastels/ Paintings by E. Schnurr-Colflesh, thru 2/26.

Photography

***Diane Arbus**–70 works including an early series taken at Coney Island, thru 4/2. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

Bernd and Hilla Becher/Rene Magritte–Preparation plants./La Fidélité des Images, thru 2/26. Sonnabend, 420 W Bdwy (966-6160).

***Carlton**–127 E 69th (249-9880). Helen Gee's Limelight Gallery in Greenwich Village in the 50s including works by Adams, Abbott, Atget, Capa, Strand, White, others, thru 3/8.

John Claridge–London, thru 2/28. Popular Photography, 1 Park Ave (725-2660). Mon-Fri 9-5.

***Mark Cohen**–The post-industrial landscape in black-and-white, thru 2/26. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).

***Carlotta Corpron**–Light studies from the 40's, thru 4/1. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

Michael de Camp/Mitchell Funk–Color dye transfer abstract and scenic prints, thru 3/21. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

***Henry Street Settlement**–466 Grand (766-9334). Mon-Fri 11-9, Sat 11-5. The immigrants at Ellis Island and the Lower East Side from 1880-1915 by Austen, Byron, Hine and Riis, thru 3/4.

***Lucien Hervé**–A modern 16th century capital of the Moghuls, Fatehpur Sikri, India; thru 2/28. French Institute, 22 E 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 10-8, Fri 10-5:30, Sat 10-5.

***Elizabeth Heyert/Ted Horowitz**–Formal portraits./ Candid people, thru 2/28. Nikon House, 437 Mad Ave (486-1428). Mon-Fri 10-6.

***Evelyn Hofer/Naomi Savage**–Florence, London, NYC and Dublin with portraits, architectural details, other./Photographic mosaics, collages, engravings and ceramics, thru 3/16. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

Kodak–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6183). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. Photos and artifacts of Peru, plus international newspaper snapshots, thru 3/19.

***William Larson/Charles Traub**–*Fire Flies,* plus transmission holograms/Beaches and intimate scenes, thru 3/5. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

Light–724 5th Ave (861-1648). Victorian models by Bellocq, monuments by Friedlander, electro carbon prints by Larson and people having fun by Traub, thru 3/5.

***Inge Morath**–The human image, thru 3/12. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Barry Singer**–Studies of colors, patterns, textures created by nature and by man, thru 2/28. 4th St, 67 E 4th (673-1021). Sun-Thurs 2-8, Fri, Sat, 3-10

***Soho/Stieglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Mother India by Viggiano, woman by Weinberg, Vermont snowscapes by Yapa, others plus New Orleans, thru 3/1.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, *CPW at 79th* St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Sun & Hols 11-5. *The New Hall of Minerals and Gems. Discovery Room:* A permanent, weekend area which transforms science into learning activities for children. *Treasures of Cyprus:* Nearly 200 objects spanning 8,000 years in the artistic, decorative, and archeological history of Cyprus; thru 4/3.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum–Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Guggenheim Museum–Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *James Ensor:* The first comprehensive U.S. showing in 26 years of works by this Belgian artist; thru 4/11.

International Center of Photography–Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. Retrospective of the works of Dennis Stock and Mike Disfarmer; Calotype Landscapes by Glenn Richmond. All shows thru 3/13.

Metropolitan Museum of Art–Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Blue and White:* Early Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 6/30. *The Glory of Russian Costume:* An exhibition of 200 years (1709-1909) of Russian costumes; thru August. *Gustave Doré: Dark Tales and Drolleries:* An exhibition of about 50 of his illustrations from the Bible, Dante's *Inferno,* La Fontaine's *Fables,* and *Don Quixote;* thru 3/27. *Photographs by Félix Nadar (1820-1910):* 50 portraits of Second Empire Parisians; thru 3/27.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53rd St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Windows of New York:* Photos by Ralph Rosenblum; thru 5/9.

Museum of Modern Art–11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thur 11-9. *European Master Paintings From the Swiss Collections: Post-Impressionism to World War II;* thru 3/1. *Tina Modotti:* Approximately 40 photographs by the Italian-born actress, photographer, and political activist; thru 4/3. John Cage's *Renga* with *Apartment House 1776:* selections from the score of John Cage's work written in honor of the Bicentennial; thru 3/6. *Posters by Painters:* An extensive collection of posters by such artists as Calder, Dine, Picasso, Steinberg, Motherwell, and others; thru 3/14. *Filmmakers' Image:* Maureen Lambray's photographs of 45 men who have made film history; thru 4/26.

New York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *200 Years of American Illustration,* thru 4/17. *Selling New York:* An extraordinary look at our cultural history thru rare examples of American advertising; thru 3/31.

Whitney Museum–Madison Ave at 75th (794-0600). Daily 11-6, Tue, 11-10, Sun & Hols, 12-6. Closed Mon. *Thirty Years of American Art: 1945-75;* thru 10/2. *1977 Whitney Biennial:* Devoted to works by artists who had their first decisive influence in the 1970s; thru 3/27. **Downtown Branch,** 55 Water St (483-0012). Mon-Fri, 11-3.

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Where Europe Begins

New York

Meet the New Godfather

By Paul S. Meskil

"...Soon, federal agents predict, Carmine Galante's peers on the Mafia Commission will elect him their boss of all bosses..."

A little old man in banker's gray comes out of a square red-brick apartment house on Waverly Place in the heart of Greenwich Village. He pauses on the concrete stoop and takes a $2 cigar from the breast pocket of his hand-tailored suit.

He unwraps the cigar and lights up. His round bald head swivels from side to side, and the cold brown eyes behind his black-rimmed glasses survey the street scene. Midway down the block toward Sixth Avenue, two men slouch on the front seat of a dirty green Chevrolet, trying to look as if they belong there. One of them grabs the microphone attached to the car's radio transmitter and says, "He's moving now." The new boss of the New York underworld has emerged from his lair.

Carmine Galante—FBI No. 119495, NYPD No. 66994—is about to start his daily work schedule. Exhaling a mouthful of smoke, he comes down the three concrete steps, moves briskly past mounds of black-bagged garbage, and turns left at the corner.

When he reaches Sheridan Square, a gold Cadillac Eldorado overtakes him. The white-haired driver unlocks the passenger door; Galante climbs in. The Cadillac swings onto Seventh Avenue South and heads downtown to Little Italy, the Chevrolet close behind.

The men in the Chevy are federal narcs, agents of the Drug Enforcement Administration. Galante probably does not know what agency they represent, but he surely knows they are fuzz. He is under frequent, though not constant, surveillance by so many law enforcers—DEA, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the New York Police Department's narcotics, intelligence, and organized-crime divisions—that he often finds himself leading a motorcade toward his favorite Manhattan hangout, a bar-restaurant on the East River waterfront near the old Fulton Fish Market. He also frequently travels to the old North Williamsburg neighborhood in Brooklyn where his mob, the Bonanno gang, was spawned.

New York's new godfather has three grown children—a son and two daughters—who apparently know little or nothing about his underworld family. Where his wife is—dead, or in a nursing home, or living with the daughter whom Galante visits in Hampton Bays, Long Island—investigators do not know. Although at 67 he is still physically active and in robust health, he no longer makes nightly rounds of pubs and clubs, no longer frequents the racetrack as he once did.

Galante runs out of cigars more often than he runs out of snoops. So he takes all the standard precautions. He never discusses business over the telephone or in the Village apartment that is his legal residence, or in the elegant East Side pad where he visits a woman friend. He never writes anything down. Still, he manages to get things done.

In the three years since he finished his fourth prison sojourn, he reportedly has reopened the old French Connection, created new drug routes from Europe, Asia, and Latin America, and appointed himself board chairman of a crime conglomerate stretching from Montreal to Mexico City.

Many of Galante's old crime colleagues are dead, in prison, or basking in the Florida sunshine. But instead of looking forward to retirement, this senior citizen is well on his way to becoming the world's most powerful criminal. Federal agents believe that his peers on the Commission, a nine-member national panel of family bosses that is the supreme court and board of directors of the American Mafia, will soon name him *capo di tutti capi* ("boss of all bosses"), the title held by the late Carlo Gambino.

Galante already runs more rackets here and abroad than Don Carlo did. And at the rate his empire is expanding, it soon will surpass the worldwide holdings of the late Lucky Luciano, for whom Galante once labored as a lowly button man.

Narcotics is his specialty, but Galante is also believed to be the behind-the-scenes boss of a multi-million-dol-

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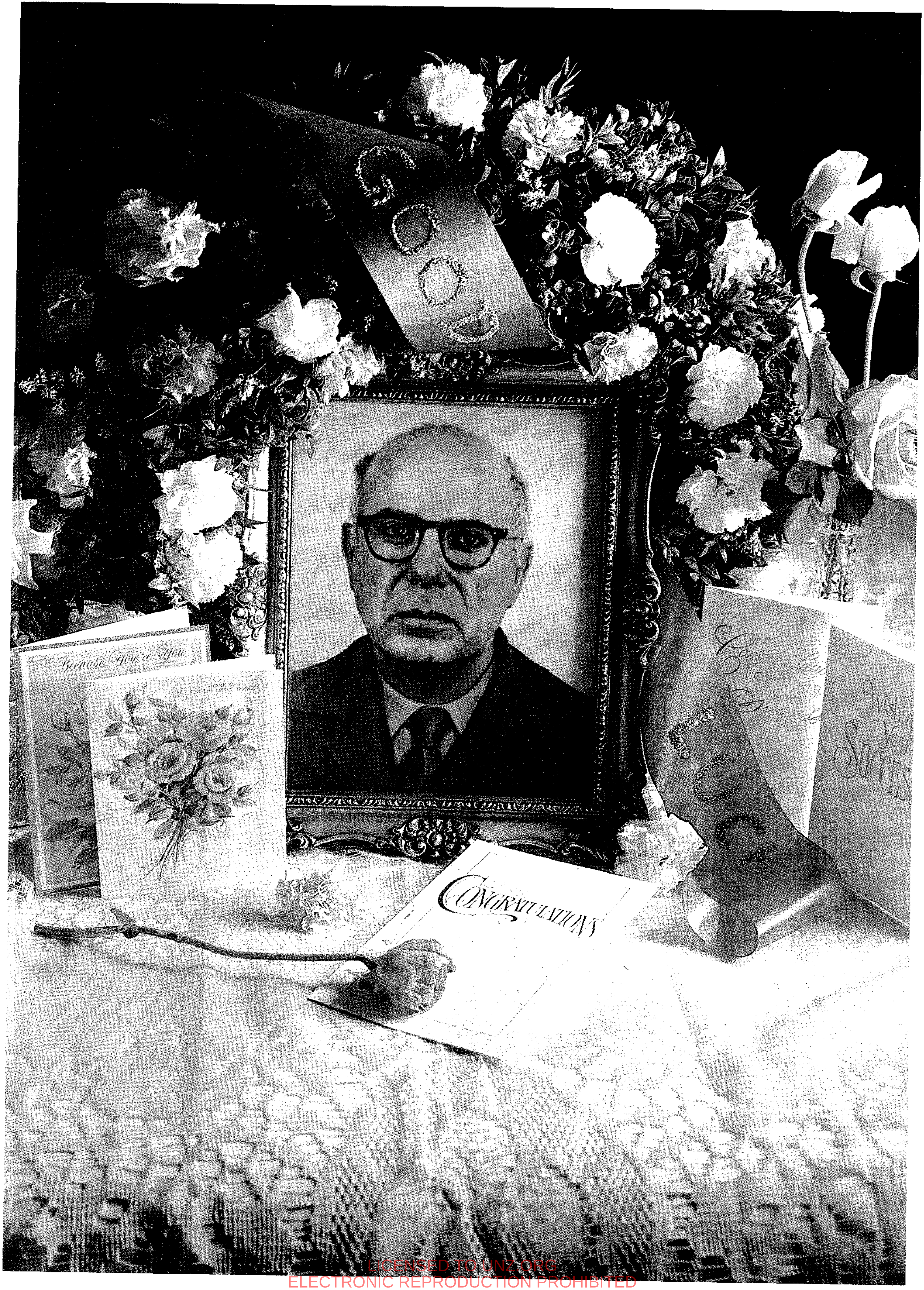
Paul S. Meskil, author of The Luparelli Tapes *and other books on organized crime, has been an investigative reporter for the New York* News *for the past ten years.*

Photographed by Neal Slavin


Good
Because You're You
Congratulations
Wishing You Success

"...Galante's mean eyes and perpetual scowl are the only physical hints of a personality described as vicious, violent, ruthless..."

lar bookmaking and numbers operation in Brooklyn, Long Island, and New Jersey. And, investigators say, Galante is in complete charge of all the criminal, semilegitimate, and legitimate enterprises of the Bonanno mob: gambling, loansharking, extortion, shakedown, labor racketeering, and business infiltration. The clean-front (supposedly legitimate) businesses he controls include garment and trucking firms, a Wisconsin cheese company, and several bars and restaurants taken over from owners deeply in debt to mob loan sharks.

Galante's immediate goal, reportedly, is to bring all five New York crime families under his direct control. If he succeeds—and law-enforcement officials say it's likely he will—he'll have a stranglehold not only on this city's underworld but also on the myriad businesses and industries that organized crime has penetrated.

Galante's mean eyes and perpetual scowl are the only physical hints of a personality described by veteran mob watchers as violent, vicious, and completely ruthless. The late *capo di tutti capi,* Gambino, had been aristocratic, courtly, patriarchal, a step removed from the mob violence; Galante is a "shooter," a throwback to the days when Mafia dons did their enforcing themselves. He commands the fear and respect of every mobster on the street. (Indeed, when he did prison time, he spent his exercise periods, as acknowledged mob king, in the coveted spot by the wall, in the sun.) Detectives and federal agents estimate that he has been responsible, directly or indirectly, for more than 100 gangland executions.

The son of poor Sicilian immigrants, Carmine Galante (real name: Camillo Galante) was born in East Harlem on February 21, 1910. At eleven he had his first brush with the law; he has spent nearly half of his life behind bars.

At twenty, he was accused of murdering a New York City policeman; the charge was eventually dropped because of insufficient evidence. A few months later, though, convicted of assault and robbery, he was sentenced to twelve and a half years in prison—his third trip to the joint. He had earlier served time for assault and robbery.

He got out on parole in 1939 and went to work as a mob enforcer, performing odd jobs for the heads of three of the five Mafia families in New York: Vito Genovese, who had skipped to Italy to beat a murder rap, and Brooklyn bosses Joseph Profaci and Joseph "Joe Bananas" Bonanno.

UPI

The young godfather: *Carmine Galante at twenty, convicted of robbery and assault and sent to prison for his third stretch.*

When Genovese had left the United States in 1935, he had taken about $750,000 in cash with him. In Italy he spent a large chunk of it entertaining dictator Mussolini and other high-ranking Fascisti. Then one day Il Duce asked the luxury-loving fugitive for a small favor. He wanted Genovese to silence Carlo Tresca, Italy's most outspoken political exile and America's most controversial anarchist. Tresca's pet hates were fascism, communism, capitalism, and the Mafia. He denounced them at labor rallies and in his biweekly newspaper. Mussolini was a frequent target of his barbs.

At 9:40 P.M. on January 11, 1943, Tresca was about to cross Fifth Avenue at 15th Street when a black sedan pulled to the curb a few feet away. A short, squat gunman in a dark-brown coat and hat jumped out and shot Tresca in the back and head, killing him instantly. Then the car sped away.

Two hours earlier, Carmine Galante had made his weekly visit to the parole office in the State Office Building at 80 Centre Street. He told Parole Officer Sidney Gross he was honestly employed as a $25-a-week trucker's helper. Gross didn't believe him and assigned investigators Fred Berson and George Talianoff to follow Galante when he left.

Galante "almost ran when he left the parole office," Berson said later. "He dashed out into the street, with me after him. I remember that he was wearing a brown overcoat and a brown snap-brim felt hat. I tailed him to Lafayette Street, where a Ford was standing with the motor running. There was another man with glasses sitting at the wheel. They drove off and left me standing there. We had no cars to use [because of gasoline shortages], but I remember that the license number was LC-9272."

Berson jotted down the license number and gave it to his supervisor. Next day the parole officers read in the newspapers that Tresca's killer had escaped in a black Ford sedan with New York State license LC-9272. When the car, registered under a phony name, was found, police discovered in the glove compartment a key to a garage owned by a friend of Galante's.

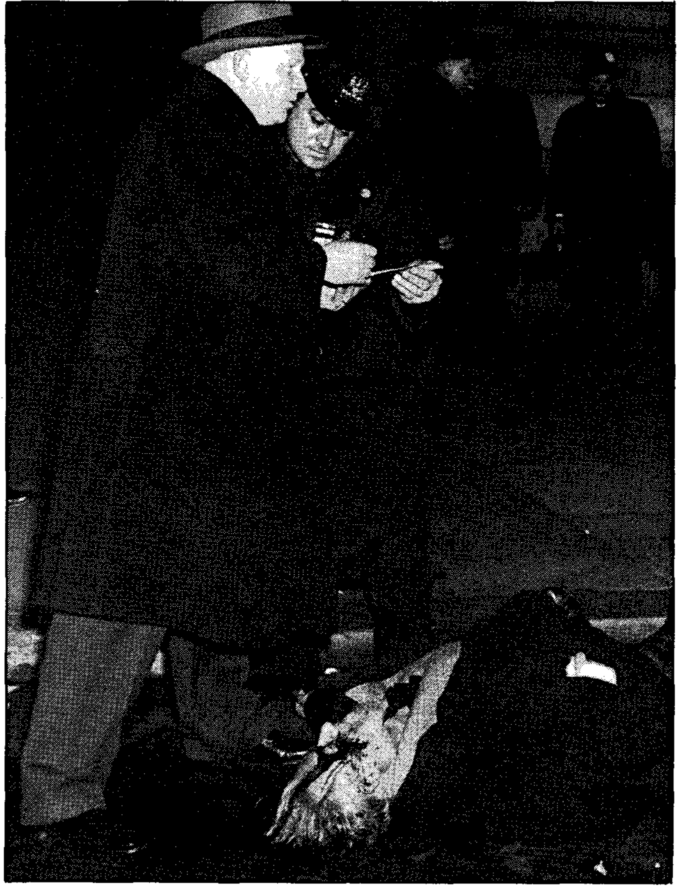
Picked up as the prime suspect, Galante denied knowing anything about the sensational murder. Witnesses failed to make a positive identification, so the cops released him. "They had loads of evidence against him," Berson said later. "I never could understand why he wasn't indicted."

In 1953, now Joe Bonanno's underboss and foreign minister, Galante went to Canada with a suitcase full of cash and formed an alliance between the Italian gangs of Montreal and Bonanno's mob.

In the fall of 1954, Galante and Montreal mobster Frank Petrula flew to Italy for a secret conference with Lucky Luciano. At this meeting they laid the groundwork for the international narcotics network that would become known as the French Connection. The master scheme was to ship Turkish opium to Marseilles, convert it to heroin in drug factories run by French Corsican gangsters, then smuggle the finished product into Canada and the United States. Galante got the American end of the French Connection by offering the Corsicans an unlimited U.S. market for their drugs.

Galante also made a Cuban Connection. Through Santo Trafficante, Mafia boss of Florida and Havana, he obtained permission from the regime of dictator Fulgencio Batista to use Cuba as a storage and shipping center for tons of mainland-bound heroin.

In 1958, though, the feds closed in. A federal grand jury in New York indicted 40 international heroin brokers, among them Galante, Joseph "Joe Beck" Di Palermo, and their onetime employer, Vito Genovese. Galante, who had been deported from Canada in



UPI

Gangland hit: *When anarchist Carlo Tresca was shot dead in 1943, Carmine Galante was picked up as the prime suspect.*

Village address: *Galante reportedly stays occasionally in an apartment in this modest building at 160 Waverly Place.*

1955, jumped back across the border to Montreal and was still hiding there when Genovese, Joe Beck, and thirteen others were convicted of dope smuggling and sent to prison in 1959. The feds finally caught Galante in New Jersey, brought him to trial in 1960, and, after lengthy legal maneuvers, obtained a conviction.

Sentenced to twenty years, Galante was paroled on January 23, 1974. Great changes had taken place in the mob hierarchy while he had been away. Family bosses Genovese, Profaci, and Thomas "Three-Finger Brown" Lucchese had died of natural causes. So had underworld "prime minister" Frank Costello. Joe Colombo, boss of the Profaci family, had been shot in the head in 1971. "Joe Bananas" had been exiled to Arizona for plotting a purge of his peers. And Carlo Gambino, the man who made Bananas split, had been proclaimed boss of bosses.

Within 48 hours after Galante's release from prison, a dynamite bomb blew the bronze doors off Frank Costello's tomb. The underworld interpreted the blast as a warning that Galante was back in the ball game, ready to take on all challengers.

During his absence, what was left of the old Bonanno mob had been taken over by Philip "Rusty" Rastelli, who didn't intend to relinquish his prestigious post to Galante. But Rastelli soon got the message. His stepson, James Fernandes, was standing outside his Brooklyn clothing store on March 7, 1974, when two gunmen drove up and blew him away. After the funeral, Rastelli stepped down as family head and Galante became top Banana. At this point, his Brooklyn-based gang, with about 250 full-time members and 180 associates, was the smallest, poorest, and weakest of the Five Families.

But Galante still had important connections. He knew rich and influential mobsters all over the United States, in Canada, Italy, France, and throughout Latin America. He quickly forged alliances with the aged and ailing Frank "Funzi" Tieri, now 72, boss of the former Genovese family, and Carmine "Mr. Gribbs" Tramunti, boss of the former Lucchese mob. Both were deeply involved in the drug trade.

Gambino, though, still controlled the country's biggest and wealthiest crime family, as well as the Mafia Commission and the former Profaci organization, now known as the Colombo mob. But the old superdon was in failing health and unable to control his captains. Some of them were ignoring his order that they stay out of dope.

The Gambino and Colombo drug importers and distributors now found themselves in the direct path of Galante's comeback steamroller. And this led to the curious case of the Flying Consalvos.

Brothers Carmine and Frank Consalvo were rising members of the Gambino group. Carmine, 39, was very big in junk, having opened up Mexico as the world's main source of brown heroin.

After the French Connection was severed in 1971, Mexico provided up to 80 percent of the smack shot by American addicts—and Carmine Consalvo became a millionaire. He moved into a large and luxurious twenty-fourth-floor apartment in Fort Lee, New Jersey. He seemed to be on top of his chosen world until, on September 7, 1975, he fell, jumped, or was flung from one of his windows.

The Fort Lee police called it suicide, but Gambinoland buzzed with rumors that Consalvo was deliberately defenestrated because he refused to let Galante tap his Mexican pipeline.

Frank Consalvo, 32, swore to avenge his brother's death. This oath was taken quite seriously, for Frank was considered to be as tough as anyone in the underworld; he was the personal bodyguard of Gambino's underboss, Aniello Della Croce.

Then, a month after Carmine Consalvo's death dive, two mobsters were shot dead and left in a van on a Brooklyn

The Five Mafia Families of New York: An Update

Bonanno Family

Current Boss:
Carmine Galante

Boss:
Joseph Bonanno
Deposed, 1964
Underboss:
Carmine Galante
Imprisoned for heroin-trafficking, 1960–1974

Boss:
Frank Labruzzo
Invalidated by Mafia Commission, 1965

Boss:
Gaspar Di Gregorio
Retired after suffering heart attack, 1966

Boss:
Paul Sciacca
Retired, 1970

Boss:
Natale Evola
Died of natural causes, 1973
Underboss:
Philip Rastelli

Boss:
Philip Rastelli
Stepped down as boss, 1974, after *gangland killing of* his stepson

Gambino Family

Current Boss:
Joseph N. Gallo

Bosses:
Philip & Vincent Mangano
Philip murdered on order of Albert Anastasia, 1951;
Vincent missing and presumed dead, 1951

Boss:
Albert Anastasia
Murdered, October 25, 1957
Underboss:
Frank Scalice
Murdered, June 17, 1957, on order of Anastasia

Boss:
Carlo Gambino
Died of natural causes, 1976
Underboss:
Aniello Della Croce
Retired to Florida, 1976

Genovese Family

Current Boss:
Frank Tieri

Boss:
Salvatore Lucania
(Lucky Luciano)
Deported, 1946;
died, 1962
Underboss:
Vito Genovese
Fled to Italy to escape murder charge, 1935;
returned, 1945
Francesco Saverio
(Frank Costello)
Shot in head, 1957;
forced into retirement

Boss:
Vito Genovese
Convicted of narcotics conspiracy, 1959; died in prison, 1969
Acting Boss:
Gerardo Catena
Imprisoned for refusing to answer questions, 1970–1975;
retired to Florida
Underboss:
Thomas Eboli
Murdered, 1972

Lucchese Family

Current Boss:
Carmine Tramunti
Imprisoned for narcotics conspiracy, 1974

Boss:
Gaetano Gagliano
Died of natural causes, 1953
Underboss:
Thomas Lucchese

Boss:
Thomas Lucchese
Died of natural causes, 1967

Profaci Family

Current Boss:
Charles Panarella

Boss:
Joseph Profaci
Died of natural causes, 1962

Boss:
Joseph Colombo Sr.
Shot in head, 1971
Underboss:
Salvatore Mineo

street. Investigators said they were Gambino soldiers who had defected to Galante and had been given the death contract on Carmine Consalvo.

Two months later, Frank Consalvo plunged to his death from the roof of a Little Italy tenement. Presumably, he was killed in retaliation for the whack-out of his brother's murderers. The word on Mulberry Street was that the score was now tied at two for Gambino and two for Galante. But other hits were being scored all over the metropolitan area. Black and Hispanic dope dealers were being swatted like flies in Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, the Bronx, and the slums of Newark and Jersey City—by police count, at least 40 were gunned down. Detectives heard that Galante had sent his troops to recapture drug markets that had been abandoned over the years to other ethnic groups that lived in the neighborhoods involved.

Carlo Gambino's diseased heart stopped last October as he lay in bed at his waterfront compound in Massapequa, Long Island. His once ferocious underboss, Aniello Della Croce, who had been waiting for years to succeed him, was now 62 and serving a six-month stretch for contempt of court. Released from custody in December, after recuperating from a gall-bladder operation in the Bellevue Hospital prison ward, he thankfully retired to his winter home in Key Largo, Florida.

Gambino's *consigliere* ("counselor"), silver-haired 63-year-old Joseph N. Gallo (no relation to Crazy Joey Gallo, the maverick Brooklyn gangster who was murdered five years ago in Little Italy), was left in charge of the family store. A shrewd, cool *capo* who would rather negotiate than fight, he lacks the intertribal support needed to block the Galante juggernaut.

So, with no real opposition left, Galante moves to the pinnacle of power. He walks around unarmed, without a full-time bodyguard. With Uncle Sam tailgating him, he doesn't really need any more protection. Every day, he leaves his Greenwich Village home or the East Side apartment he shares with his mistress and their daughter and goes to meet people in the back rooms of Italian bakeries, small restaurants, and waterfront bars where strangers are as rare as penguins in the Everglades. He changes cars the way most men change shirts, a different Cadillac every day, none of them registered in his name.

He also takes longer trips—to Miami, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Las Vegas, Reno, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and other cities. Before taking off for distant points, he always gets permission from his parole officer to go "on vacation" or to "visit relatives."

He reportedly has held secret sitdowns with his old boss Joe Bananas, now in retirement in Tucson, Arizona, and San Jose, California. And he has conferred with and made allies of the mob bosses of Chicago, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, Buffalo, New Jersey, Florida, Colorado, and the West Coast, where he has taken over rackets territory formerly held by the Gambino clan. Narcotics and gambling racketeers from the South, Midwest, and far West have been jetting to New York to huddle with the little king in motel and hotel rooms, rented at the last minute to avoid electronic eavesdroppers, and in the homes of people who are virtually unknown to law-enforcement agencies.

The late Stefano "the Boss" Magaddino, Mafia chief of the Buffalo area, once complained to the Mafia Commission that his cousin Joe Bananas was "planting flags all over the world." Mob-watchers believe the job begun by Bonanno 25 years ago is now being completed by his ex-underboss. Consequently, the U.S. Justice Department is planning a joint task force of federal, state, and local lawmen, with nationwide jurisdiction, to keep tabs on Galante and his campaign of conquest. No other mobster in history—not Al Capone or Lucky Luciano or Don Vitone or Don Carlo—ever achieved such a dubious distinction. ▬

Nobody Ever Said 'No' To Freddie Prinze

By Geraldo Rivera

"...Freddie had a death wish he shared with almost anyone. He wanted to make it big, retire at 25, be dead before he was 30..."

The Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf was hot, but happy. It was also vastly overfilled; the crowd was standing shoulder-to-shoulder on the big dance floor. They weren't dancing, exactly, but swaying to the hard, pulsating *salsa* rhythm of Ray Barretto's music. Everybody was facing the stage and waiting expectantly—the young men in their rented tuxedos and fiercely blue, frilly shirts, the ladies bursting sensually, excitedly from their gaily colored evening dresses. The men teased and laughed understandingly at the unrestrained anticipation that bubbled from their dates. The women shared secret fantasies with their girl friends. Freddie was coming: the tall, beautiful television superstar, Puerto Rican comet who rose from West 157th Street to flash boldly across the nation. Freddie was coming—and his people were there to hail him as he received an award.

I was standing onstage behind a podium, waving to familiar faces in the audience. The air was filled with a wonderful feeling of brotherhood and collective pride. That night, Freddie Prinze belonged to all of us.

At a signal from the wings, Barretto stopped the music and I began my introduction. Then Freddie walked out and the crowd roared, hooted, seethed in loving frenzy. Freddie smoothly played it to the hilt. He strutted up and down the stage, laughing with the audience, making his carefully crafted, Las Vegas–tested jokes seem custom-designed especially for them.

At one point, Freddie pointed to one of the girls straining against the rim of the stage. "Hey Gloria!" he called, his mouth breaking into that crooked, dimpled, smart-ass, infectious grin that had helped make him TV's most important young sex object. "I bet you wish you had gone out with me now, don't you?" He threw her a kiss, she swooned, and the crowd went wild.

Freddie accepted the award with grace, then walked off the stage and started wading through the sea of people. Led by a wedge of bodyguards, he was heading up to his suite. I was walking right behind him and watched, amused, as one woman after another threw her arms around Freddie to kiss him wetly or fondle his famous buns. At first he seemed to enjoy it. But then he ordered the bodyguard to bash through. A few minutes later, we were up in his suite.

About a half dozen people were in the living room, so Freddie hustled me into the bedroom. As soon as the door was shut, he began pacing back and forth, wringing his hands as he walked. He was like a high-powered car stuck in first gear.

"How was I? Was I good?" Freddie asked.

"You kidding me? Freddie, you were great!" For the first time in our two-year relationship I was struck by the difference between the anxious 21-year-old kid I was now watching and the consummate professional who had confidently thrilled his audience a few minutes before. He was one of the biggest stars in the country, loved by millions, earning hundreds of thousands of dollars, dating Raquel Welch, and pursued by every starlet in Hollywood. It was a heady existence, but that night I realized how young he was.

"Hey, Geraldo . . . you want a blow?" There was a lump of cocaine the size of a baseball sitting on top of the TV, and Freddie had begun cutting off and breaking up a small piece of it.

"No, I've got a cold, Freddie, but I'll take a joint if you have one." He didn't, so I went out to get some from the people in the other room. By the time I got back, he was carving up another lump of coke; the first had already been consumed.

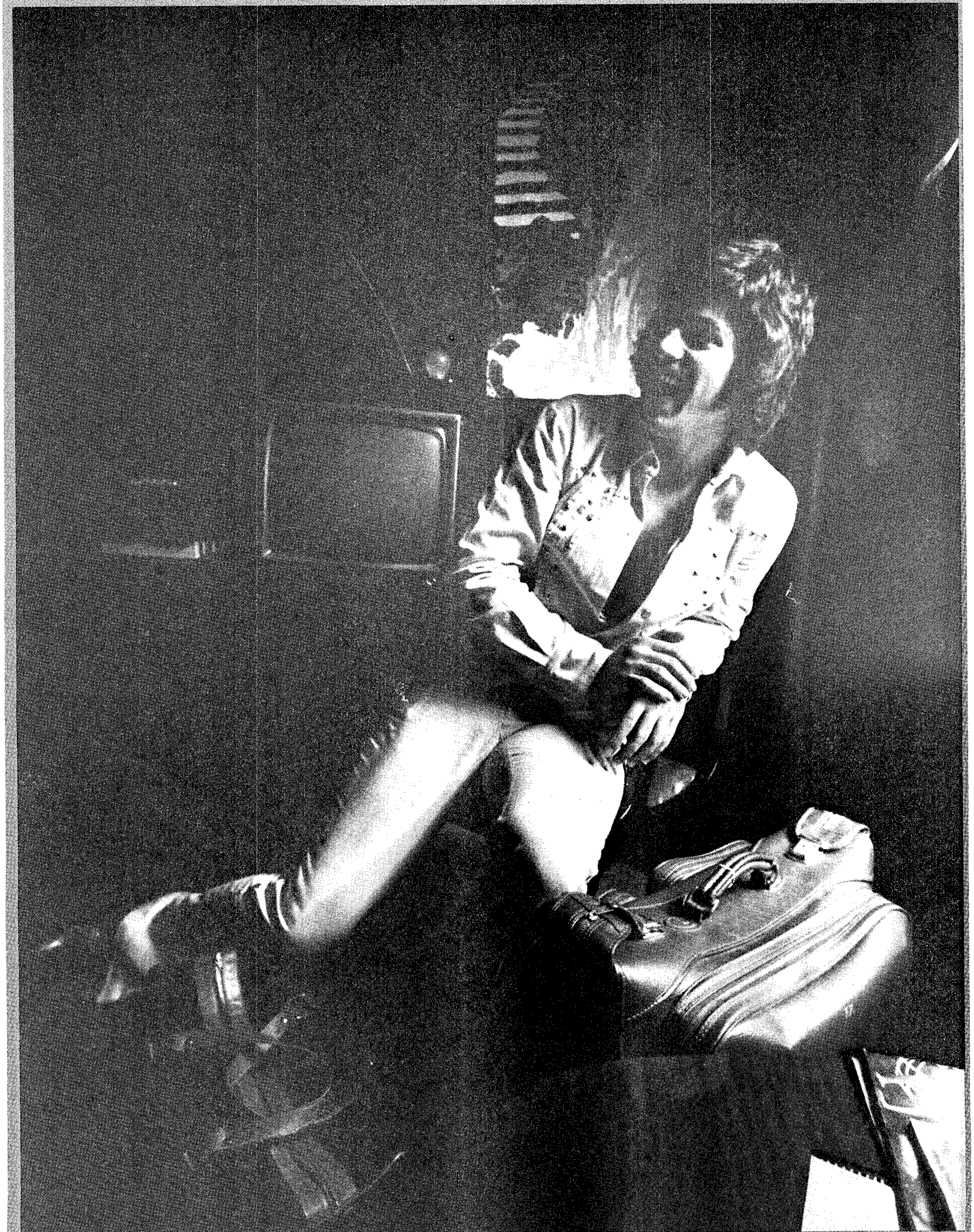
All this happened in the fall of 1975. Throughout that year and the next, Freddie was using up to five grams of cocaine a week. The going street price is $100 a gram, so Freddie was spending close to $2,000 a month on the aptly named "rich man's drug."

Sitting on the bed, I watched as he snorted down four more lines of the white powder. For a moment I considered telling him he should ease off, that the drug was dangerous: It could rot a hole in his nose and ruin his voice and his timing. But I didn't say anything. Freddie was taller than I, prettier, better known, and certainly more successful. He was the biggest thing in television and everybody was saying he was brilliant, a genius—so I decided it would be presumptuous to interfere.

After he killed himself, I realized that I was one of a long string of people who chose not to say no to Freddie. And it began when he was a chubby child. He could always count on his mother for a soft touch, for a doting "yes" to anything he wanted.

Freddie started dying almost as soon as he got to Hollywood. He arrived with Lenny Bruce on his mind. It was a fixation, a mania, an obsession.

In those early days, in the spring of 1974 when he had just gotten the *Chico and the Man* series, Freddie lived in the big, rich Beverly Hills home of James Komack, the program's creator and executive producer. Freddie didn't know many people in town then, so



On the way up: *In his black-walled West 157th Street home in 1974, Freddie exulted on the eve of his departure for Hollywood.*

"...Freddie started dying almost as soon as he got to Hollywood. He arrived with Lenny Bruce on his mind; it was an obsession..."

despite the fact the he was twenty years younger than Komack, the two would spend hours late at night talking about the business. Freddie identified with the older man because Komack had once been a nightclub comic and, by some incredible coincidence, he had lived on West 157th Street in New York. Most important of all, he had known Lenny Bruce; they had worked together in the Catskills.

"Whatever we were talking about during the course of an evening," recalls Komack, "Freddie would always get around to asking me about Lenny. 'Talk to me about Lenny, Jimmy, tell me about Lenny.' Finally, after I had told each story ten times over, I couldn't take it anymore. I told him it was reminding me of *Of Mice and Men*—you know, 'Tell me about the rabbits, George, tell me about the rabbits.' Freddie never got it into his head that Lenny wasn't a martyr and that he didn't intentionally kill himself. I would often remind him that Lenny was just a Jewish comic who accidentally discovered that dirty words could be funny. But to Freddie, Lenny Bruce was a hero, and he identified with him totally."

It was almost inevitable that Freddie's first serious attachment would be to Kitty Bruce, Lenny's daughter. She was staying with friends in New Mexico, but Freddie found her telephone number and asked her to come to Los Angeles. He told her they would meet at the airport. They had never seen each other, so Freddie, with characteristic playfulness, wore a Freddie Prinze T-shirt to help in the identification process. When they found each other, they embraced as if they were long-separated lovers. Later, as they were driving from the airport in his yellow 1968 Chevy convertible, Freddie suddenly plunged into Lenny Bruce's routines.

"Freddie knew all of my father's routines verbatim. He had the timing down pat, the words; he even carried pictures of me as a baby with my parents."

For the next six months, Freddie and Kitty were inseparable, but they were haunted always by the ghost of Kitty's father. "Freddie would sometimes go on 24-hour binges of Lenny Bruce routines, or listening to Lenny tapes. Sometimes we would drive up into the Hollywood Hills and park in front of the house my father used to own there. Freddie would stare at it and then start crying, promising that someday he'd buy it back—for me. Freddie even had me believing that Lenny's spirit was alive and living in his body. I knew he only loved me because I was Lenny Bruce's child, but I didn't care; I was in love with him." Kitty paused, then added, "Comedians aren't men or women. They're melancholy children."

Freddie Prinze had a death wish, and he'd share it with almost anyone who would listen. He was going to make it big and fast, retire by the time he was 25, and be dead before he was 30.

Bud Friedman is the owner of Improvisation, the club on West 44th Street where Freddie got his first big break. A year and a half ago, Friedman opened a second club, in Los Angeles. During the first year it was open, Freddie played there three weekends out of four to get the club on its feet. Whatever else this complicated young man was, he was also generous and loyal. He was repaying Bud for helping him get started.

"All comics talk about suicide, but Freddie did it more than most," said Friedman. "As a matter of fact, just the night before he killed himself, a group of young comics were in the club. It was about three in the morning and the conversation turned somehow to suicide. Well, the consensus was that though all of them talk about it, Freddie would probably be the only one to actually do it."

Freddie never made many close friends in Hollywood. After Kitty, and before and after his marriage to Kathy Cochran, Freddie dated a lot, sometimes two or three different girls in the course of the same day. But he seldom let anybody get close. One of the few people who were allowed to see all, or at least most, of Freddie is a fragile-looking, small man named Alan Bursky. Bursky is Freddie's age, 22, and until he became a Hollywood public-relations man a short time ago, he was also a comic. They were a curious pair, those two: suave Freddie, six feet two inches tall; Bursky, five feet four inches, a perpetual-motion machine, always ready for any adventure or dope or scam Freddie felt like getting into.

Freddie could be playful around Alan; he could put aside the television and stage persona and just be a kid. They loved practical jokes—tossing water balloons down on passing cars and pedestrians, putting exploding caps in the tips of people's cigarettes. But even around Alan, Freddie talked often and melodramatically about suicide. "Freddie was always telling me that he wanted to be like that movie character: 'Live fast, die young, and leave a beautiful corpse.' "

One day in early January, Bursky dropped in on Freddie. Freddie was writing—"my autobiography," he said.

"How can you write an autobiography?" Alan scoffed. "You have tons of stuff ahead of you; how are you going to end it?"

"With a big bang!" Freddie replied, his eyes blazing with terrible enthusiasm. "I can see the headlines now, on the front page of every newspaper in the world: FREDDIE PRINZE DEAD!"

"You better hope there's not an earthquake or a flood the same day," said Bursky, ruining the heavy drama Freddie was so obviously enjoying.

Freddie's preoccupation with suicide coincided with his fascination with guns. One afternoon three years ago, Bursky walked into Freddie's apartment. Freddie, then nineteen, proudly showed him his latest acquisition. It was an enormous Colt Python .357 magnum handgun, complete with a box of shells. Bursky, also a gun lover but awed by the monstrous revolver, asked Freddie where he had gotten it. "He told me Richie Pryor had given it to him because Pryor didn't trust himself with it. But I couldn't believe anybody would give something like that to Freddie, of all people."

That night the two kids were watching old Frankenstein and Laurel and Hardy movies on Freddie's videotape machine. One of their favorite pastimes was to dub in their own dialogue. They were uninhibited around each other, both natural comedians who liked to get cocaine-energized. By three or four in the morning, they would often become uproarious. But the night of the gun, Freddie was preoccupied. Before long, he tired of the games, put a single shell into the chamber of the .357 and began spinning the cylinder around. Suddenly, he put the barrel against his temple and pulled the trigger.

"Click."

Freddie had played a game of Russian roulette, and that night he had won.

On another occasion, at 3:30 A.M. as Bursky and Freddie were watching old movies, Freddie sat twirling his gun, Western style.

"You're not going to be happy until you fire that thing, are you?" said Bursky. Freddie grinned, walked out to his balcony overlooking Hollywood Boulevard, pointed the long barrel up in the air, and fired. Flame leaped from the barrel. The retort was deafening, echoing off the hills and buildings and shattering the predawn quiet.

> “…Freddie and Alan constantly played with guns. They would shoot up Freddie’s apartment, using anything for a target…”

In a panic, Freddie threw the gun onto his living-room floor and dove in after it. Bursky was already hiding behind the couch. Then they both started laughing hysterically and crawled back to the balcony, watching as lights went on all through the neighborhood.

For the next few years, Freddie and his sidekick constantly played with guns. They spent hours at the firing range, or, using Bursky’s .22 target pistol or Freddie’s air gun, they would shoot up Freddie’s apartment, firing at the cupboards, things on the walls, Freddie’s record collection, anything that had sporting value as a target.

Last spring, Freddie bought the gun he used to kill himself. He was married by then and had purchased a rambling home for his wife and their baby, Freddie James. It was high in the Hollywood Hills, overlooking the city. During the daytime, the area is lovely and serene. But at night there is an almost absolute blackness in those hills. The few streetlights cast weird shadows guaranteed to intensify the paranoia of anyone so inclined. As a child in Washington Heights, Freddie had been raised to believe the night held terror for unsuspecting victims, and he brought that fear west with him. “He was always paranoid about kidnappers, muggers, death threats, that kind of thing,” says Bursky. Freddie’s first home-improvement effort was a wall around the house. His second was the purchase of another gun.

“I’m going to get a piece for protection,” Freddie said to Bursky. “What kind of gun did James Bond use?” Freddie loved the James Bond character; he had all the books, had seen all the movies.

“It was a Walther PPK,” said Bursky.

“I’m going to get that.”

It’s relatively easy to buy a handgun in California, as long as you’re over 21 and have no criminal record or history of psychiatric illness. Freddie was already seeing a psychiatrist, but since that wasn’t a matter of public record, he was able to purchase a weapon at Big-5, a local sporting-goods outlet. The store had run out of the Walther brand, so he decided to buy a similar-looking Astra brand .32 automatic. He quickly fell in love with the sleek little weapon, carrying it almost constantly, usually concealed in his sock.

While Freddie continued to delight his TV audiences right up to the end, his off-camera personality began deteriorating during the last six months of his life. When he died, many factors were publicly blamed for the black depression that had increasingly smothered this hugely talented young man until it covered him finally like a death blanket. The news reports spoke of his aged, heavy-drinking father; his unsuccessful and expensive lawsuit against his first manager, David Jonas; his drug bust; and, of course, his failed marriage. But while all those things contributed to the awful end, none of them was the decisive factor. As Tony Orlando said at Freddie’s funeral, “Everybody has problems with their marriage.” But everybody isn’t a kid from a semighetto who has lost his roots just as he discovers he can have any toy he wants to play with, however destructive; and everybody doesn’t think he’s Lenny Bruce born again; and everybody doesn’t delight in thinking of suicide and isn’t into dope as heavily as Freddie was.

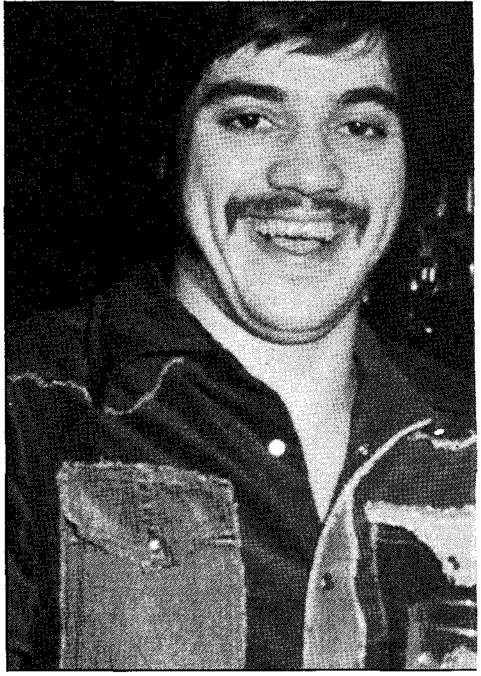
Last November, two months before his death, there was an incident that turned out to be a chilling warning, a preview of the night he took his life. Freddie had been hanging around with John Travolta, the handsome star of the *Welcome Back, Kotter* series. He seems to have identified with Travolta because John had replaced Freddie as this season’s teen idol. At about one in the morning, Travolta called James Komack, who, as creator of both *Chico* and *Kotter*, serves as unofficial godfather to both casts.

“Jimmy,” said Travolta urgently, “I just left Freddie. He’s got a gun; he’s just taken a whole mess of pills and he’s talking about killing himself.”

By this time, Freddie was living alone again. After he and Kathy split up, he had moved into the Beverly Comstock, a residential hotel that resembles a Holiday Inn except for its fancier awning and inflated rents. Freddie had also become deeply involved in Quaaludes, semiaddictive downers that gained fleeting popularity as an aphrodisiac. An average person takes half a tablet, or maybe a full one, in preparation for an occasional bedtime adventure. Freddie was gulping four to six every day.

After getting Travolta’s call, Komack tried to get in touch with Freddie, who finally answered his phone with a stoned mumble. Komack then called Mei Ling Moore, his secretary, and quickly went with her to the Beverly Comstock. Freddie’s door was locked, and he wouldn’t answer Komack’s pounding, so Mei Ling got a passkey from the front desk. When they entered the apartment, Freddie was slumped over on his couch. On the coffee table were two bottles of Quāāludes, one of them open, its contents spilled out on the table. Komack lifted Freddie up on his feet and struggled to get him walking. Several times, Freddie collapsed, almost toppling Komack.

Jimmy walked Freddie for the next half hour, pleading for consciousness. Meanwhile, Mei Ling scooped the pills off the coffee table and put them into her purse. Then she searched all the drawers, finding more pills and the .32 automatic. Her search was completed by the time Jimmy managed to bring Freddie back to the living.



Laughing it up: *In December, 1975, Freddie ch*

They said good night to him, told him to get some rest, and left. But as they reached the lobby of the building, Freddie came bounding down the stairs, snarling, “Where are my pills? You got my gun! Where’s my gun?”

At first Komack denied having either the gun or the pills, but Freddie was loudly insistent. Finally, Komack told Freddie to wait in the lobby while he escorted Mei Ling to the car. “Stay here, I’ll bring the stuff back.”

But when Komack got to his car, he hurriedly drove away. An hour and a half later, Freddie came banging on Komack’s big front door. “Give me my gun!” he shouted over and over.

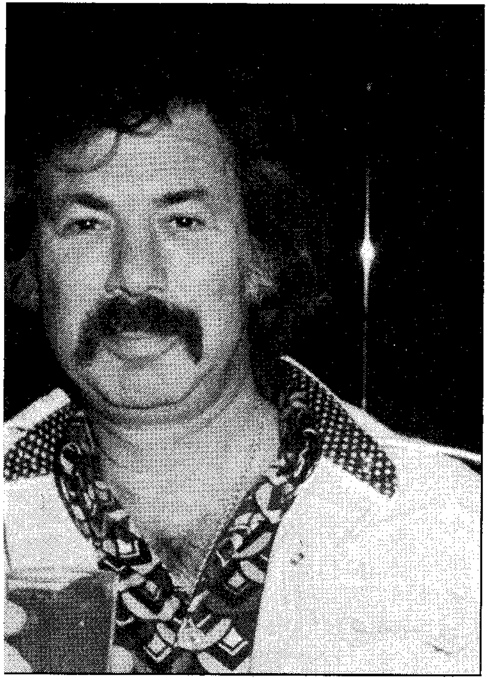
Komack finally let him into the house. With Freddie was Carol Novack, his secretary, girl Friday, and mother confessor. He often called her when he was desperate; she always responded. Freddie sat on the couch in Jimmy's den and began crying. "Jimmy, please give me my gun. I can't go to sleep without my gun." Then he got angry and spoke through clenched teeth: "You c--------r, give me my gun!"

After an angry and frustrating hour, a compromise was reached. If Freddie allowed Carol to take him back to the Beverly Comstock, then Jimmy would turn the gun and pills over to Carol.

The next afternoon at the studio, Carol told Komack that she had given the gun and pills back to Freddie. Komack was incensed. "You and all the rest are afraid to say no to Freddie. You're afraid of him!"

In a nearby dressing room, Freddie overheard and came running out. He was sober and angry. "Don't you talk to her like that . . . you . . . you old drunk. You're nothing but a drunk! Why don't you have another martini and leave her alone!" It was a terrible scene and very unlike the past relationship the two men had enjoyed. They didn't speak to each other for days after that, until Freddie apologized. Then, as always when he asked to be forgiven, Freddie became a little boy, sheepish, innocent, radiating charm. And everybody always forgave Freddie.

PETER BORSARI



lasses with Chico *producer James Komack.*

Freddie's death throes began in earnest on Wednesday, January 26. At the studio that afternoon, he was upset and depressed. He had just received bad news about his divorce. Kathy's lawyers had obtained a court order requiring him to pay her $5,000 per month for alimony and child support.

Although Freddie professed to love Kathy, their breakup really had not troubled him. The Prinzes' marriage had turned sour shortly after their baby was born. Freddie had been spending most of his time away from home to avoid the constant bickering and fighting with Kathy. So he was not depressed by the breakup of his marriage; he was depressed because he had made a mistake in getting married in the first place, and now the mistake was proving a costly one. He complained bitterly and often of the "vultures" who were trying to drain him dry, play him for a chump.

The court order was doubly upsetting because Freddie feared it would get into the newspapers and affect his career. One of the affidavits Kathy had signed alleged that she hadn't enough money to buy food and clothing for herself and the baby. Actually, Freddie had been generous with Kathy, as he was with almost everyone. He had given her the house and was paying all the expenses, including the gardener and the pool-maintenance man. She had open accounts at local supermarkets, Freddie paid her charge accounts, and she was getting $600 per month for incidental expenses.

Seeing that Freddie was coming apart over the court order, Carol Novack went with him from the studio to his apartment in a vain attempt to cheer him up. It was early in the evening, but Freddie had already downed several Quaaludes.

"Everything is going to work out, Freddie. Be patient, soon it'll all be behind you."

"No, it won't," Freddie protested. "I can't go on like this. Every time I turn around, it's something else."

In the year and a half that she had been working for Freddie, Carol, a 35-year-old woman who sometimes acts much older, had become Freddie's trusted friend and confidante. He liked spending time with her for the same reason he liked hanging around with Alan Bursky. Freddie didn't have to play a role around Carol. If he felt like being a tired and frightened little boy, she would indulge him. But there was one thing Carol hated about Freddie. It was his gun, and he had increasingly been playing with that deadly toy. For the last couple of weeks, he had been handling it constantly, sometimes putting it to his temple, sometimes even into his mouth. When Carol complained, Freddie would make a joke of it, telling her not to worry, that the safety was on.

On Wednesday night, he pulled the gun out again. "Freddie!" Carol cried out. "Please put that gun away! You know I can't stand it!"

Freddie laughed gently and set the gun down on the coffee table. Temporarily relieved, Carol went into the kitchen to get them something to eat. Then it happened.

"Bang!"

Carol screamed, and ran back into the living room.

"Ha, ha. I fooled you," said Freddie, his face aglow with a mischievous grin.

Carol collapsed on the couch, sobbing. To calm her, Freddie agreed to see his psychiatrist. Carol called the doctor and made an appointment for later that night. Then she went home, thoroughly shaken.

But Freddie didn't go straight to the doctor's; he went to Komack's place in Beverly Hills. Jimmy and his wife, Cluny, were out to dinner. The only person there was Buddy Garion, an old friend and houseguest. Freddie pushed past Buddy at the front door and went upstairs to the Komacks' bedroom. There he started searching frantically through dresser drawers.

"What are you looking for, Freddie?" Buddy asked repeatedly.

"Some cocaine!" Freddie finally shouted. "I'm out of coke and there's got to be some around here someplace!"

Buddy is a well-built man, street-trained in Jersey City. He could have handled Freddie easily, but he didn't want to offend the star of his best friend's TV show. So he watched Freddie ransacking the place until finally, in frustration, he slammed a drawer on Freddie's fingers. "I can't let you do this, Freddie. Jimmy is going to get pissed at me."

Freddie slowly took his hand out of the drawer, reached into his pocket, turned menacingly toward Buddy, and pointed the .32. "Just tell him I pulled a gun on you." Buddy knew Freddie's tendency toward dramatic gestures, so he just leaned forward and said, "Nobody points a gun at me, Freddie," and he plucked the gun out of Freddie's hand. It was a cool act—but then Buddy did what everybody always did: He gave Freddie back his gun.

A few minutes later, Freddie was met at the Komack house by his new girl friend, Suzanne Martin. Because Freddie was so stoned, Suzanne agreed to drive him to the psychiatrist's. As they left, Freddie asked Buddy "not to tell Jimmy." Buddy agreed, because nobody could say no to Freddie. As a result, Komack didn't learn about the incident until the next night—*after* Freddie had shot himself.

Freddie spent the night at his doctor's house. The next morning Carol met him at the office around eleven. She did her best to be unfriendly. Freddie had profoundly frightened her with the shooting incident and she wanted him to know she was angry. But he barely noticed her displeasure; he was already stoned on Quaaludes.

That frightened Carol more than al-

"...As he played backgammon, Freddie talked about the future of *Chico*. But he was drinking lots of wine and popping Quaāludes..."

most anything else. Freddie never got stoned at work. The major reason Carol and the others close to him didn't bust Freddie for his drugs was that he always came to work sober. He was young and strong and could always walk away from the night before. But the drugs were taking a terrible toll on Freddie's body. In recent months his weight had dropped by at least twenty pounds. At the end, Freddie was severely thin and gaunt; his face looked like a death mask—hollow and pasty.

Ignoring Carol's mood, Freddie called his psychiatrist. "Hey, Doc, I want my gun and my ludes back." Freddie's voice was reassuringly calm and sober-sounding. "Put them in an envelope and I'll stop by and pick them up. Don't worry," he cooed, "I'll put them away."

As soon as he hung up, Freddie said, "Fool!" to the receiver and grinned diabolically. Carol started sobbing, "Freddie! How could you? You know how much I hate that gun!" Freddie soothed her and sent her on an errand out of the office.

He somehow managed to make it through rehearsal that last day, and even kept an appointment with Komack for five that afternoon. Jimmy wanted to talk to him about the next season, to ask Freddie if he had any problems with the writers or directors or any other aspect of the production. The meeting had been scheduled to last two hours, but the business was wrapped up in fifteen minutes. By the standards of TV superstardom, Freddie's demands were modest. He wanted pay parity with Jack Albertson, his co-star; that meant only a small raise to $250,000. Komack agreed to it without much discussion. Freddie also wanted a better dressing room and a new car. "Jesus, Freddie, that's easy," replied Jimmy happily. "Now what are we going to do for the rest of the two hours?"

They decided to play backgammon. Freddie had recently learned the game and played it as often as he could. As he played, Freddie talked about the future of *Chico*, telling Komack that he wanted the series to go into a fourth, possibly a fifth, season. He was also drinking a lot of wine and popping ludes. When he took two within a half hour, Komack asked him to ease off.

Freddie minimized the potency of the drug. "It's just like a grass high, Jimmy."

"But too much of a good thing can kill you just as easily as poison."

Freddie politely agreed, as he usually did when somebody was telling him something he didn't want to hear. At the end of the game, Freddie embraced Jimmy with unusual warmth, then walked out the front door.

"I realize now," said Komack, "that Freddie was saying good-bye."

Carol was waiting for Freddie at his apartment. When he opened the door and saw her, he spoke like a truant schoolboy, expecting to be punished, but unable to resist the temptation to brag about his misdeeds. "I took five ludes, I drank some wine, and I still drove all the way over here."

"Well, that's just great," Carol replied with controlled anger. "Don't you know that those pills are going to damage your brain?"

"I know, Carol. I know. But I can't get to sleep without them." Freddie was purring now, coaxing Carol to see things his way. "I'm so lonely . . . and all the pressures . . . everybody is out to get me . . . and I just can't relax my mind without the ludes."

"Where did you get these?" asked Carol bitterly, picking up a bottle Freddie had just put down on the coffee table.

"I got them on the street," he replied. Freddie had virtually unlimited access to cocaine and Quaāludes. He either bought them from the peddlers serving the Los Angeles show-business community or, in the case of the ludes, he had a Las Vegas doctor who would write a prescription for him.

Freddie started making phone calls to his friends, to Kathy, to his lawyers, to Alan Bursky. After making at least half a dozen more good-bye calls, Freddie fell asleep on the couch. Carol was enormously relieved. She removed his shoes, then got a blanket and a pillow to make him more comfortable. She hoped he would be out for the night, but at nine, the phone rang and woke him up. It was the psychiatrist.

"Who's that, Carol? Who's that?" Freddie was nearly incoherent, but he managed to sit up and take the phone.

"Doc, I need help. I'm going to do it. I can't take it anymore."

The doctor asked Freddie to put Carol back on the telephone. He told her that Freddie wasn't serious, he was just reaching out for help, and that as long as he was reaching out for help, he wouldn't do it. The doctor also told her to tell Freddie he was going to stop by later in the evening.

In the meantime, Freddie had gone into his bedroom and got his gun.

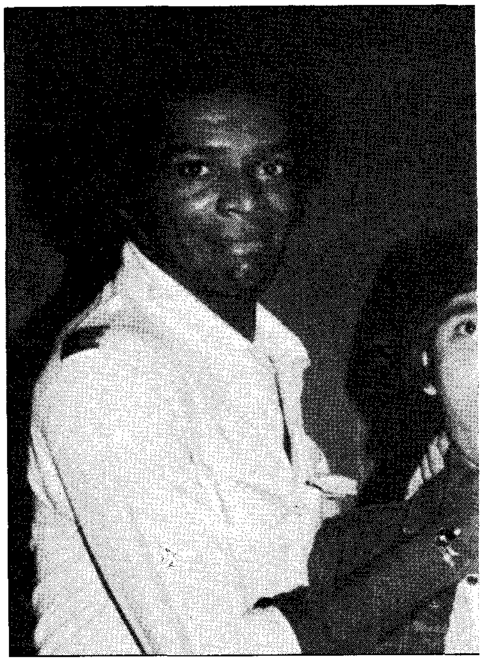
"Why do you need that?" demanded Carol.

"Don't worry, Carol. I promise I won't play with it."

Freddie put the gun on the coffee table and asked Carol to play a game of backgammon. He took another Quaālude, his sixth of the night. After a few futile minutes, they stopped the charade of game-playing. Freddie was so stoned he couldn't move the pieces.

He sat on the couch, nodding out, but after five or ten minutes, he would snap awake. Sometimes he would get a burst of energy and dance around the living room to a record of "Car Wash," played over and over.

"You're wearing me out," Carol protested.



Clowning it up: *Freddie and fellow comic John*

"I'm sorry," Freddie apologized, telling Carol again that he didn't want to be alone, that he couldn't take it anymore.

At about midnight, Freddie called his manager, Ron DeBlasio. He hadn't seen him since Tuesday, but the first thing he said was, "Don't worry about anything, Ron; Doc is coming over to take my ludes and confiscate the piece."

"Confiscate the piece! What is going on over there, Freddie?"

Ron asked to speak to Carol, who brought him up to date on the latest troubling development. Freddie got back on the phone and Ron tried to calm him. "Freddie, I can't believe that you are going to let life get the best of you. You're like a long-distance runner. Everybody who has caused you any hurt or pain is so far behind you,

you've outdistanced them; you're way ahead." Ron went on to talk about Freddie's prospects for the coming season. In addition to his salary for *Chico*, Freddie was going to earn between $500,000 and $750,000 from TV specials and live appearances in Tahoe and Vegas. "I need you healthy!" Ron wrapped up his speech.

But something was wrong; Carol was screaming in the background. Ron told Freddie to put her on the phone. She was sobbing hysterically. "I don't know what you're saying, Ron, but stop it! He's taken the gun off the table and he's waving it around!" Ron told her to put Freddie back on the phone. He finally seemed to convince Freddie to put the gun away. When Freddie promised to give the gun to his doctor, Ron hung up.

The psychiatrist arrived at about one in the morning. A small, slender, young-looking man who is actually in his seventies, he sat down opposite Freddie.

JOHN KIRK

ake a stranglehold on P.R. man Alan Bursky.

"Well, Doc, what am I—a psychotic, a schizophrenic, what?" Freddie asked calmly, his voice even tinged with a touch of playfulness.

"You're none of those things, Freddie. You're just an immature boy who has the capacity to hurt himself when he's on drugs." The doctor went on to discuss a plan whereby Freddie would be followed around the clock by a muscle man who could take away Freddie's drugs or gun when it became necessary to protect him from himself. After fifteen minutes, Freddie got bored and reached for his guitar, asking Carol and the doctor if they wanted to hear his new song. But he couldn't play the instrument. He didn't have the strength to depress the strings.

At one point, the doctor tried to slip the clip of bullets out of the gun, but Freddie saw him. "Give that back to me!" he growled.

The doctor stole a glance at Carol, then handed Freddie the clip. It was now after 2 A.M., and Carol finally told Freddie she had to leave. He walked her to the door, again sweetly apologizing for his conduct. He asked her to call him when she reached home safely. She agreed and left him with the doctor. But fifteen minutes later, when Carol called, Freddie was alone with his gun, his drugs, and his depression.

"Carol, I'm so lonely."

"Freddie," Carol implored, "please go to bed. Everything will be all right in the morning."

Freddie hung up, only to call her back ten minutes later. "I'm going to do it, Carol. I can't stand it anymore."

"Please don't talk that way, Freddie. You're scaring me. You have your whole life ahead of you . . . you have everything to live for. It's going to be all right." He mumbled agreement, so Carol took a cheerful tack.

"I'll wake you at nine tomorrow and I'll pick you up at ten. Okay?"

"Okay, Carol. If I'm still around."

"Don't say that, Freddie!"

After she had managed to get him to retract that awful condition, Carol hung up. But she felt guilty and was considering returning to the Beverly Comstock when the phone rang. It was Marv Snyder, Freddie's business manager. A no-frills guy, called "Dusty" by his friends, Marv was concerned about Freddie, who had just telephoned him, threatening suicide. Snyder asked Carol if she thought Freddie was serious. Carol told him about the psychiatrist's reassuring advice that Freddie was reaching out for help, and was therefore not about to take his life. But Carol added that she was very worried, so Dusty agreed to go to Freddie's apartment.

When Dusty knocked on the apartment door, Freddie opened it, but he didn't say anything. He just turned and walked back to the couch and sat down. He looked thoroughly worn out.

"What's going on, Freddie?"

"I just can't go on like this," said Freddie, still barely noticing Dusty.

"But Freddie," continued Dusty, trying to sound optimistic, "all these things that are troubling you are coming to an end. And what's the worst that can happen? So it'll cost you a little money . . . it's *only* money, and you can make money. This is going to be a tremendous year for you!" But Freddie seemed not to be listening.

In growing desperation, Dusty used his strongest argument for life. He knew that Freddie was always concerned about taking care of the people he loved, especially his mother and son. He had just taken out two huge insurance policies on his life. "So I explained that both policies had a two-year waiting period, and if he killed himself before that, they wouldn't pay off." But even that argument failed to work.

Freddie went to the telephone. He called his attorney, David Braun; he called his psychiatrist, then his mother. Freddie's last call, at about 3:30 in the morning, was to his wife, Kathy. It was her birthday.

"Kathy, I can't go on. I love you and I love the baby very much, but I just have to find peace." His voice was leaden with resignation. He hung up and stared at the wall. Then, without even glancing back at Dusty, Freddie reached into the couch , produced the gun, put it to his temple, and pulled the trigger.

His head muffled the sound of the shot. For an instant, Dusty thought Freddie was playing another joke with a blank cartridge. Then he saw the blood flowing down the side of his head. Freddie was still sitting upright on the couch. The hand holding the automatic slid down from his forehead until it rested on his lap. Thirty-three hours later, Freddie Prinze died.

People across the country were shocked and saddened that such an accomplished young man with such great expectations would take his own life. His mother, Maria, was devastated. She lived for Freddie, her only child, her life. Only the outpouring of sympathy has kept her going. Sacks of condolence letters from all over the world cover her living-room floor. She has been called by the president of the United States, by Betty Ford, by the governor of Puerto Rico, by scores of people from the world of show business. "They're all helping me get through this," she told me in Spanish. "They have let me see that though Freddie lived a short life, he brought a lot of happiness and love to people."

After the funeral, people offered opinions about why he had done it. Komack's is as good as any. "He was so incredibly different from the rest of us. At nineteen, to do what he did with *Chico*. At 22, to host *The Tonight Show* and not sweat. To stand up in front of the president of the United States at his inauguration and be funny. Half Puerto Rican, half Jewish, a grown-up, charming, troubled, brilliant, little boy —he was just different."

Freddie is the only person ultimately responsible for the awful thing he did, but another kid named Freddie who now lives on West 157th Street still wonders, "Why didn't all them people just kick his ass and take that gun away?" ■

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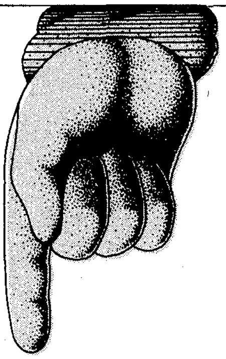


NEW YORK

HANDBOOK

A RESOURCE GUIDE TO SELF-HELP GROUPS

Banding Together: The Best Way to Cope

By Bill Claflin
and Pat Thaler

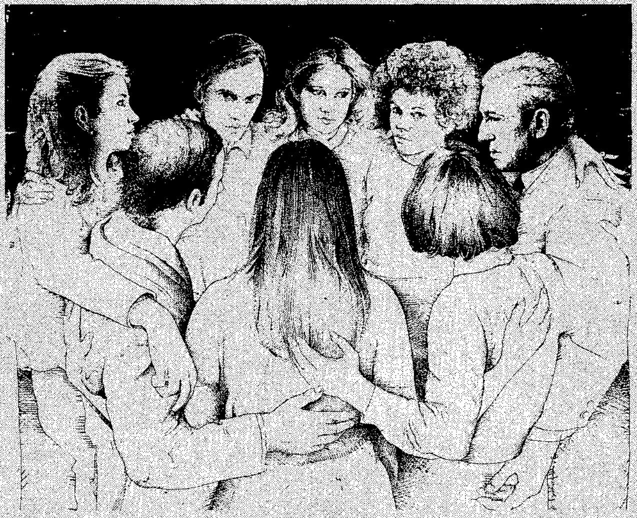
A Long Island mother learns that her fifteen-year-old daughter is an alcoholic. A young executive is overwhelmed at the sudden death of his wife. An accountant learns that her husband has borrowed thousands of dollars to gamble. A teacher undergoes a mastectomy. If these people are persistent, and lucky, it is entirely possible that they may receive an enormous amount of understanding and effective help from people without professional training or degrees, and at no cost. Help will come from what social-science professionals refer to as mutual-support systems—more commonly called self-help groups.

Until recently, distressed people have turned for help to mental-health agencies or to psychotherapists in private practice. Now there is a third alternative—the self-help movement.

The idea of people in groups helping each other with common problems is certainly not a new one. Witness the proliferation of women's, advocacy, veterans', neighborhood, and ethnic groups. And the success of Alcoholics Anonymous and Recovery, Inc. (a program for those with emotional problems), has been acknowledged for three decades. And as far back as 1835, Alexis de Tocqueville spotted the self-help machinery—operating under what he called the "principle of association"—as the key to American democracy. But the professionalization of social services under government obscured this vital force for many years. What is striking in *this* decade is the rapidly increasing number of self-help groups and the great range of problems with an emotional component that they address: overeating, phobias, widowhood, a variety of surgeries, alcoholism, and gambling, to name just a few.

This handbook will deal with some of these groups that offer peer help to those who have experienced specific emotional crises or are troubled by a particular condition, problem, behavior, or symptom that affects them or members of their families. Those groups whose goals are primarily social, political, or environmental will not be discussed here.

Educated guesses place the rapidly growing membership in self-help groups at well over 5-million people in the United States alone. This astonishing proliferation has gone largely unnoticed by the average citizen and is also overlooked by many professionals in the human-services field. Interestingly, the seemingly spontaneous burgeoning of such groups is occurring in an era which observers of the social scene describe in terms of isolation, alienation, and the rejection of traditional institu-



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This article and resource material are to be part of a book Bill Claflin and Pat Thaler are currently writing which deals with the who, what, how, where, and why of the self-help movement. They are interested in receiving information about self-help groups outside the New York area. This information will be shared with the National Self-Help Clearinghouse. Send to: Self-Help, Unified Services Program Center, Building F, Health Complex, Pomona, New York 10970.

Additional copies of this handbook can be obtained for 50 cents from *New York* Magazine, Department H, 755 Second Avenue, New York 10017.

tions. The increasing numbers of family disruptions and breakdowns, the decline in the availability of the extended family, and our restless mobility heighten this sense of isolation. Self-help groups have emerged as an effective means of dealing with stressful problems, particularly when the individual no longer has faith in, or access to, the supports that have served in the past.

Almost 40 years ago, group therapy began to emerge as a specialized psychotherapy, at the same time that A.A. and Recovery, Inc., started to develop their programs of self-help. In contrast with group therapy, self-help groups, without exception, "neither diagnose nor treat" (to borrow a phrase from Recovery, Inc.). Both therapy groups and self-help organizations provide newcomers with the hope that they themselves can successfully deal with their distressing symptoms or concerns. As they continue meeting with the group, members come to understand that their problems are not unique, that others have learned to cope with similar difficulties. New members of self-help groups come to trust their peers and begin to discuss experiences and emotions they previously felt uncomfortable revealing to others. Acknowledging fears, anger, anxiety, depression, or loneliness can mark the beginning of a healing process.

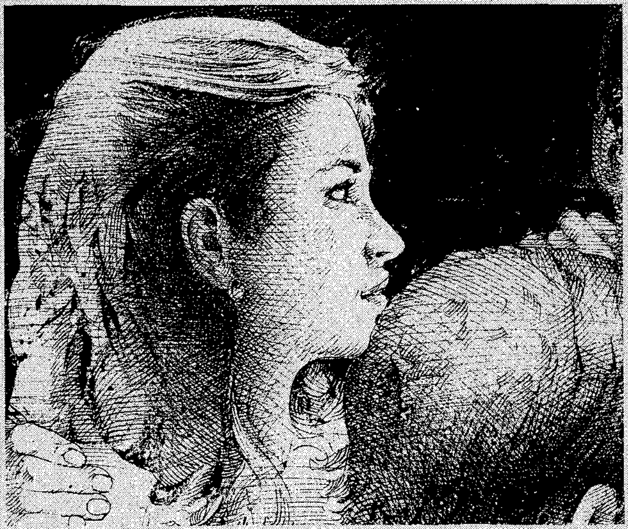
Unlike therapy groups, self-help fellowships are not guided by a professional, although a good many groups are initiated by professionals or social-service agencies. The groups can be leaderless or directed by someone selected from the group itself.

The older members of the group understand that the newcomer *can* deal with distressing situations and symptoms, often by using commonplace expressions to reduce the problem to manageable dimensions. The idea of leading one's life "just one day at a time" may come as a revelation to the new member overwhelmed by fears of the future and its uncertainties. In addition, group members learn effective strategies for coping with the practical day-to-day problems and difficulties of living—altering a bathing suit to conceal a mastectomy scar or deciding when to take off and put away a wedding ring after a spouse's death. And members often exchange phone numbers—close contacts are encouraged in the intervals between meetings.

Professionals' distrust of peer self-help efforts has been decreasing in recent years, although it has by no means been erased. The widely recognized success of groups such as Gamblers Anonymous, Overeaters Anonymous, and A.A. has made the movement impossible to ignore. Sometimes those referred to self-help groups by physicians and psychotherapists are those who typically do not make "good patients"—those who miss appointments, don't pay their bills, or fail to readily respond to treatment. Now some professionals are beginning to see the self-help movement as an ally in treatment. There is, too, a realization by professionals that something exists called the "helper-therapy principle"—those who help are helped themselves; A.A. uses the phrase "in order to keep it, you've got to give it away."

Visitors to self-help groups are struck by the candor and honesty of the people they encounter at the meetings. This integrity is reflected in the realistic goals and expectations of the groups. There are no sweeping promises—rather, assurances that the experience, strength, and hope available through the program can be helpful. Not everyone needs counseling or peer-group support at times of emotional distress or in dealing with persisting problems. But it is reassuring to know that there is a network of effective self-help groups available.

Because of space limitations and the large number of self-help groups operating in and around New York, this handbook cannot be complete. You have to be judge of any organization you use. Remember that all groups are not available by phone at all hours, so if you have trouble reaching one, persist. We're not endorsing those listed here any more than we're slamming those left out. This guide simply lets you find those at work on the problem that you, or perhaps a friend, have to deal with.



"A few months after Dick's death, I met a friend at an antiques show who told me about a workshop for widowed people. I found myself thinking about whether or not I wanted to get involved. After all, I'd been making progress and I really didn't want to start reopening wounds. I made the decision that I would attend the first meeting. I'm glad I did.

"What I had feared would be a 'down' group turned into one of the most valuable, constructive experiences I've ever had, and, in retrospect, it helped to change my life. We were about ten people and we talked about ourselves and what had happened to us, with a leader who was also widowed. In sharing our experiences, we found ourselves becoming stronger people, less isolated in our feelings, more supportive and caring for each other. There were times when we cried, and no one uttered those platitudes we were all hearing—'Don't look back' or 'You've got to be strong' or 'Think of the children.' Getting involved with the grief of others helped to deflect some of our own."

Disabilities

Those suffering from sensory or physical disabilities or problems of limited mobility which may be the result of congenital conditions, trauma, or illness will find help for themselves as well as for their families in these groups.

HEARING IMPAIRMENT

Rockland:
Ms. Harriet Dubner
Rockland County Association
for Hearing-Impaired
12 Calvert Drive
Monsey, New York 10952
(914) 352-8256

SPINA BIFIDA

For parents of children with the condition:

New York City and area:
Ms. Hope Prekopy
Spina Bifida Association
108-12 107th Avenue
Richmond Hill, New York
11419
(212) VI 3-5213
Nassau:
Shelli and Rick Dorfman
Spina Bifida Association
10 Wilshire Drive
Syosset, New York 11791
(516) 364-9126
Suffolk:
Ms. Rita Torre
Spina Bifida Association
P.O. Box 506
Port Jefferson, New York 11777
(516) 661-8990

SPINAL-CORD INJURIES AND IMPAIRED MOBILITY

New York City and area:
National Paraplegia Foundation
Room 812 RR
400 East 34th Street
New York, New York 10016
(212) 679-3200, ext. 2295

STROKE

For patients and their families:

Long Island:
American Heart Association

365 Willis Avenue
Mineola, New York 11501
(516) 741-5522
Rockland:
Ms. Joyce Bradley, supervising nurse
Helen Hayes Hospital
Route 9W
West Haverstraw, New York 10993
(914) 947-3000

VISUAL IMPAIRMENT

Rockland:
Ms. Katherine Gioia
Social Club for the Blind
52 Coolidge Street
Haverstraw, New York 10927
(914) 429-2429

Ms. Janet Gonyea
Association for Visually Impaired Children
15 Sheridan Avenue
Congers, New York 10920
(914) 358-5111
All areas:
Call National Blindness Information Center's toll-free number for information on local chapters of National Federation of the Blind: (800) 424-9770.

PHYSICAL, SENSORY, EMOTIONAL, DEVELOPMENTAL, OR OTHER DISABILITIES

New York City and area:
Ms. Anna Fay
Congress of People With Disabilities
170 Broadway
New York, New York 10038
(212) 679-3200, ext. 2477

Disabled in Action
Apt. 11H
175 Willoughby Street
Brooklyn, New York 11201

Exceptional People

The following groups and associations provide assistance, information, and support in dealing with the unique variety of educational, legal, social, and psychological problems faced by families of retarded, autistic, and learning-disabled individuals.

AUTISM

For parents of the autistic:

New York City and area:
National Society for Autistic Children
401 East 65th Street
New York, New York 10021
(212) 249-8983
Hudson Valley:
National Society for Autistic Children
(914) 793-2274

"All people encounter stressful periods and crises in their lives. While professional help is needed by only a few, most others would benefit from sharing their experiences in a setting which affords them support, feedback, and understanding from others undergoing similar situations. In addition, we all need to belong to mutual-support systems which remove the isolation of modern society and help prevent mental breakdown. Self-help groups function admirably to meet both of these needs." —*Alan J. Tuckman, M.D., Rockland County Community Mental Health Center*

Nassau-Suffolk:
Mr. Martin Kupferberg
812 Regent Drive
Westbury, New York 11590
(516) 997-5799

DOWN'S SYNDROME

For parents of children with Down's syndrome, once called mongolism:

Hudson Valley:
Ms. Barbara Levitz
208 Lafayette Avenue
Peekskill, New York 10566
(914) 739-4085

LEARNING DISABILITIES

For parents of children with learning disabilities:

New York City:
New York Association for the Learning Disabled
P.O. Box 69
Albany, New York 12201
(518) 472-7110
Westchester:
Ms. J. Pisani
Association for Children With Learning Disabilities (ACLD)
271 North Avenue
New Rochelle, New York 10805
(914) 632-1900
Rockland:
ACLD
P.O. Box 42
Tappan, New York 10983
(914) 359-5820
New Jersey:
ACLD
P.O. Box 249
Convent Station, New Jersey 07961
(201) 539-4644
Queens:
Ms. Esther Spindel
Queens Association for Brain Injured Children
212-12 Twenty-sixth Avenue
Bayside, New York 11360
(212) 321-3880
Suffolk:
Ms. Toni Beers
Suffolk Association for Children With Learning Disabilities
248 Peterson Street
Brentwood, New York 11717
(516) 231-6868
Nassau:
Ms. Lila Blum
ACLD
3400 Brush Hollow Road
Westbury, New York 11590
(516) 997-9360
Connecticut:
ACLD
20 North Main Street
South Norwalk, Connecticut 06854
(203) 838-5010

RETARDATION

For parents of the retarded:

New York City and area:
Association for the Help of Retarded Children (AHRC)
200 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10003
(212) 254-8203
Westchester:
Ms. Rose Medicus, director of social service
Association for Retarded Children (ARC)
121 Westmoreland Avenue
White Plains, New York 10606
(914) 949-9300
Rockland:
Ms. Inge Goldstein
AHRC
Rockland County Health Center
Pomona, New York 10970
(914) 354-0200, ext. 2481
Nassau:
AHRC
189 Wheatley Road
Brookville, New York 11545
(516) MA 6-1000
Suffolk:
AHRC
2900 Veterans Memorial Highway
Bohemia, New York 11716
(516) 585-0100
New Jersey:
Association for Retarded Citizens (ARC)
99 Bayard Street
New Brunswick, New Jersey 08901
(201) 246-2525

Association for Advancement of the Mentally Handicapped
163 Nassau Street
Princeton, New Jersey 08540
(609) 924-7174

Emotional Problems

These groups offer help to individuals who are suffering from the often debilitating symptoms of anxiety, depression, unreasonable fears, schizophrenia, or other persistent and troubling emotions or disorders.

ANXIETY, DEPRESSION, PHOBIAS, AND OTHER EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS

New Jersey:
Mr. Vincent Rafanello
Neurotics Anonymous (N.A.)
(201) 340-1855

For groups in other areas, write:
N.A. International
Room 1426, Colorado Building
1341 G Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005

NERVOUS DISORDERS, FORMER MENTAL PATIENTS

New York City:
Recovery, Inc.
93-04 Woodhaven Boulevard
Woodhaven, New York 11421
(212) 849-6719
Westchester and western Connecticut:
Recovery, Inc.
53 Buckingham Road
Yonkers, New York 10701
(914) 968-6021

Banding Together: The Best Way to Cope

Long Island:
Recovery, Inc.
Box 252
Roslyn, New York 11576
(516) 333-6500

Rockland:
Recovery, Inc.
New Hempstead Presbyterian Church
484 New Hempstead Road
New City, New York 10956
(914) 356-6715

New Jersey:
Recovery, Inc.
202 Bethany Road
Hazlet, New Jersey 07730
(201) 739-9202

SCHIZOPHRENIA

For those who identify themselves as schizophrenics:

Schizophrenics Anonymous (S.A.), Chapter 30
1209 California Road
Eastchester, New York 10709
(914) 337-2252

Facing Death

Help is available in the following groups for people who have experienced the death of a loved one or are facing a life-threatening illness. Support can be found for those who have lost—or are facing the loss of—a child or spouse.

LIFE-THREATENING ILLNESS

For those with cancer and other serious illnesses:

New York City and area:
Make Today Count
Self-Work Institute
343 East 23rd Street
Brooklyn, New York 11226
(212) 469-5336

SUDDEN INFANT DEATH SYNDROME

For parents who have lost children through what was formerly known as crib death:

New York City:
Sudden Infant Death Syndrome Foundation (SIDSF)
(212) 563-4630

Long Island:
SIDSF
P.O. Box 342
Deer Park, New York 11729
(516) 586-8006

Westchester:
SIDSF
P.O. Box 402
Bronxville, New York 10708
(914) 428-4498

Beating the Ultimate Phobia: A Case History

One day nearly six years ago, Ellen and her husband, Fred, drove into the city to see an exhibition of abstract American art at the Metropolitan. They hadn't been there more than a couple of minutes when Ellen whispered to her husband in near-frantic tones, "I have to leave." Ellen was having one of her attacks. By now she was sick to her stomach, weak in the knees, dizzy, and was gasping desperately for air. The walls, covered with bright paint-splotched canvases, began to spin slowly around her. She took deep breaths and tried to control her panicked thoughts, but the more she tried, the worse things became, until she felt completely consumed by her symptoms. She screamed at her husband, *"Please, I'm losing my mind!"* Her body was shaking convulsively and she felt tremendous pressure around her head. *"I've got to get out of here!"* she shouted. Finally, Fred, realizing he had no choice, led her toward the door.

Several of the twelve other people gathered in the large living room nod knowingly as Ellen's voice becomes almost inaudible. Most of them have had similar experiences, and hearing Ellen tell hers is like reliving their own. They are all agoraphobics, people with an irrational fear of open places—actually, the frightening culmination of all other lesser phobias. The condition strikes women more than men and can force them into immobilized isolation. They are having one of their weekly group workshops, and for many of them, their mere presence at this meeting is a tremendous step forward.

As with many phobics, Ellen's long bout began in adolescence, two weeks after her fourteenth birthday. Stepping out of her family's fourth-floor apartment, she walked down the long, carpeted hallway, stopped in front of the elevator, and pressed the down button. A few seconds later, the elevator door whooshed open, but
few seconds later, the elevator door whooshed open, but
Ellen, rather than entering as she had done thousands of times before, remained frozen to the spot. Something was very wrong. She had butterflies in her stomach, cold chills crept up and down her spine, and her palms turned cold and clammy. The door thumped shut. Tentatively she pressed the button again. As the door opened, she experienced even more pronounced sensations. The door closed; she jumped back and bolted down the four flights to the street.

At first the fear was easy to hide. All she had to do was avoid elevators. But gradually she developed other—and sometimes seemingly conflicting—fears: being in crowded rooms, riding on subways, coming home to an empty apartment, heights. She always dealt with them by avoiding the anxiety-creating situation. Sensitive, bright, and a promising artist, she often remained home painting, venturing out only in the company of friends or relatives.

When she was 21, she met Fred. During their short courtship she managed to camouflage most of her fears, but at the same time, they worried her more and more. After their marriage, she and Fred bought a home in the suburbs, and she totally immersed herself in her painting, limiting her mobility to an area of only a few blocks. By now she was quite an accomplished artist, and her work, shown at a SoHo gallery, began to sell. But when she had to attend an opening, she became a nervous wreck.

Finally, after experiencing fits of depression, she went to a psychiatrist for help. She was diagnosed as being severely depressed, her phobias merely a symptom of that depression, and electroshock therapy was prescribed. But the therapy made no difference. The only effective way for her to deal with her fears was to stay home. She painted, raised a family, had friends over, and lived a "normal" life—only she couldn't leave her home. She was a prisoner.

One morning Ellen, now 33 with two children, was watching a television talk show. Two women, Natalie Schor and Linda Salsberg, were discussing their unique

Banding Together: The Best Way to Cope

New Jersey:
SIDSF
60 Burnet Street
Maplewood, New Jersey 07040
(201) 763-6671

WIDOWS AND WIDOWERS

Rockland and Orange:
Division of Consultation and Education
Rockland County Community Mental Health Center
Sanitorium Road
Pomona, New York 10970
(914) 354-0200
Westchester:
Ms. Linda Gilberto, coordinator
Outreach to the Widowed
Family Service of Westchester, Inc.
470 Mamaroneck Avenue
White Plains, New York 10605
(914) 948-8004
Connecticut:
Connecticut Council of Widows/Widowers
(203) 255-3145
New Jersey:
Ms. B. Gold
Community Center for Mental Health, Inc.
2 Park Avenue
Dumont, New Jersey 07628
(201) 385-4400

Surgical Trauma

Help is provided to those who have had or are facing serious surgery which may be disfiguring or traumatic in ways that may or may not be apparent to others. Peer support helps those who have lost a part of the body or must make adjustments in living because of serious surgery.

HEART SURGERY

Long Island:
Ms. Trudy Roth
Mended Hearts, Inc.
1 Manor Avenue
Roslyn Heights, New York 11577
(516) 621-5539
Hudson Valley:
Mr. William Chocianowski
Mended Hearts, Inc.
12 Lumb Lane
Hyde Park, New York 12538
(914) 229-2666
New Jersey:
Ms. Connie Spielman
Mended Hearts, Inc.
5 Scott Court
Ridgefield Park, New Jersey 07660
(201) 641-4714

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approach to phobias, particularly the ultimate phobia, agoraphobia. They had started a new self-help group, Discussion Group Concepts. Intrigued, Ellen immediately wrote to Linda. She was told that she could join the program, which consisted of an eight-week workshop that would meet once a week for several hours. The only problem was that Ellen hadn't left home in six years.

At the first meeting she attended—after much hesitation—she was handed a sheet of paper and asked to write down a modest task that she wished to accomplish. Ellen wrote: "to walk alone from my house to the mailbox on the corner." One week later, unaccompanied, she dropped a letter to Linda into her corner mailbox.

Throughout her phobic life, one of Ellen's worst fears was of being alone in a car, driving away from home. In her fantasies, the automobile would break down, leaving her totally isolated, unable to return home.

Four weeks into the workshop, Fred went downstairs while Ellen finished up with the group. Several minutes later, he returned with, for Ellen, the frightening news that the car would not start. Ellen panicked. Here, out of her worst nightmare, was the reality. Before she completely lost control, the rest of the group came to her aid. They talked with her, emphasizing the reality of the situation and how it could be easily remedied, while Fred had someone come over to make the repairs. Gradually, by using the methods of the group (tying the situation into reality and thus restraining her imagination), Ellen was able to anchor her fear and thus control it. Within the next week, she was calling Linda and proudly announcing almost a dozen tasks that she had accomplished since the incident.

Explaining her self-help group, Natalie says, "I can't tell you how many members of our group have gone through psychoanalysis, behavioristic therapy, hypnosis, drugs, even acupuncture, and none of it worked. Phobics have fallen into a pattern of learned helplessness. They avoid any anxiety-provoking situation and soon become totally isolated.... We use the buddy system. If someone feels she is in a particularly difficult situation, she calls up her buddy. We've even set up a hot line."

In addition, volunteer and paid helpers are available for those members of the group who need them. Unique to this group, the helpers are usually ex-phobics, graduates of the program. Recently, though, other, nonphobic helpers have been recruited, trained, and hired. These helpers are called upon to accompany the phobic into anxiety-provoking situations. Just being with someone who understands and cares about the problem seems to work wonders.

The group is run as a class. A topic is chosen, such as "How to Connect to Reality in a Phobic Setting," and half of the meeting is used to teach the techniques. During the other half, each member of the group relates personal experiences of the prior week, in which the techniques taught at the last meeting were used. Occasionally, guest speakers—sometimes a subway conductor or a representative from an elevator company—present hard, factual information that the phobic can remember during the anxiety-creating situation in the hope that it will stop the imagination from running wild.

Another technique used is charting. The members of the group are told to chart their reactions during an imagined attack and then to get out into a phobic setting and chart their *actual* reactions. Usually the symptoms are not nearly as severe as the chart of those imagined showed. This experience is comforting to the phobic and helps make it possible for her to see real improvement in her fight against the phobia.

The group is solution-oriented and the members are taught to stop analyzing their behavior and instead to deal with their phobia by controlling their unrealistic reactions. Members are encouraged to work at their own speeds and set lower goals—"little accomplishments," says Linda, "rather than big failures."

Members are also encouraged to bring their spouses, and the members try to make them understand what it's like being an agoraphobic. "We liken it to a normal person being in a zoo as the lion's cage is opened right in front of them," Natalie says.

When asked about the success rate of the group, both Natalie and Linda are noticeably hesitant about answering. Finally, Natalie responds, "This sounds incredible, and I don't want to be misleading, but I'd have to say that if you're talking about people in the group, at the very minimum, accomplishing their initial goal, we've been 100 percent effective." **—Charles Salzberg**

Banding Together: The Best Way to Cope

Bronx:
Mr. Louis Tartaglia
Mended Hearts, Inc.
1527 Roselle Street
Bronx, New York 10461
(212) 829-7113
Brooklyn:
Ms. Roslyn Grossman
Mended Hearts, Inc.
951 East 77th Street
Brooklyn, New York 11236
(212) 241-5428

LARYNGECTOMY

New York City and area:
International Association for Laryngectomees
777 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10017
(212) 371-2900, ext. 246
Long Island:
Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center Hearing and Speech Clinic
New Hyde Park, New York 11040
(212) 470-2556
Connecticut:
New Voices
American Cancer Society
23 Leroy Avenue
Darien, Connecticut 06820
(203) 655-3968

MASTECTOMY

New York City and area:
Reach to Recovery
American Cancer Society
19 West 56th Street
New York, New York 10019
(212) 586-8700
Long Island:
Reach for Recovery
Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center
New Hyde Park, New York 11040
(212) 470-2665
Rockland:
American Cancer Society
39 South Main Street
New City, New York 10956
(914) 634-7966
Connecticut:
Reach to Recovery
American Cancer Society
23 Leroy Avenue
Darien, Connecticut 06820
(203) 655-3968

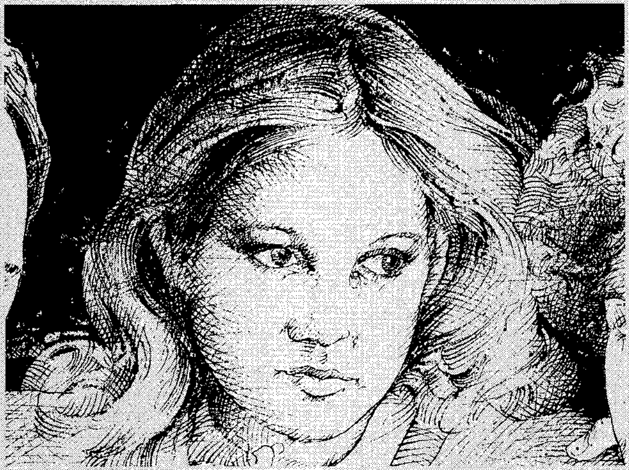
OSTOMY

For those who have had colostomies, ileostomies, and ileal-conduit operations:

New York City and area:
American Cancer Society
19 West 56th Street
New York, New York 10019
(212) 586-8700

Mrs. Helen Nauts
Cancer Research Institute, Inc.
1225 Park Avenue
New York, New York 10028
(212) SA 2-8547
Long Island:
Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center
New Hyde Park, New York 11040
(212) 470-2665
Connecticut:
American Cancer Society
23 Leroy Avenue
Darien, Connecticut 06820
(203) 655-3968

> "When I first became disabled, the thought of any affiliation with groups of people who were disabled seemed abhorrent to me. As time went on, I tentatively investigated joining different groups. I approached and avoided groups for a long time, preferring to speak privately with people. In the last year the friendship and support that I have found from people, particularly women, who live with visible stigma, has been unprecedented in my life. . . . As I feel more confident about myself after years of struggle to come to grips with my own identity as a woman with a disability, I find more comfort with, and the desire to be with, people who are disabled. Although at first I was frightened to join a group, saying that these were people I wouldn't have chosen to be with had I not become disabled, I now can say that I am very glad to have had the opportunity to open myself to many sensitive and intelligent people."



Chronic Illness

Group support is provided for patients and the families of those who have persisting, chronic, and serious illnesses which may result in either progressive disability or premature death.

ARTHRITIS

New York City and area:
Ms. Robin May
New York Arthritis Foundation
221 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10003
(212) 677-5790 (Hot line and information about arthritis self-help groups in the metropolitan area)
Hudson Valley:
Ms. Mary Buchbinder
Arthritis Foundation
White Plains, New York 10601
(914) 946-4900

CYSTIC FIBROSIS

For parents of children with the illness:

New York City and area:
Cystic Fibrosis Foundation
175 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10010
(212) GR 5-7920

EMPHYSEMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA

New York City:
American Lung Association
1740 Broadway
New York, New York 10019
(212) 245-8000
Nassau and Suffolk counties:
American Lung Association
405 Ostrander Avenue
Riverhead, New York 11901
(516) 727-2155
Westchester and Rockland:
American Lung Association
35 Orchard Street
White Plains, New York
(914) 949-2150

EPILEPSY

For parents as well as children and adults who have epilepsy:

New York City and area:
Epilepsy Foundation of America
225 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10003
(212) 677-8550

HEART PROBLEMS

For postcardiac individuals and those with other heart problems:

New York City and area:
American Heart Association
3 West 29th Street
New York, New York 10001
(212) 686-3860

Heart clubs meet in many communities. For information, check white pages of local phone directory under local chapter of American Heart Association.

Rockland:
Ms. Sandy King
Rockland County Health Department
Pomona, New York 10970
(914) 354-0200, ext. 2504

HODGKIN'S DISEASE AND LYMPHOMA

New York City and area:
Hodgkin's Disease and Lymphoma Organization (HALO)
585 Stewart Avenue
Garden City, New York 11530
(516) 222-2994

HUNTINGTON'S DISEASE

New York City:
Committee to Combat Huntington's Disease
250 West 57th Street
New York, New York 10019
(212) 757-0443

JUVENILE DIABETES

New York City:
Mr. Sukoff
Juvenile Diabetes Foundation
23 East 26th Street
New York, New York 10010
(212) 689-7868
Long Island:
Juvenile Diabetes Foundation
268 North Broadway
Hicksville, New York 11801
(516) 822-3232
Rockland and Bergen counties:
Carol and Salvatore Franco

20 Balmoral Drive
Spring Valley, New York 10977
(914) 623-4463
Westchester:
Juvenile Diabetes Foundation
34 South Broadway
White Plains, New York 10601
(914) 949-4554
Connecticut:
Juvenile Diabetes Foundation
364 Whitney Avenue
New Haven, Connecticut 06511
(203) 776-3200
New Jersey:
Juvenile Diabetes Foundation
10 Plaza Place
Livingston, New Jersey 07039
(201) 992-0375

KIDNEY PROBLEMS AND HEMODIALYSIS

New York City and area:
National Association of Patients on Hemodialysis and Transplantation
505 Northern Boulevard
Great Neck, New York 11021
(516) 482-2720 (24-hour hot line)

MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS

For those who have the disease; also for their families:

New York City and area:
New York County Chapter
Multiple Sclerosis Society
535 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10017
(212) 682-6550
Hudson Valley:
Ms. Charlotte Stanley
Helen Hayes Hospital
Route 9W
West Haverstraw, New York 10993
(914) 947-3000, ext. 273

MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY

For those who have the disease; also for their families:

New York City and area:
Muscular Dystrophy Association
157 West 57th Street
New York, New York 10019
(212) 247-7410
Bronx and Westchester:
Muscular Dystrophy Association
222 Mamaroneck Avenue
White Plains, New York 10605
(914) 946-2400
Long Island:
Muscular Dystrophy Association
371 Merrick Road
Rockville Center, New York 11570
(516) 536-0220

Abusers and Phobics

Individuals and their families who need to deal with persisting and destructive behavior and compulsions will find help available in these groups. Many of them are based on the A.A. model of open sharing and assurance of anonymity.

ALCOHOLISM

All areas:
Check white pages of local phone directory or contact:

For alcoholics:

Alcoholics Anonymous (A.A.)
468 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10016
(212) MU 6-1100 or
(212) GR 3-6200 (hot line)

For families and friends of alcoholics:

Alanon
115 East 23rd Street
New York, New York 10010
(212) GR 5-6110

For teen-aged children of alcoholics:

New York City and area:
Alateen
200 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10003
(212) 254-7230

CHILD ABUSE

For parents who are abusing or neglecting their children:

New York City and area:
Parents Anonymous
Room 1901
250 West 57th Street
New York, New York 10019
(212) 765-2336 (24-hour hot line)

GAMBLING

For compulsive gamblers; also for their families:

New York City:
Gamblers Anonymous (G.A.)
P.O. Box 7
New York, New York 10001
(212) MU 9-7500
Long Island:
G.A.
(516) 586-7171
New Jersey and Rockland:
G.A.
(201) 622-4618

OVEREATING

For compulsive eaters:

All areas:
Check white pages of local phone directory or contact:
Overeaters Anonymous (O.A.)
P.O. Box 2121
Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017
(212) 541-6998

"It would be nice to say that all my problems disappeared like a mist before the morning sun as soon as I joined Neurotics Anonymous—they did not. My growth has been step by step, but peace and love have come with awareness and understanding. In Neurotics Anonymous we help each other with sharing our little gains—and, yes, our failures too. We always pick ourselves up and try, try again.

"My method entails doing the thing I fear over and over—with the help of my Higher Power—until I am comfortable in the situation. Thus far, I have conquered shopping, dining out, visits to dentists and doctors, speaking in front of groups. . . ."

PHOBIAS

For those troubled by all types of phobias:

New York City and area:
Phobia Clinic
Roosevelt Hospital
428 West 59th Street
New York, New York 10019
(212) 554-6682
Hudson Valley:
Ms. Doreen Powell
Phobia Self-Help Group
White Plains Hospital
41 East Post Road
White Plains, New York 10601
(914) 949-4500, ext. 2017

Special Situations

There are a number of helping programs for individuals in special circumstances or with specific needs and problems. Some of the practicalities of day-to-day living confronting these widely divergent groups are addressed.

ABUSED WOMEN

Help for physically abused women:

New York City and area:
Ms. Maria Roy
Abused Women's Aid in Crisis
Box 1699, General Post Office
New York, New York 10001
(212) 686-3628 (office)
(212) 686-1676 (hot line)

AGING

For the elderly and those interested in their concerns:

New York City and area:
Gray Panthers
15 West 65th Street
New York, New York 10023
(212) 877-8334

American Association for Retired People
555 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022
(212) 758-1411

EX-OFFENDERS AND FAMILIES OF PRISONERS

For ex-offenders and other interested people:

Mr. Dave Rothenberg
Fortune Society
29 East 22nd Street
New York, New York 10010
(212) 677-4600

For families with a member now or formerly in prison:

New York City and area:
Prison Families Anonymous, Inc.
131 Jackson Street
Hempstead, New York 11550
(516) 538-6065

Banding Together: The Best Way to Cope

MOTHERS OF TWINS

Long Island and area:
Ms. Arlene Calcano
Mothers of Twins Club
7 Mander Lane
East Northport, New York 11731
(516) 266-3685

Rockland:
Ms. Marcie Ernst
Mothers of Twins Club
Box 374
New City, New York 10956
(914) 425-4443

MOTHERS WHO WERE GIVEN DES, A SYNTHETIC HORMONE, DURING PREGNANCY

For mothers and their offspring:

DES-Watch
P.O. Box 12
Wantagh, New York 11793

PREGNANT WOMEN, MOTHERS OF YOUNG CHILDREN

For those who wish to breastfeed their babies:

New York City and area:
La Leche League
(212) 671-4940

For mothers of young children:

Long Island and Queens:
Ms. Marge Milch
Mothers' Center
United Methodist Church
Old Country Road
Hicksville, New York 11801
(516) 822-4539

Rockland:
Ms. Jill Lagnado
The Mothers' Center
West Hickory Street
Spring Valley, New York 10977
(914) 352-3057

SINGLE PARENTS

For separated, divorced, widowed, and unmarried parents:

New York City:
Ms. Suzanne Jones
Single Parent Family Project
Community Service Society
105 East 22nd Street
New York, New York 10010
(212) 254-8900

Parents Without Partners (PWP)
Box 1002, General Post Office
New York, New York 10001
(212) 349-3900

Nassau:
PWP
P.O. Box 495
Hicksville, New York 11802
(516) 931-2682

Rockland:
PWP
Box 184
Spring Valley, New York 10977
(914) 352-4520

Suffolk:
PWP
(516) 732-2100

Westchester:
PWP
P.O. Box 103
Pelham, New York 10803
(914) 632-5565

New Jersey:
PWP
P.O. Box 7
Shrewsbury, New Jersey 07701
(201) 542-7077

> "Many times over the years medical treatment rescued my sanity. Each time I felt confident and well, but each time the inevitable relapse was worse. At last a therapist introduced me to a circle of ordinary people in Alcoholics Anonymous, who were recovering from problems with uncontrolled drinking. For the first time in years I was not lonely. . . . I felt at home. Now I have been symptom-free for seven years and know the joy of helping others."

Couples

These groups are for couples wishing to share common experiences, problems, decisions.

MARRIAGE ENRICHMENT

For Catholic couples who wish to enrich their marriages:

New York City and area:
Rev. Charles Quinn
Catholic Marriage Encounter
1011 First Avenue
New York, New York 10022
(212) 292-8392

Rockland:
Lucille and Bob Gregory
Catholic Marriage Encounter
5 Grandview Avenue
Nanuet, New York 10954
(914) 623-3939

For Protestant couples who wish to enrich their marriages:

New York City and area:
Mr. and Mrs. James Zarifis
Protestant Marriage Encounter
Box 177
East Norwich, New York 11732
(516) 922-5337

For Jewish couples who wish to enrich their marriages:

Brooklyn, Manhattan, and Staten Island:
Marcia and Ralph Salem
Jewish Marriage Encounter Workshop
2141 Ford Street
Brooklyn, New York 11229
(212) 648-0546

Hudson Valley and Bronx:
Joan and Lou Orenstein
Jewish Marriage Experience
24 Dallas Drive
Monroe, New York 10950
(914) 783-4513

Long Island:
Ronnie and Gary Handin
Jewish Marriage Experience
3462 Colony Drive
Baldwin, New York 11510
(516) 378-5499

Connecticut:
Judy and Jerry Gottesman
Jewish Marriage Experience
Weed Avenue
Norwalk, Connecticut 06850
(203) 838-5985

New Jersey:
Judy and Harvey Horowitz
Jewish Marriage Experience
17 Summit Avenue
Englishtown, New Jersey 07726
(201) 780-0090

NONPARENTS

For those who believe that parenthood should be optional:

New York City and area:
National Organization for Nonparents (NON)
515 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022
(212) 421-0650

Long Island:
Marcia and Warren Rothstein
Parenthood Is Optional
NON
Box 95
Selden, New York 11784

New Jersey:
Linda and Frank Chappa
NON
P.O. Box 1042
Short Hills, New Jersey 07078

REMARRIED PARENTS

For couples in which one or both partners are remarried and have children:

Rockland:
Mr. and Mrs. Gerd Heine
Remarried Parents, Inc.
11 Brockton Road
Spring Valley, New York 10977
(914) 354-6351

If you feel you would benefit from contacting a self-help group and don't know where to turn, a good first step would be to get in touch with the Community Services Committee, New York City Central Labor Council AFL-CIO, 386 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10016, (212) OR 9-5250. It is most unlikely that any one information-and-referral agency will be familiar with all of the mutual-help groups in the area, but this one has a particularly good batting average, and the service is not limited to union members.

If you want to read up on the subject, a recent special issue of *Social Policy* was devoted to self-help. A single copy may be ordered, prepaid ($3), from *Social Policy*, 184 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010. Or you might prefer a book—*The Strength in Us: Self-Help Groups in the Modern World* (New Viewpoints, $6.95 paper, $12.50 cloth), by Alfred H. Katz and Eugene I. Bender, develops the subject at length.

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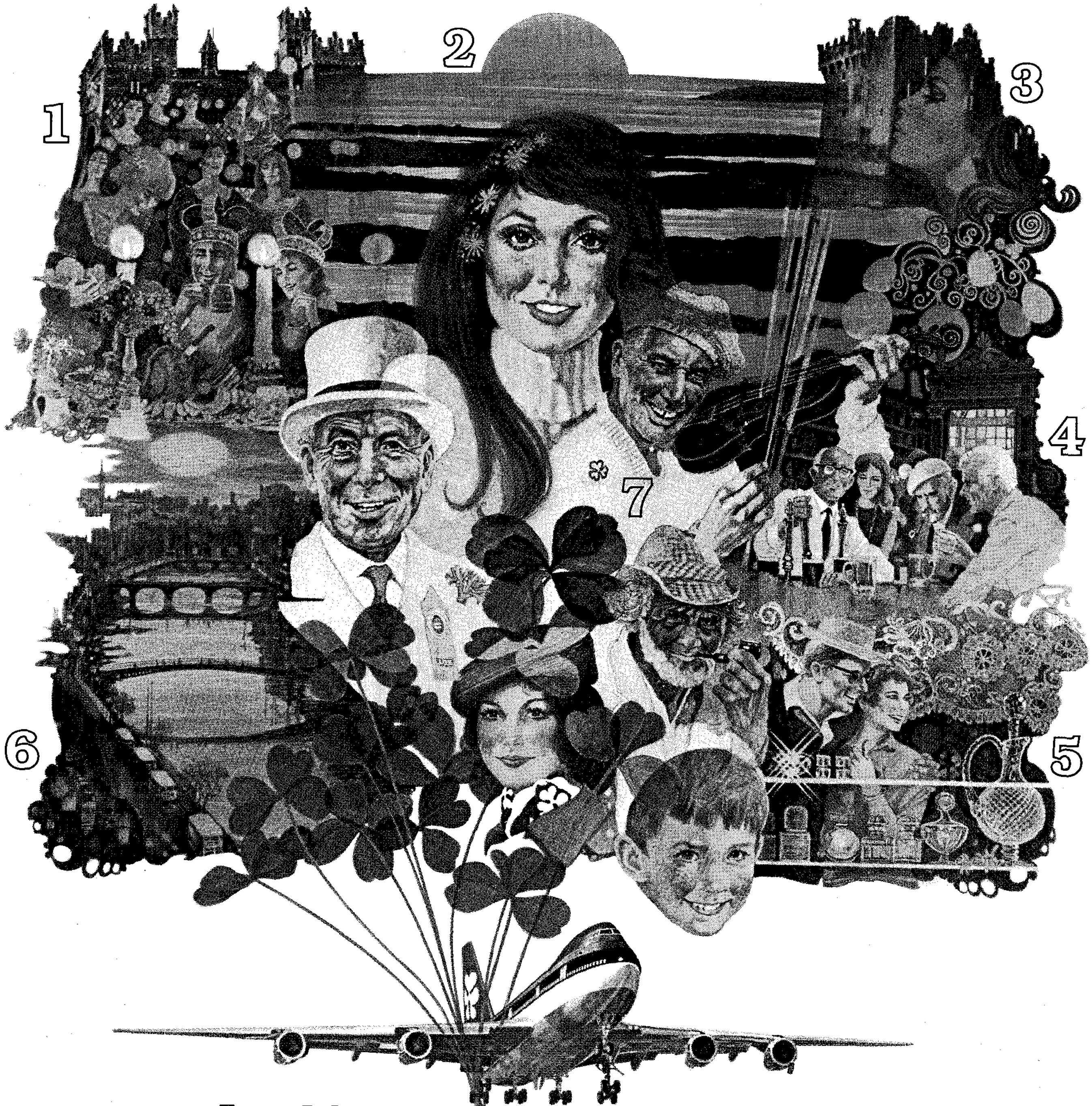

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Alex Haley: Tale of a Talker

By Marty Bell

"...The role of *griot* cost Haley twelve years, major debts, and—almost—his life..."

In the closing sequence of ABC's dramatization of Alex Haley's *Roots,* three generations of a family just released from slavery stand on a grassy knoll in Tennessee overlooking the parcel of land that is the first thing they have ever owned. The old man turns to the youngsters to say, "Don't you ever forget where you came from. Your great-great-granddaddy's name was Kunta Kinte, and he was a Mandinka warrior from the country of Africa. . . ."

In Gambia, the family historian is the *griot,* the one whose duty is to learn the history of fathers and their fathers' fathers and to pass it on to their sons and their sons' sons. Two hundred years after Kunta Kinte came to America and a hundred years after his immediate descendants were freed from slavery, Alex Haley, a seventh-generation descendant, assumed the role of the *griot.*

The tradition he inherited eventually turned out to be worth millions of dollars. But it came hard. The role of *griot* cost Haley twelve years, major debts, and—almost—his life.

In 1964, Grove Press was preparing to publish *The Autobiography of Malcolm X,* on which Haley had collaborated with the Muslim leader. With his half of the $20,000 advance already spent, his pension check from twenty years in the Coast Guard going directly to his divorced first wife each month, and a second divorce imminent, Haley needed a new advance.

As a child, on Grandma Cynthia's porch in Henning, Tennessee, he had listened to her talk about her grandfather, Chicken George, the cockfighting champion, and his mother, Kizzy. Occasionally, Haley's grandma would even mention Kizzy's father, "the African." These stories shaped Haley's childhood fantasies.

Now he wanted to fashion them into a small family memoir to show how blacks got by in the South after slavery and before the *Brown* v. *Board of Education* decision. At lunch with Ken McCormick, the editor in chief at Doubleday, Haley, with his low-key preacher's style and soft baritone voice, looking at the ground as he always does when he speaks, played *griot* for the first time.

McCormick went back to rave to his secretary, Lisa Drew, about this man caught up in the aura of his ancestors. "I've been in this business for 35 years," he said. "But that's the most intriguing lunch I've ever had."

Three days later, Doubleday offered Haley a contract. Though McCormick did not even ask for a written proposal, he tempered his faith with a cautious advance of $5,000. The book was to be ready a year later, August of 1965.

But by delivery date, Haley had become captivated by the possibility of identifying "the African" Grandma Cynthia had spoken of. He had written nothing. Instead, he wanted to travel and research, but his advance money was gone. In 1966, at a party, he met Mrs. DeWitt Wallace, the cofounder of *Reader's Digest,* who remembered Haley from a piece he had once written for the magazine. She asked what he was doing, and he told her.

The next day, Mrs. Wallace called a meeting of her editors. They listened for three hours as Haley laid out his obsession. Overwhelmed by his fervor, they agreed to buy the first serialization rights to the projected book. They would pay a retainer of $300 a month for a year, plus "reasonable necessary travel expenses."

At the end of the year, those expenses came to more than $40,000. Haley had traveled all over the United States, back and forth to Africa, and, in one week, made three trips to London in search of a single piece of information. He had identified "the African" as Kunta Kinte and his homeland as Gambia, broadened the scope of his book and the style of his research. But he had not yet written a single word.

On the day he received his last retainer check, he paid all his back bills, but every check he wrote bounced. The IRS had put a lien on his account: Haley hadn't paid taxes in years.

Panicked, he called his agent. Clearly, no more money would come from Doubleday: The book was two years overdue. Haley's agent did, however, obtain permission to sell the paperback rights in advance, and he set up a meeting with Helen Meyer, president of Dell.

Haley gave Mrs. Meyer his pitch, and Mrs. Meyer gave Haley $18,000. If Doubleday were to auction paperback rights to the book today, it would probably cost the reprinter more than $2 million, and, indeed, news of "renegotiation" is in the air.

Half of Haley's new advance went to Doubleday, which had now made a profit on a nonexistent book. With his half, Haley continued to research. Briefly, he abandoned his mother's family and, on a whim, traced his father's. His father's grandfather had been an

Irish slave owner, and Haley, compulsively, followed his trail back to Ireland. This trip, which had nothing to do with the book, wiped out the Dell advance.

Broke again, Haley decided to sell the movie rights. Lou Blau, a prominent Hollywood lawyer whose clients include Stanley Kubrick, François Truffaut, and John Wayne, was not looking to represent a man with writer's block and a pile of book-related debts—not until Haley told his story.

"I consider myself a devoted liberal," Blau says, "devoted to good causes from early on until the grave. I immediately became devoted to having Alex Haley's story told to the whole world."

Blau called Leo Jaffe and Stanley Schneider, of Columbia Pictures, at their New York office and suggested it would be worth their while to come west and meet his newest client.

"Why don't you send us what he's written?" Jaffe asked.

"He hasn't written anything yet," Blau replied.

Over pastrami sandwiches, two weeks later at the Columbia lot, Haley outlined his expanded plans to Jaffe and Schneider: a 200-year history of a black family through slavery to the present. The movie moguls smelled an epic—*Gone With the Wind* as told from the slave quarters. They took an option and gave Haley $50,000 plus a guarantee of 10 cents on every book sold over 100,000.

Now, with the hardcover, paperback, first-serial, and movie rights sold, Haley had no rights left. A year later, he also had no money left. But he had a new scheme: If a few people were willing to pay him thousands of dollars for his story, maybe thousands of people would pay a few dollars.

So Haley enlisted with W. Colson Leigh, a lecture agent, and went out to talk about how he traced his own genealogy. Quickly, he became Leigh's most popular client, and, in 1969 alone, he netted $80,000 from 120 lectures.

The lectures produced assets but became a liability. Haley got so caught up in his role as the *griot*, or oral historian, that he began to doubt if he ever could write the book. Some of those who had invested in him also doubted.

In 1971, after waiting three years to see a manuscript, Columbia let its option expire, requesting the repayment of the $50,000. Haley wanted to sell the movie rights elsewhere, but Blau, protecting his own credibility, refused to approach another producer until he had a manuscript in hand.

Doubleday, meanwhile, was no longer willing to accept Haley's procrastination. Creditors began to pressure him. Anxious, despondent, and still blocked, Haley came near drowning himself and his story in the Atlantic. He was saved by what he claims was a mystical experience—the voices of Chicken George and Kizzy pleading with him to finish their story.

In July of 1972, the first written evidence of Haley's massive research appeared—a story in *The New York Times Magazine*, describing his search for Kunta Kinte. Basically, this was a written version of his lecture, but he hoped it would soothe his publishers and creditors. It didn't.

Though determined to finish the book, Haley still had to lecture to pay his bills. This paid off when one of his rapt listeners wrote him a check for $10,000. It carried him until November of 1973, when he delivered 900 pages of manuscript, the first third of the book now retitled *Roots*.

The first serialization excerpts appeared in *Reader's Digest* in April and May of 1974, eight years after they had been purchased. One of the people who read them was Stan Margulis.

At the time, Margulis, the line producer for Wolper Productions, was planning to combine two innovations in television programming—the family saga and the mini-series based on a novel. Universal was already developing Irwin Shaw's *Rich Man, Poor Man* into a twelve-hour series for ABC, and Margulis wanted a similar project.

On August 23, 1974, Margulis and his boss, David Wolper, lunched with Haley and Blau at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club. Haley gave his speech. Margulis told Wolper, "Whatever it takes, we've got to have that book." He contacted Brandon Stoddard and Lou Rudolph of ABC.

Two precepts of television worked against Haley: No network had ever bought the advance rights to an unpublished book, and all the networks shied away from serious treatments of black problems. It wasn't until ABC had purchased the rights for $250,000 that Stoddard suddenly looked up at a production meeting and said, "We have a serious black property here. What the hell are we going to do with it?"

Haley was solvent, but he still had only a third of his book written. Margulis was forced to go ahead without his source. He hired Bill Blinn, an Emmy winner for *Brian's Song*, as head writer, and they arranged to go on a lecture tour with Alex to listen to his material.

Six months and four drafts later, they were worried. Faithfully following their *griot*, their script jumped back and forth between Haley's search for his family and the family history that was the result of that search. Blinn called Margulis and said, "This damn detective story is a bore. We're writing a lecture instead of a drama."

They called Haley and demanded to see everything he had written, whatever form it was in.

"Goddamn it, no one told us the book was not the speech," Blinn says. "Alex *speaks* of how he found his family. But he was *writing* a straightforward narrative history, just what we wanted in the first place. We threw out six months of work and started again."

In January of 1976, after the success of *Rich Man, Poor Man*, *Roots* was rushed into production. And now Doubleday panicked. It had to have the book in the stores well in advance of the broadcast.

So last February, Lisa Drew, now Haley's editor, locked Haley in the Barclay Hotel and gave him one week to make final changes. At the end of that week, he disappeared. When a friend showed up five days later to drop off the manuscript, Haley was at Ohio State University to receive his sixth honorary degree for his unpublished history.

Drew cabled him in Columbus: "Come home. All is forgiven."

When Haley received the cable, he called her. "If you can give me six more months," he said, "I could do some good things with the end of the book."

Roots is already the highest-rated television show of all time and certain to become the best-selling hardcover book of all time. It has made Haley a millionaire, but it has not cured his obsession. *Search*, chronicling his *Roots* research, has already been bought by ABC and Wolper. *Henning* (Tennessee) will pick up where *Roots* left off, and a major studio wants to develop it into a television series. The *griot* continues to lecture. And, of course, he is recording an album for Warner Brothers called *Alex Haley Talks.*

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

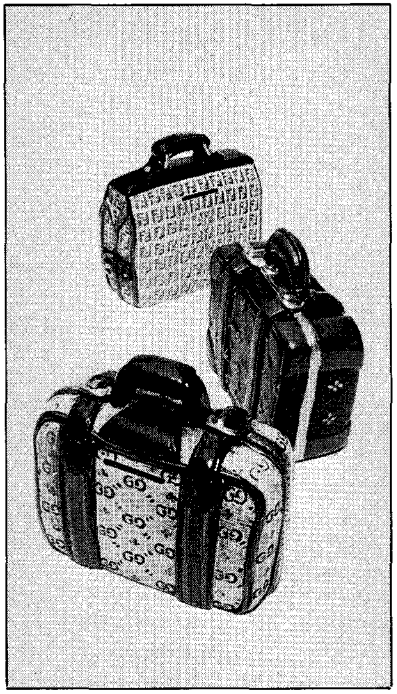
By Ellen Stern

Skin-Deep

"When the time comes for you to get a tattoo, the Tattoo God will tell you," declares Lyle Tuttle, who ministered to Janis Joplin, among others, and is just one member of the cast in a compelling new book called *The Tattooists.* Its author and publisher, Albert Morse, is a copyright lawyer who became entranced by tattoo designs while representing such California cartoonists as R. Crumb. Now he's up to his ears in them—or up to everybody else's ears. (He sports no tattoos of his own, thank you.) The most interesting of his tattooist subjects, Morse says, is Phil Sparrow, a Ph.D. who taught English literature for twenty years and was a friend to Gertrude Stein, Alice B. Toklas, and Dr. Kinsey before taking up the needle.

THE TATTOOISTS/*By Albert Morse*
Serendipity 3/225 East 60th/$30

DOUGLAS SANDHAGE



Banks Very Much

If you are diligent about packing away your nickels and dimes in these dear little banks ($5), you might, someday, save enough for the Fendis, Guccis, and Vuittons on which they're based. Then again, you might not.

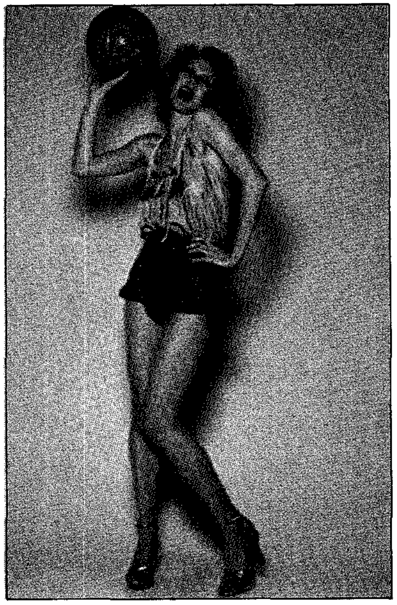
WEST TOWN HOUSE/*2047 Broadway at 71st Street and 260 West 86th Street*

Jumpers

The jock influence in fashion, which has been much about for days—from jogging clothes to basketball shorts and muscle shirts—is now moving into night games. Ariel's basketball silks take to team colors: green with purple, red with black, and blue with green ($65 the set). **—Priscilla Tucker**

RIDING HIGH/*1143 First Avenue*
Between 62nd and 63rd streets
759-4968

RICK SCHAEFFER



Worst Bet

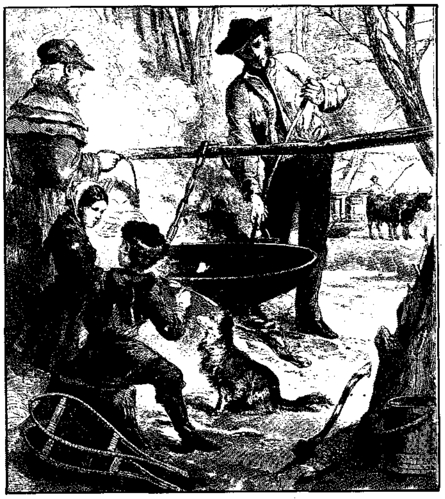
"I've found large staples in my food before, and my friends have found glass, scouring-pad wire, roaches, water bugs, flies, and a bright-green inchworm once . . . but to find something disgusting in a *health-food* restaurant!" wails our colleague in the art department who had her first and last lunch at Healthworks! on East 57th Street the other day. Her chicken Samoa salad ($3.75) contained chunks of chicken, avocado wedges, pineapple, slivers of red and green pepper, and—eureka!—one yellow rubber band. "I hoped maybe it was a piece of octopus," she adds.

Sappy Days Are Here Again

What is this? Maple-sugaring in the Bronx? Well, yes. There are four sugar maples at the Wave Hill Center for Environmental Studies. And it is in that sticky thicket that Nicholas Shoumatoff, curator of the Trailside Museum and an authority on local Indians, will show how to identify the trees, how to collect and boil down their sap. He will be accompanied by folk songs. Then, over a blazing fire, he'll whip up a caldron of syrup.

MAPLE-SUGARING/*February 28 and March 1 at 3 p.m./Wave Hill/Independence Avenue and 249th Street, Riverdale/549-2055*

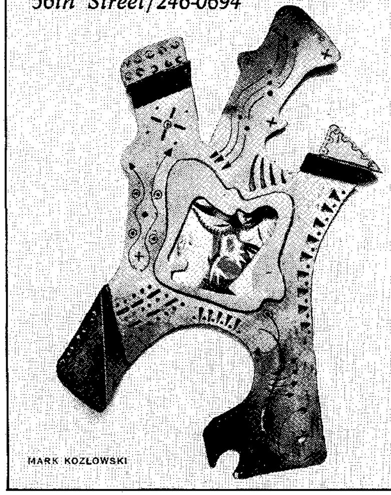
CULVER PICTURES



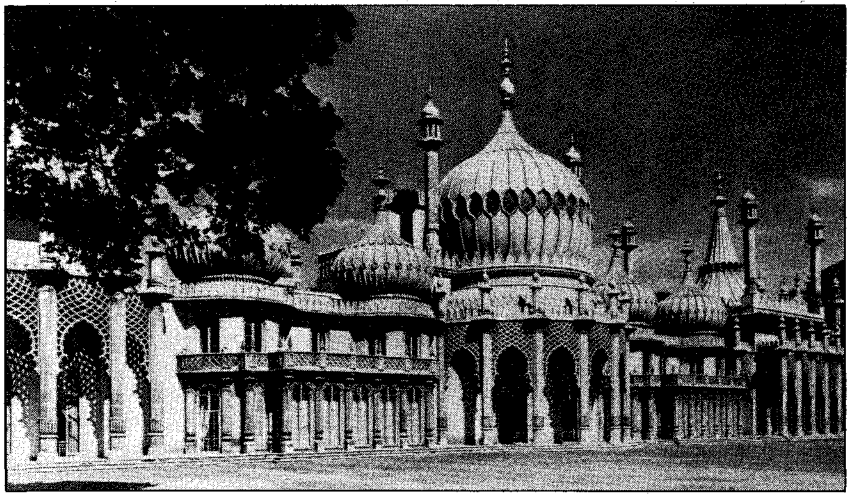
Heavy Mental

Ernest C. Shaw, a psychiatrist from New Paltz, woke up one morning with this terrific desire to weld. (Don't ask.) So he fashions rather wacky steel mirrors decorated with his own hieroglyphics ($135 and up). Here's one.

MEXICAN FOLK ART ANNEX/*23 West 56th Street/246-0694*



MARK KOZLOWSKI



All Things Brighton Beautiful

Elizabeth II is getting lots of things for her Silver Jubilee, ranging from one silly ditty by her poet laureate to a show at Cooper-Hewitt celebrating the Royal Pavilion at Brighton (not the one in Brooklyn). We'll see paintings, sculpture, decorative arts, furniture, and ornaments from the pavilion itself—as well as chairs, tables, a sideboard, a pair of candelabra, and a clock on loan from Her Very Own Majesty.

THE ROYAL PAVILION AT BRIGHTON/*March 3–May 23/Cooper-Hewitt Museum*

A Rudy Awakening

Rudolf Nureyev returns to the Uris Theater (which he first opened up to dance two years ago) in a program of three international ballet masterpieces, with three principal dancers of the Royal Danish Ballet: Vivi Flindt, Johnny Eliasen, and Anne Marie Vessel. This lazy Russian will dance every number each evening in the run: in the first New York performance ever of the early Glen Tetley *Pierrot Lunaire*; in *Songs of a Wayfarer*, which Béjart created especially for him last season; in Flemming Flindt's scary, hackles-raising *The Lesson*, based on Ionesco's play, in which he gets to hurl a chair at the pupil, Miss Vessel, and then does worse than that (we'll keep you guessing). Vivi Flindt is Flemming Flindt's wife, so she doesn't have to play the pupil; she takes the part of the nutty pianist. **—Ruth Gilbert**

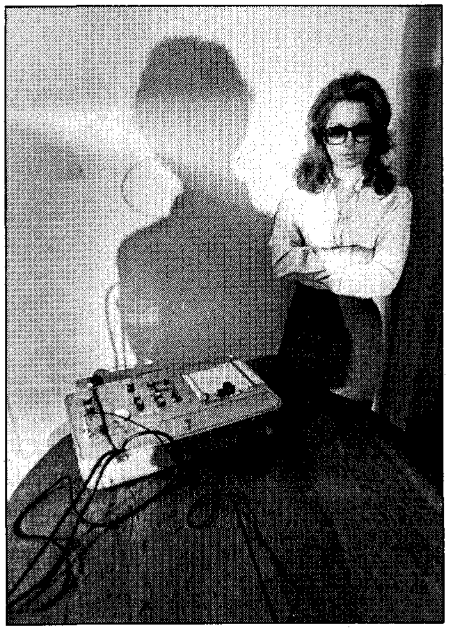
NUREYEV/*March 1–20/Uris Theater*

Truth or Consequences

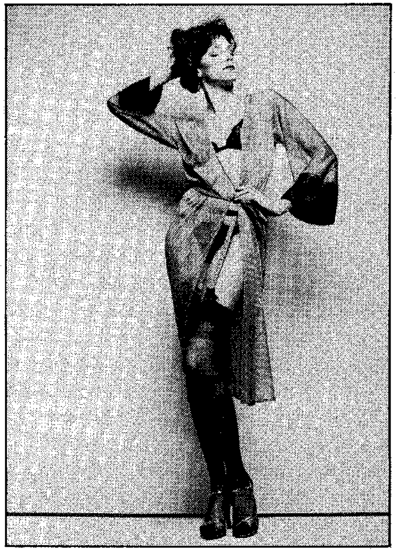
Andrea Forrest, a bright and snappy blonde, was a store detective at Lord & Taylor and Bonwit Teller, received a commendation from the NYPD for her investigative work at Franklin Simon, coordinated operation procedures and rewrote an efficiency manual for Holmes Protection, Inc., and has, for the past year, been screening job applicants for various businesses. Andrea is a polygraphist. But she doesn't just give lie-detector tests and be done with them; she interviews at length, verifies all the information and references, and, probably most important of all, reads body language like crazy. On the home front, we think that she'd be just about essential to anyone hiring a maid or nanny. Her rate: $35.

ANDREA FORREST/*850-5831*

MICHAEL TIGHE



CHARLES TRACY



Order of the Garter

Indubitably the year's most intriguing fashion set is the black-and-gold garter belt ($14) and coordinated dressing gown ($165) by Holly Lueders of Shu-Ba. "It's the kind of thing," says Holly, that you wear around . . . you know, when you're getting dressed." Ah, fantasy life. Holly started out making printed silk dresses (*shu-ba*, she says, is a Tibetan word for dress), but soon shifted into totally frivolous and much more profitable silk lingerie "to wear when you're popping bonbons into your poodle's mouth." **—P. T.**

GARTER BELT AND ROBE/*Henri Bendel*

Movies / John Simon

SEE JANE STAR

> "... Even if *Dick and Jane* were a good deal worse, it would still deserve to be seen for the greatly gifted Jane Fonda ..."

Fun With Dick and Jane, which is basking in several choice locations, is rather like a crude American travesty of *The Wonderful Crook*, the brilliant Swiss film that is still waiting for a theater. If I am nevertheless recommending *Dick and Jane* to you, it is for one reason only: Jane Fonda. *Fun With Dick and Jane* is enormous fun with Jane; with everyone and everything else, including the insolent spaniel that plays Spot, the fun ranges from middling to muddied.

Let us now praise Miss Fonda who, I am convinced, is the only all-purpose actress we've got in Hollywood today. It may be that high tragedy is beyond her (though I doubt it), but everything else she handles with wit or poignancy, intensity or lightness, heartwarming or heartbreaking grace, whichever is called for. That she is probably sexier than anyone else around is only a bonus; the essential thing is that she is an actress through and through—yet she has been mostly misused or not used at all. No wonder she was driven into politics when there was so little of worth, and not much more of worthlessness, for her to do in her chosen profession that chose to treat her so shabbily.

When you come right down to it, there were only two occasions when Fonda was not handed fluff (e.g., *Sunday in New York, Cat Ballou*), muck (e.g., *Walk on the Wild Side, Hurry Sundown*), or earnest dead weight (e.g., *The Chase*, Losey's *A Doll's House*), not even to mention the sexual-exploitation trash to which her untalented ex-husband, Roger Vadim, subjected her. The two films that count are *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* and *Klute*; in both she gave performances rich in technical virtuosity, psychological complexity, believableness, and charm. In the former, the charm was mostly tragic; in the latter, largely comic. Either way, it was supreme—this nearly undefinable quality which is the ability to persuade spectators that you are a person of value, that what happens to you really matters.

But only two such roles since 1960 (Fonda's film debut in the trivial *Tall Story*)? So she went into politics and, whatever one may think of her specific performances there, played the right parts and played them gallantly—which, of course, was held against her in due time by the forces of reaction, and by those cowards who, without any affiliation, merely tremble at what boycotting by hawks *might* do to your box office. As a result, there was little or nothing of this greatly gifted actress to be had on our screens. So I say that even if *Fun With Dick and Jane* were a great deal worse (actually, it could only be a little worse), it would still deserve to be seen for Jane Fonda.

The picture seems to have had as many scenarists as those notorious Italian confections whose writers outnumber their casts. Only three are credited—David Giler, Jerry Belson, and Mordecai Richler—and at least from the last two I would have expected more. But there were others as well, one gathers, and the entire film looks like several months' worth of TV situation comedy by various hands, excerpted and slapped together. And not merely the highlights—quite a few lowlights, too.

Dick and Jane are an affluent young Los Angeles aerospace engineer and his wife who have been living normally beyond their means; when Dick is suddenly laid off, they find themselves in desperate straits. She has a go at working as a model, but makes a botch of it; he fails at a number of things, even at living off unemployment compensation and food stamps. The inevitable solution is a life of genteel crime: ripping off the rich and corrupt, and giving the loot to the deserving poor, namely Dick and Jane.

This is where the moral sleaziness comes in. Yes, the rich are shown as thoroughly immoral and unappetizing—small wonder that both the onscreen bystanders and the theater audience burst into applause when Dick and Jane hold up the Telephone Company, for instance. But then, just how deserving are Dick and Jane Harper? All they seem to be concerned about is that the swimming pool be as steamy, the wine as heady, and the grass even greener on their side of the fence. It is hard to invoke Robin Hood and Arsène Lupin on behalf of wallowing in the petty luxuries of consumerism, of O.D.-ing on creature comforts.

As for the thrown-together episodes, some are blatantly unfunny, some are funny but out of character (Jane would never be a klutz at modeling) or old hat (the takeoff on gross opera divas and unruly supernumeraries has a beard longer than Barbarossa's), and some are funny but misdirected. I have no idea what kind of movies Ted Kotcheff might be good for, but comedies are definitely not his directorial meat. For example, the scene in which the Harpers' trees and plants are uprooted, their very lawn rolled up and carted off for nonpayment, is good comic material. But Kotcheff does not shoot and structure it right: Neither the camera positions nor the rhythms are well-calculated, and the laughs don't build so as to top one another.

The acting, too, is haphazard. Fonda is by far the most irresistibly smart-alecky wife since Myrna Loy's Nora in the *Thin Man* series, and more womanly to boot; as Dick, George Segal works hard and not ineffectually, but, as usual, without that apparent effortlessness that is the *sine qua non* of true comedy. Ed McMahon is good as an unscrupulous boss, as are John Dehner and Mary Jackson as smugly unhelpful parents, but these are easy parts. In crucial character bits there is much flubbing of opportunities, notably by Hank Garcia and Allan Miller, as a canny Chicano and a loan shark, respectively. There is, however, one small role played exemplarily: Watch what Thalmus Rasulala does as a food-stamp inspector, down to the use of his eyes, as one after the other of them comes to quizzical life.

Most astonishing about the film is the amateurish cinematography by the usually accomplished Fred J. Koenekamp. He seems to have had special trouble with how to make the Harpers' front yard look sun-drenched in studio shots, and ended up with an effect that is like lemon juice in your eye. Nor must we overlook on the debit side Sean Frye, an all-too-typical child actor. But, I repeat, Fonda is back, casting so much incandescent humanity over the film that she almost redeems even such a bit of truly bad taste as a peeing sequence that can be described only as bathroom nonhumor. Please, you folks out there in Movieland, stop being mired in your myopia, and find roles for Fonda before it is too late—not for her, for you.

Thieves may not be the worst movie I ever saw, but it may well be the most annoyingly cloying. Herb Gardner, who wrote it and ended up pseudonymously directing much of it, is one of those horrible examples of how an extremely limited, intensely self-satisfied, repetitious, and predictable cleverness can become—within minutes—more offensive than extended witlessness. Ever since *A Thousand Clowns* (his one success, and that, to my mind, unmerited—when, in any case, will we learn that one hit does not entitle anybody to a lifetime of manufacturing well-financed turkeys?), Gardner has been turning out plays and movies of increasing self-indulgence, cutesiness, and indigestibility. In *The Goodbye People* on stage, and *Who Is Harry Kellerman . . .?* on screen, his archness—really fallen archness—has reached the limits of human endurance. In *Thieves,* which he has now perpetrated on both stage and screen, it goes beyond them.

What we have here is another fun couple, Sally and Martin Cramer, whose marriage, along with her pregnancy, is in the balance. (For various cute reasons, she considers an abortion; in the end, for various equally cute reasons, she has her baby, and *we* get the abortion.) Martin, the principal of a fancy school for rich kids, has become stodgy over the years; Sally, who teaches in a ghetto school, has naturally preserved her swinging, committed purity—though which of the two is more insufferable remains a moot question. They live in a large Upper East Side apartment house, where they are beleaguered by the urban chicaneries students of Neil Simon's *The Prisoner of Second Avenue* and other works will be familiar with, and then some. Simon's characters, at least, were never haunted by nameless street people who plague them, or by disembodied voices from other apartments muttering supposedly hilarious platitudes.

I shall spare you what passes for the plot, complete with daring little dabs at equally disembodied adultery, but must give you samples of the wit. "We do not love each other, so we have couples over, and they love us. We are held together by other couples." This epigram, by the way, is spun out, like most others, to much greater length than I was able to take down. "A stale corn muffin thrown away is still a corn muffin." This, of course, is metaphorical, though I no longer recall whether it functions as a right-to-life argument, or in the service of some other existential profundity. "I'm a goddamned dirty old man, but a dirty old man beats the hell out of a dead man." This is said—or bellowed—by the heroine's 78-year-old cabby father, who is the author's mouthpiece, the *raisonneur* of the film. But when a *raisonneur* spouts a ghastly mixture of smart-ass impertinence, crudely homespun philosophy, and cornball jokes that pile up into fuzzy monologues—which, moreover, are delivered by Irwin Corey—*dead* begins to look awfully good.

Charles Grodin plays Martin as if a sufficiency of slack in the mouth absolved one from all further comedic endeavor. As Sally, Marlo Thomas is the ideal Herb Gardner interpreter. Her face is always suffused with some sort of adorable, tough wistfulness, a wisecracking yearning; since it is a face that has clearly undergone intensive restructuring, it may be that the yearning is that of the remaining parts for those that are gone or have been shifted around. And she speaks exactly as she looks and as Gardner writes: with an embattled wryness, a sweet sophistication applied with a flat brush, and an impishness so pointed you could impale flies on it. I am forced to observe that after a certain overexposure a corn muffin becomes a liability, and had better be thrown out than thrown up over.

In nonspeaking parts, Mercedes McCambridge and Gary Merrill manage to over- and underact, respectively. But Ann Wedgworth, John McMartin, and Hector Elizondo are delightful in small roles, proving that flowers can bloom even on dung heaps.

Briefs: **The Cassandra Crossing** could have been a good-bad disaster movie if (a) it did not take itself so seriously, (b) it were better acted and directed, and (c) it made a minimum of sense. If George Pan Cosmatos had to write the novel, couldn't he have at least refrained from cowriting the script—or, at the very least, forgone the directing of it? And a basic rule would seem to be: no more than one disaster per picture. You cannot switch disasters in midstream and go from a plague-ridden train to the problems of crossing a crumbling railway bridge. There are also unforgivable performances by Burt Lancaster, Richard Harris, John Phillip Law, and (Actors Studio members past and present please note) Lee Strasberg. The actresses somehow squeak by. Ennio Guarnieri's cinematography is good in its flashy way, but Jerry Fielding's score is intolerable, particularly since it drowns out lines we could snigger at with music we can only retch at.

The Sentinel, where Michael Winner's talent for making unspeakably vulgar movies peaks, is meant to be in the supernatural horror genre à la *Rosemary's Baby, The Exorcist,* etc. But this script by Jeffrey Konvitz, from his own best-seller, is not good enough to pass for trash; its stupidity can best be conveyed by a perfectly serious reference in it to Milton as "the English religious writer." Or take the conceit that the entrance to hell, which is on the ground floor of a Brooklyn brownstone, must be guarded by someone sitting on the fifth floor, who looks the other way and is, furthermore, blind. Everything is dreadful here, but the only moments of true horror occur when we are forced to watch Sylvia Miles in the altogether. ■

Illustrated by Tom Smith

NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Ah, There Will Be Music in the Park

Rumors have been circulating that the popular Schaefer Music Festival would not be held in Central Park this summer—for a variety of reasons. But we've learned that the series definitely will take place—although on a more limited basis, with less emphasis on hard rock. However, the festival still needs a sponsor.

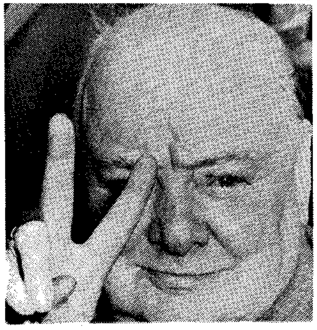
Churchill's Finest Hour?

How could book reviewers have missed what might be the greatest Winston Churchill quote of all—in John Toland's best-seller *Adolf Hitler*?

Buried some 600 pages in the detailed look at the *Führer* is an explanation of Rudolf Hess's complicated secret flight from Germany—in 1941, in the middle of the war—to England. As described in the book, Hess, Hitler's henchman, hoped he could personally end the battle between the two countries. He managed to get a plane for the flight and ended up bailing out over Scotland. Hess was taken into custody, and demanded to see the duke of Hamilton. He explained his mission, whereupon the duke rushed off to see Churchill.

The prime minister listened a moment, then said—and we quote—"Well, Hess or no Hess, I am going to see the Marx Brothers." It was only after the movie that Churchill got the full story.

WIDE WORLD



Churchill: Surprising priorities.

Does the Mayor Really Jog Daily?

N. Y. TIMES

Beame: Running for more than his health.

It certainly was a case of a politician's running for office without actually saying so. Yes, Abe Beame was on the front page of last week's Sunday New York *Times*.

There he was, jogging, looking more like Bobby Kennedy than a sedentary accountant in his seventies.

We wondered how that picture got on the front page of the *Times*. Did Mayor Beame suggest that the paper send a photographer up to chilly Carl Schurz Park the other morning to snap Abe in his nifty track suit?

Well, we found out the real story. The cutline underneath the *Times* photo said: "Keeping fiscally, er, physically fit: Mayor Beame doing daily stint of jogging at Carl Schurz Park. . . ." Well, folks, the truth is that the mayor doesn't jog daily, according to a spokesman in his office. But he does "walk briskly" several mornings a week before going to City Hall. He may "jog" the last block or two of his walk, but that's it. And the mayor's office said it did not suggest the photo to the *Times*, but rather the *Times* asked to take the picture when it found out Mayor Beame was doing his regular walking.

Maybe we ought to tune in next week when the *Times* features Abe entering ABC's *Superstars* competition.

Nude Ad Pix Nixed

Daily Variety, the lively show-biz trade journal, which blithely reports on films from G to X, has its limits too. The ad for Robert Altman's new movie, *3 Women*, was turned down. Reasons have to do with the dimly sketched male anatomy shown as background for the ladies. A spokesman for Twentieth Century–Fox said the studio was asked by the paper for "substitute artwork"—which it supplied. Although Fox believes the ad was appropriate for the picture, no decision has been made as to whether it will be used in the national campaign for the movie, which opens in New York in April. We wonder if it might have to be changed to something more pure for the daily press—like female anatomy, maybe? By the way, *Daily Variety* would not comment "on this situation."

Changes Due At 'Who's Who'

Don Hewitt, the executive producer of the glossy new CBS gossip show, *Who's Who*, is leaving the program. Word is that he'll be replaced by John Sharnik, a CBS vice-president and director of public affairs. Hewitt will continue to occupy the executive-producer's chair at the network's heavier *60 Minutes*. Ratings for *Who's Who*, which stars Dan Rather and Barbara Howar, haven't been good, so other changes may be in the works.

Hewitt: Exits from CBS show.

Hot New Duo—Blockbuster at the Box Office?

UPI KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

Minnelli, Scorsese: The actress and director have teamed up for several projects.

Martin Scorsese, director of *Taxi Driver,* seems to believe in working with the same actors as often as possible. His recent films feature Robert De Niro. Now, Scorsese has apparently found a favorite female counterpart: Liza Minnelli. Scorsese has just completed Liza's film musical *New York, New York,* which insiders are saying is the best motion-picture musical since *Cabaret.* When Scorsese finishes editing the film, he will begin rehearsing for his stage debut this summer, directing *In Person,* a musical about a film actress who is unable to get roles in Hollywood and must return to the nightclub scene. Guess who will play the lead part? Liza. And if that's not enough, we hear that, since Bob Fosse decided to pass on directing the screen version of his Broadway blockbuster *Chicago,* the film, starring Liza and possibly Shirley MacLaine, will be directed by none other than Martin Scorsese.

Parking Rules Apply to VIP's

Apparently, New York's meter maids/men are not duly impressed by high government officials whose cars are parked in the wrong places. Ask the new commerce secretary, Juanita Kreps. While she was here last week at a press conference sponsored by *Ms.* magazine, her driver waited outside Charley O's on West 48th Street in a nondescript Ford sedan. When a meter man urged the chauffeur of the car, which was clearly in the wrong spot, to leave, it was explained that the U.S. secretary of commerce was inside. The meter man was unimpressed and unmoved. So the driver moved on.

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Kreps: No special treatment.

Palatial Dinner and Drinks for Two—A Mere $1,000

For its second anniversary, the Palace restaurant is dreaming up a special dinner March 21 at a special price—a mere $500 per person. We wondered just what kind of a meal might be worth such big bucks. Well, the menu has not been decided upon yet, but a publicist for the restaurant said the chef promised to "outdo himself." We hope so. But he added that the main dish would not be "a rare delicacy," but rather something that "couldn't be put on a menu as a regular selection, probably because it's too expensive to produce." It might be peacock, for example. However, diners are promised a selection of fairly rare wines and several types of caviar, probably eight courses, and four desserts. Claiming that the price is not really all that outrageous, the spokesman said, "After all, it's not *just* the food, it's the whole experience of dining at the Palace." *Really?*

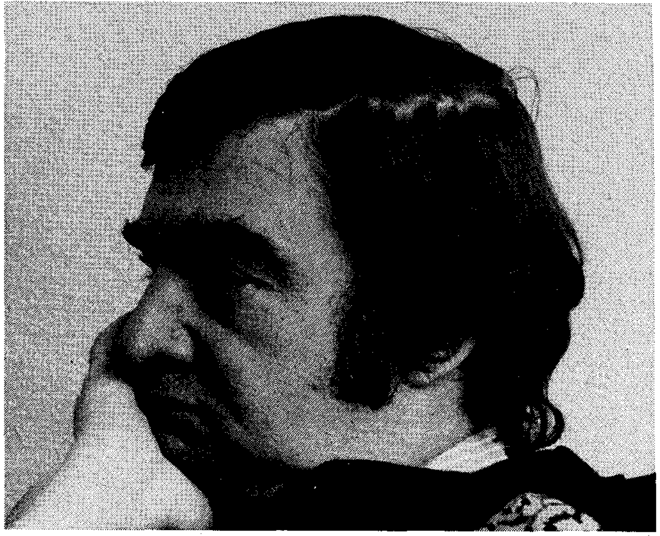
From the Rumor Mill: The Latest Gossip About ABC

Who says ABC's sports czar Roone Arledge isn't moving into news? Well, ABC for one, but those rumors grow more persistent every day. That he'll slip into the presidential spot in the news department is still the big one. Additionally, we've heard that every day, following the evening news with Harry and Barbara, Roone reviews tapes of their performance and then makes recommendations. And we're told Roone wants JFK's press secretary, Pierre Salinger, to come aboard if and when the news deal goes through. He was on the air for the network during the winter Olympics. Right now, Pierre writes for the French newsweekly *L'Express.* Press people for ABC just don't seem to know anything about any of this.

The rumormongers also suggest that if Roone is in, Barbara is definitely out, as far as the evening news goes. ABC-watchers will just have to wait and see how all this develops.

One P.S.: Despite all the public comment to the contrary, our sources report that Lucy Jarvis—who recently decided not to produce Barbara's next special because of other projects—and Barbara did not part on amicable terms.

LIASION



Salinger: Will he become an ABC regular?

Art / Thomas B. Hess

FEEL OF FLYING

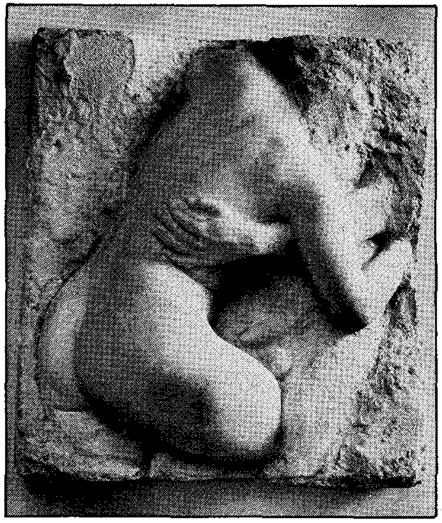
"... Feeding into Nancy Graves's 'abstract' poetic are 'realist' Lunar Orbiter photographs of the Sea of Tranquillity..."

Why does it take years, even generations, for a new object or concept to ingratiate itself with the world of images? Consider the telephone and the automobile. How many important pictures can you remember that incorporate, without hemming or hawing, these irreplaceable extensions? Sheeler and Dali did phones, of course, but in illustrational contexts. Matisse drew a few cars from the inside, and Giacometti some Volkswagens from the outside. Still, most twentieth-century art at its most innovative—at the cutting interface (to mix a modern metaphor)—is apt to fall back on traditional props and conventional attributes. Cubist still lifes are furnished with absinthe glasses and mandolins from Manet's studio—or Courbet's. When Boccioni, the greatest of all Futurists, wanted a symbol of advanced urban dynamics—the clashing and massing of the megalopolis—he chose a hefty, snorting dray horse.

The airplane and the experience of looking down at an unrolling carpet of landscape are two other characteristically modern phenomena that haven't found comfortable semiotic equivalents. There have been centuries of distinguished precedent, from Altdorfer's alpine view of the *Battle of Alexander* and Leonardo's birdmen to Delaunay's homage to Blériot and Henri Rousseau's self-taught blimp. Nevertheless, aircraft in modern art usually are presented as wonders—miracles of technology. They are too charged with the glamour of unfamiliarity to serve as neutral units in pictorial structures. And the aerial view has been even more troublesome, with its elusive horizon, clumsy edges in wing or bulkhead, and equivocal scale. It's filled with huge things that look tiny—skyscrapers, racetracks, parking lots—while normally invisible things seem to dominate—patterns in cultivated fields, highways parallel with railroad tracks, dry riverbeds. And sky and land slide together or fall apart through the intervention of that mysterious dimension, velocity.

One way to approach the problem is to cancel out the element of speed. Susan Crile, for example, has used the map as a model in abstractions of the sea, shoals, and island shorelines as if seen from about 3,000 feet in the melting haze of a summer afternoon. Yvonne Jacquette looks with an innocent eye at the pastorals of Maine, so clean they sparkle with Impressionist dew.

SIDNEY JANIS GALLERY, N.Y.



Hard embrace: *George Segal's plaster mold of lovers evokes classic art of the past.*

Nancy Graves refers to a more intricate, technologically perfected aerial vision—the high altitude, photo-recon mosaic—in new paintings and pastels (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway, through 3/2). They are based on photographs taken by the Lunar Orbiter, in the early 1960s, to map the surface of the moon and to encode a number of its physical and geological characteristics—data essential for the selection of safe landing zones. The camera's shutters stop the action of velocity in a click. A computer fits the photographs together and corrects distortions at the edges of each shot. Graves analyzes her source material in a passionate dialectic that switches between image and object, abstraction and reality, with admirable unpredictability.

For example, she chose certain sectors, such as one that maps the Sea of Tranquillity, because they appealed to her visually, not scientifically. Her option was something like a landscape painter's in front of the motif. She had intimate knowledge of the view (as Corot had of Barbizon); from such understanding you can make decisions based on intuition.

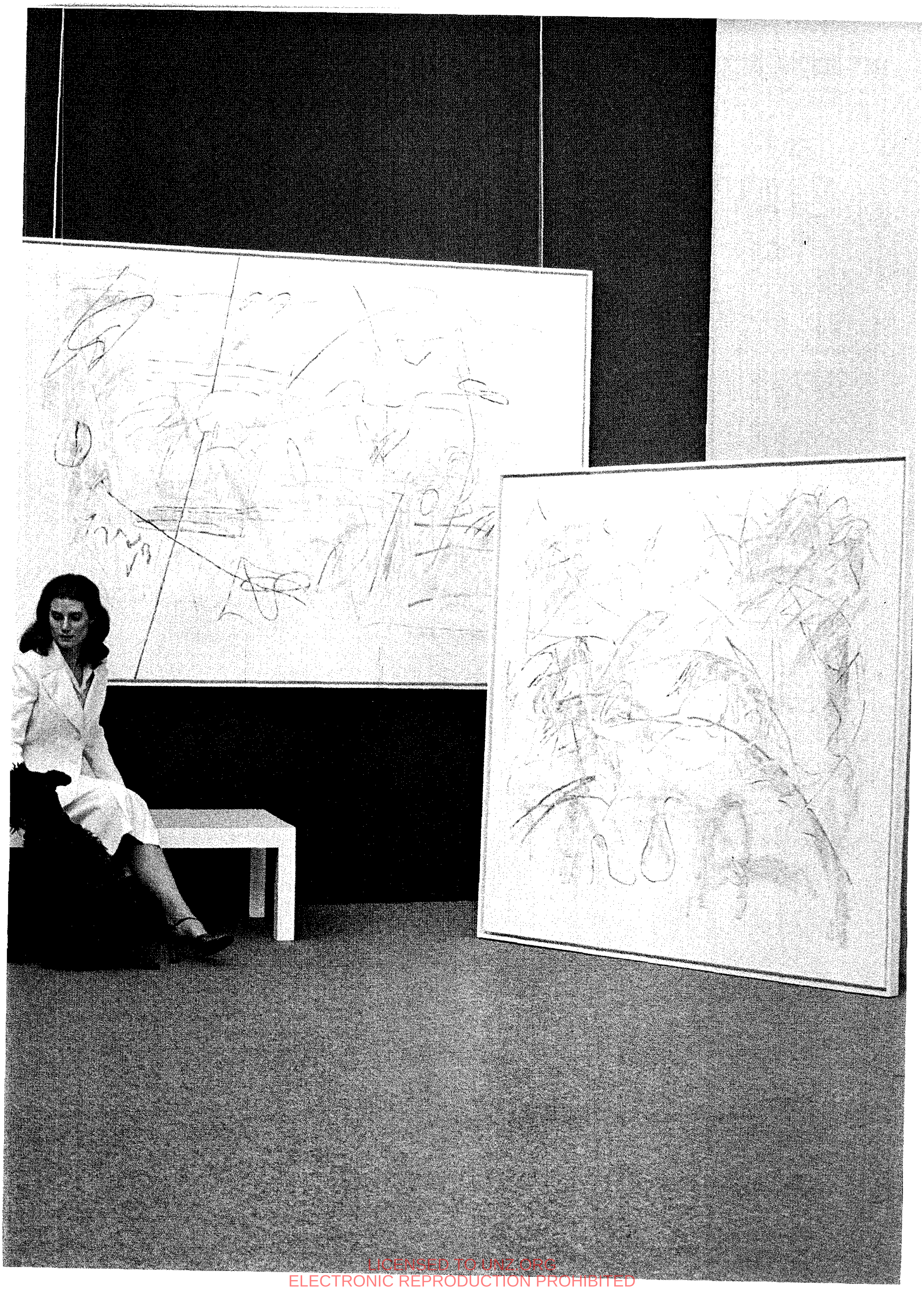
Graves made a series of drawings, lithographs, and then, in 1972, some circumstantial paintings of the documents. Several of her new pastels refer to the earlier paintings of the Sea of Tranquillity. The information on the map—locations of rills, craters, screes, and other possible obstacles to safe landing—appears on the pastels in a way that can be compared with the way a portraitist gets the likeness of a sitter. The pastel has everything to do with the map, yet it differs enormously, point by point. It seizes a gestalt—a bundle of key peculiarities.

The paintings, in turn, are based on the pastels. They are like portraits done for the artist's own pleasure; likeness doesn't count. Graves is free to follow her sense of propriety and private aesthetic decisions. A certain wide red cross, for example, was calculated by the breadth of her reach, by the gesture of the whole arm swinging (as against the pastels, where the gestures record wrist motions). The imperatives of the materials are projected on the canvas.

Not that Graves's gestures indulge in dripping, tossing extravagances. She adds no extra medium to her pigments, using them as they come straight from the tube (a bit tacky and sticky), so that excess oil won't bleed on the pristinely off-white grounds. The colors tend to the heavy; they are moved comparatively slowly; the pressures of a brush pushing paint across the surface are plainly evident. There are many small emendations and accumulations, but no erasures—no scrapes or wipe-outs. Some forms are defined when small linear elements are clustered together—like a raveled sleave. The surface is kept evenly fresh—all of a piece. The delicacy of the sleek, off-white ground is revealed with superimpositions of pure white which glows with a snow-blue light in the contrast.

Graves is a connoisseur of rare colors, of Mars Yellow, for example, that looks like a breeding of pale ocher from a cadmium pink, or Mars Violet, which darkens to deep sienna. They are

Moon motifs: *A poodle keeps Nancy Graves company at the Emmerich Gallery in SoHo, where she is showing her paintings.*



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"... Segal's early molds were almost all life. His latest tableaux are almost all art ..."

mineral hues that cross into the spectrum of earth, yet retain something of the density of metals.

Next to areas roiled by brush marks are smooth textures on which color was rubbed—almost burnished—with a cloth. The drama of Graves's painting takes place in that mysterious arena where drawing changes from line into hue, and where color materializes from light into edges of form. The impact is reinforced by the spontaneity and liveliness of the shapes, which also imply, in their accuracy of placement and delicacy of accent, something of the slow, contemplative measures which order them. There is a Cézannesque gravity behind Graves's exuberance—the pause for deliberation is felt in between each dancing thrust.

Certain looped and angled lines indicate shifts from space to space. They correspond to the tree stumps in the foreground and little staffage figures in the middle ground of Baroque landscapes. You ride a camelback *M* from a gritty red up front to diminuendos among nameless pales of lilac and honey. The image is concerned with sensations of thickness and thinness, opacity and transparency, the slow and the fast, vectors ascending and descending—the properties, in short, of oil paint submitted to the particularity of a certain arm and elbow. And always feeding into this "abstract" poetic are the "realist" data-soaked Lunar Orbiter photographs of the Sea of Tranquillity. Your glide from a pile of green angles to clumped details of mauve has something to do with the shifts across details stitched implausibly to blankness in an aerial landscape. The motif of vision during flight is recovered from the medium. Graves's metaphor may well be as close as you'll ever get to touching the moon. Yet even as you grasp what she is up to, the dance of colored strokes recommences; the palpable nature of paint intrudes; you are back in the artist's workshop, concentrating on a big squiggle held to the smooth canvas by a school of white hatchings.

The originality and topicality of Graves's subject matter is, of course, part of the modernist tradition. Her paintings, with their "meaningless" titles (*Duir, Kadsura*), have strong ties to the historical avant-garde. You think of Kandinsky's improvisations, which also were based on close-packed images loosened by a skittering brush; of Marin's watercolors, where a keen edge of plane also intrudes into the clear spaces of sky and water; of Arshile Gorky's close-ups of summer pasture in which stems of wild flowers twist with the taut graphism of an Ingres drawing. Historical allusions come naturally to Graves, a Vassar graduate with two degrees from Yale, who also has worked in Paris and Florence. Her fight, you suppose, was to reinvent natural spontaneity—the free-fall of tangling lines, the unexpected shudder from a patch of the exactly wrong hue. In such choices and chances, a picture can catch its breath. Historical necessities are loosened. And the aerial landscape of the late twentieth century is felt emerging among the centuries-old graces of oil paint on canvas.

George Segal's early molds of people were almost all life—white plaster actualities. Like Pompeiian bodies, they were refreshingly void of art and deeply touching in their recollections of existence. His latest tableaux and reliefs are almost all art. There are challenges to Maillol, Rodin, even to late Michelangelo. Segal has made himself a virtuoso. His white-plaster draperies quiver with Mannerist levity. He has noble ambitions. His new, big tableaux confront you in ominous, moralizing attitudes. In some small reliefs, where the smoothed flesh of naked lovers is glimpsed just as they turn away into the white night of hydrocal, the artist's sensuous appreciation of his models and of his materials has a tempering effect. An elegiac balance is struck. (Janis, 6 West 57th Street, through 2/26.)

Félix Nadar (1820–1910), great photographer of the Impressionist painters and other celebrities of Second Empire Paris, from doomed Baudelaire to the Divine Sarah, is seen in his first major show in America. (All 50 prints are lent by Sam Wagstaff to the Metropolitan Museum, through 3/27.) Nadar was a marvelous artist. Most of the prints in the show were made by Nadar himself, and their richly varied, delicately surfaced browns and blacks come as a surprise. Nadar usually is seen in hard, unfeeling, posthumous editions. Here you see that he had more in common with Manet than enthusiasms. The swift, often brutal cropping of the edges of the prints also indicates Nadar's masterful temperament. A sharp blade seizes the image, centers it, and brings it out from the background with admirable daring. His ability to catch ephemeral expressions and shifts of light and shadow is amazing. The master is seen at his best. ■

Theater / Alan Rich

NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO COME TO THE PARTY

"...The joy of *A Party* is the freshness, after up to 40 years, of Comden and Green's inventiveness and the music it inspired..."

There are two chairs center stage, and a piano in one corner, presided over by a gentleman, Paul Trueblood, who could pass for a minor bank executive. Adolph Green comes on wearing whatever, apparently, was easiest to reach in a jammed closet. Betty Comden does somewhat better, with something divine, slinky, and blue in the first act, but a red horror in the second act that turns her skin—and Green's almost-red necktie—into something vaguely bilious. **A Party**, which is what Comden and Green have called their entertainment currently at the Morosco, looks more like a Sunday brunch after a particularly long Saturday night. But that just proves how little looks matter, because *A Party* also happens to be the most endearing "new" piece of musical entertainment to hit Broadway this season.

I have to put that "new" in quotes, of course, because the show is nothing more than a retrospective of two long and glorious careers—as song lyricists primarily, with a little in-person song-and-dance work thrown in—that have been interlinked in the theater for nigh on to four decades. Basically, the show is of the "and then we wrote" persuasion, which is not my favorite art form. What saves it this time, however, is the easy charm of the presentation—that and the material itself.

The best of their work embraces, in a sense, the rise and fall of a kind of show-biz sassiness that has by now, alas, virtually ceased to exist. It is a New York–Jewish nervousness, fed to some extent by the *Zeitgeist* of their particular generation—an edgy, overeducated iconoclasm with its roots at home, in the dissolution of traditional family mores, in the frantic need of that generation to parade the education that its forebears had overextended themselves to provide. The playing around with words, the double-entendre games, the kicking to pieces of sacred cows—this is part of a New York ethos of the late thirties and forties, an abrasive, coruscating cultural language that filtered into many fields of expression but worked at its most elemental in the theater.

Leonard Bernstein is a part of that ethos, too, and his shadow loomed large in Comden and Green's early work—first as part of a skit-spinning team called The Revuers, who began life at the Village Vanguard and later made it to the Rainbow Room, and then in *On the Town* and *Wonderful Town* for Broadway. *A Party* includes some Revuers material; I wish it had included more, but that might have been difficult with only two people. (Judy Holliday, John Frank, and Alvin Hammer made up the rest of the group.) If you want to know more about that group (and you should, as homework for *A Party* and as a joy for yourselves), there's a record, available at Music Masters at 25 West 43rd Street, that includes their dazzling Hollywood satires, *The Girl With Two Left Feet* and *Joan Crawford Fan Club*. Bernstein is the pianist in both numbers and, while he has never 'fessed up to it, I suspect he wrote the music, too.

Anyhow, the particular joy of *A Party* is in the freshness, after anywhere up to 40 years, of Comden and Green's inventiveness, and of the music it inspired (by Bernstein, and also by Jule Styne at the height of his powers). I had forgotten, for example, what a deeply inventive score Comden, Green, and Bernstein had created for *Wonderful Town*, and was amused to learn that Rosalind Russell's tremendous song, "A Hundred Ways to Lose a Man," had taken its peculiar musical shape from that lady's workable singing range of four notes.

Everybody will have his own gripe at what has had to be left out to keep *A Party* to manageable length; my own list would include more Revuers stuff, more from the Green-Comden-Styne *Bells Are Ringing*, more from such forgotten minor shows as the 1947 *Bonanza Bound* (to Saul Chaplin's agreeable score), and maybe a little less from more recent shows, where the contemporary hang-ups dissonate a little harshly against the Comden-Green outlook.

Taken as a whole, however, *A Party* is a lot more than a supremely heady, classy entertainment. It is an excursion, conducted by qualified guides, into an era in American entertainment whose passing is rightfully mourned in most circles today. I love the easy, unforced manner of presentation these people bring to the stage. They have that rare gift of making you wish you knew them—not only as performers, but also as people.

Piaf, a Remembrance is a totally loathsome show, which had no business being brought into New York, and even less business trying to hold on, even in surroundings as unimposing as the Playhouse Theater. I would be perfectly happy with an evening of Piaf songs sung by Fischer-Dieskau or Beverly Sills, as artists in their own right dealing with somebody else's material. But I am appalled at the utter idiocy of an aging New Jersey housewife, Juliette Koka by name, trying to impersonate a great and cherishable artist only recently dead, lured by lamebrain producers into degrading herself and Piaf both by singing and acting out the gut quality of Piaf's own life in a dramatic format that would be laughed off Saturday-morning television.

Koka's wrinkles cannot pass for the ravaged Piaf, anymore than her catarrh can pass for the soulful growl of Piaf's singing. The show itself, concocted by someone named David Cohen, is further disfigured by an onstage band whose style and sound resemble Parisian café music the same way elevator Muzak resembles the Boston Symphony. ■

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Music

A TOUCH OF SING-SING 'MID THE SING-SONG

"...Try to imagine a Tanglewood night, with prison searchlights raking the skies..."

I have this tremendous idea for a movie plot. Humphrey Bogart is doing time in a big state prison somewhere out in the Berkshire Hills, and he busts out. After making his way, bleeding and exhausted, through the thick woods, he hears some wonderful music: a Mozart wind serenade, maybe, or some of Stockhausen's best tunes. Sure enough, there in the distance is a big music school, with orchestras rehearsing, lady violinists swimming topless in a lovely lake, composers splicing tapes. Next morning, after a night's sleep, Bogart makes his way to town, picks up a violin in a hockshop, steals a couple of Schirmer scores, and goes back to the music school, where he passes himself off as a student.

There he learns to play the violin from scratch, practicing day and night, except when he's out on a moonlight swim with a topless violinist who has written a big violin concerto that's to be the highlight of the last concert of the summer and who, unbeknownst to him, is also the daughter of the governor of the state. Just before the concert, however, the lady breaks her wrist and can't play. Now Bogart is in a fix. He's learned the concerto, but, of course, he can't show himself in public. But he's so in love with the girl that he goes on anyhow. The concerto is a huge hit, and the governor pardons Bogie on the spot. Fade in, fade out.

Now I have to tell you what started this little fantasy of mine, and I wish it were as whimsical as the movie it inspired. On Massachusetts Highway 183, just a few hundred yards south of the main entrance to Tanglewood, stands a complex of ugly red-brick buildings known as Shadowbrook, a Jesuit monastery until it was abandoned six or seven years ago. A bill now in the Massachusetts State Legislature would empower Governor Michael Dukakis to acquire Shadowbrook for conversion into a medium-security state prison. Anyone who loves that part of the world—which must include most residents, anyone who has been to Tanglewood or any of the dozens of cultural ventures that have sprouted in Tanglewood's orbit, or simply anyone who has eaten at Alice's Restaurant (a few yards uphill from 183)—is, understandably, up in arms.

Letters from enraged citizens to Governor Dukakis, written either as individuals or as members of the several ad hoc committees that have formed to fight this move, have been blandly rebuffed. Massachusetts needs more jails, the governor says, and Shadowbrook can be had for a lot less money than a new building would cost. Local boosters point to the increased jobs the prison would bring to the Lenox-Stockbridge area—although the number claimed, 120, can hardly balance the tax loss from decreased property values near the prison. The highway, which runs through lovely scenery, is two-lane for most of its length. If you've sat in traffic after a Tanglewood event, try to imagine, if you can, the added complication of a prison convoy on, say, a Sunday afternoon at five o'clock.

Then, try to imagine a few other things. A night on the Tanglewood lawn under the stars, with searchlights from the nearby prison raking the skies; sirens sounding at any time, day or night; further disruption on Route 183, as sewer and utility lines are installed to serve the facility. Tod Perry, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, isn't inclined to crack jokes about the situation, but he did wonder aloud to me as to what would happen if the orchestra scheduled the *1812 Overture* some night and the prison guards answered with gunfire.

It has always struck me as slightly ludicrous how the Berkshire municipalities, which owe so much to the proliferation of the arts in their area, have cooked up so many insane ways to harass these priceless resources. Not long ago it was Great Barrington, trying to kill the Aston Magna concerts with the accusation that "Baroque" is a form of "hootchy-kootch." Now the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, whose capital once took on the name of "Athens of America," has gotten into the act. The bill is being rushed through the legislature. I don't know what's to be done, but if this information strikes you as horrible in any way, Governor Dukakis (State House, Boston, Massachusetts 02133) is the man to inform.—**Alan Rich**

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The Underground Gourmet / Gertrude Snyder

OUT OF THE FIRE AND INTO THE FRYING PAN

It is a wonder that neither disaster nor lack of money has deterred Ms. Hisae Vilca, the remarkable owner of this new restaurant. The original Hisae's Place (reviewed in this space in the June 30, 1975, issue), a tiny establishment on Grove Street, was gutted by fire in July, 1976. The *new* **Hisae's Place** is located at 35 Cooper Square between 5th and 6th streets (228-6886), a T-square's distance from the Cooper Union. And thereby hangs a gutsy tale. Although Hisae had no fire insurance and was left with no income, within two days she had scouted a new site, raised $7,000 from five young employees, who became her partners, and was back in business.

The new premises had previously housed a typical lower–Third Avenue bar, and the bar itself is still on tap to provide a mirrored greeting as one enters the high, pressed-tin-ceilinged room with its dark-brown-wood trim and rafters, walls covered with burlap, brick, and painted tin, and easy mix of baskets, photos, posters, and mirrors. Lighting comes from suspended fixtures and filters through a skylight into the hidden kitchen, and live plants hang here and there. A huge wagon wheel lazes in the front window, and, farther back, customers wait for their tables in the incomparable ambience of a gas-flame fireplace, cozy sofa, low table, and chairs. Diners' conversations fill the room.

Hisae, who was born in Japan, has brought a personal feeling for food to the new restaurant. Its cuisine can be classified as Continental with Oriental overtones, and contains no chemicals, no MSG, no thickening, and very little butter. Where sweetening is needed, Hisae generally uses honey, not sugar. The meats and fish are fresh, and are broiled, boiled, or sautéed.

Hisae, her Peruvian-born husband, Juan, and their young crew work closely together, and their customers are not hurried or treated as one-night stands. Each dish is prepared to order, so dining must be leisurely. A basket of bread and crock of butter are automatically brought to the table, as is a hefty platter of raw and parboiled seasonal vegetables and bean sprouts, with a seasoned yogurt dip. Wise diners will not be fazed by the challenge of dipping bean sprouts: They will ask for chopsticks.

The menu is similar to that of Hisae's previous restaurant. Appetizers are generous, and range in price from $1.95 to $2.50 and in content from sautéed bean sprouts with nuts and raisins to a hot soup of the day (in winter). Author's choice is a platter of crunchy, sesame-seeded snow-pea pods in warm soy sauce ($2.95, when available), as ravishing as it sounds. Fresh vegetables are cooked only to a point and require active chewing—a textural experience. Veterans at the restaurant juggle the menu to order one appetizer for two, or share a main dish, at no extra charge.

Salads—tomato and onion, mixed greens, or spinach—range from $1.95 to $3.95. Again, they are shareable or —with dessert—enough for a meal.

The supper selections listed on the menu are supplemented by waiter-recited daily specials, which are seasonal. The other night, mussels were in season, from Rhode Island. Large, pink, and meaty, they were served in their own heady broth, and decorated with whole, peeled plum tomatoes, $3.95. Fresh flounder came to the table in two fish-length fillets, entirely covered with sliced mushrooms and in a gentle sauce mingling fish, mushroom, and lemon juices, $5.95.

Roast duck was served with a rich embellishment of plums and fresh figs flowing over a half-duck portion. The strong, meaty taste was underscored by a seasoning of ginger, orange, and pineapple, $6.95.

On a huge platter, eight jumbo shrimp, sautéed with Oriental vegetables—Chinese cabbage, bean sprouts, snow-pea pods, bok choy, and mushrooms—were served in a delicate white-wine sauce blending the flavors, $6.95.

Other supper selections range in price from $3.95 for sautéed chicken livers with mushrooms and onions to $7.95 for steak à la japonaise (filet mignon with shrimp and black mushrooms).

Desserts present a dare to even the most determined dieter. One makes a choice from a buffet-table offering that varies daily. There may be a key-lime pie, cherry tart, or chocolate cake, each arriving with a white shock of whipped cream. Author's choice is the bowl of chunks of fresh fruit, into which are stirred honey and brandy. Prices are $1.75 to $2.50.

In the former restaurant, customers brought their own wine. The new Hisae's Place takes pride in its wine list and, conscious of price, feels it offers quality California and French wines, from $1.25 for a glass to $5.95 for a bottle. House wine in carafe is available for $2.50 a half liter, $4.25 a liter.

Diners are loath to leave, so reservations are suggested. This doesn't mean immediate seating, just that your waiting time will be lessened.

The restaurant seats twelve at the bar, 65 at the twenty tables. Open Sunday through Thursday 5 P.M. to midnight, Friday and Saturday 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. Not open for lunch. ■

Food—good to excellent
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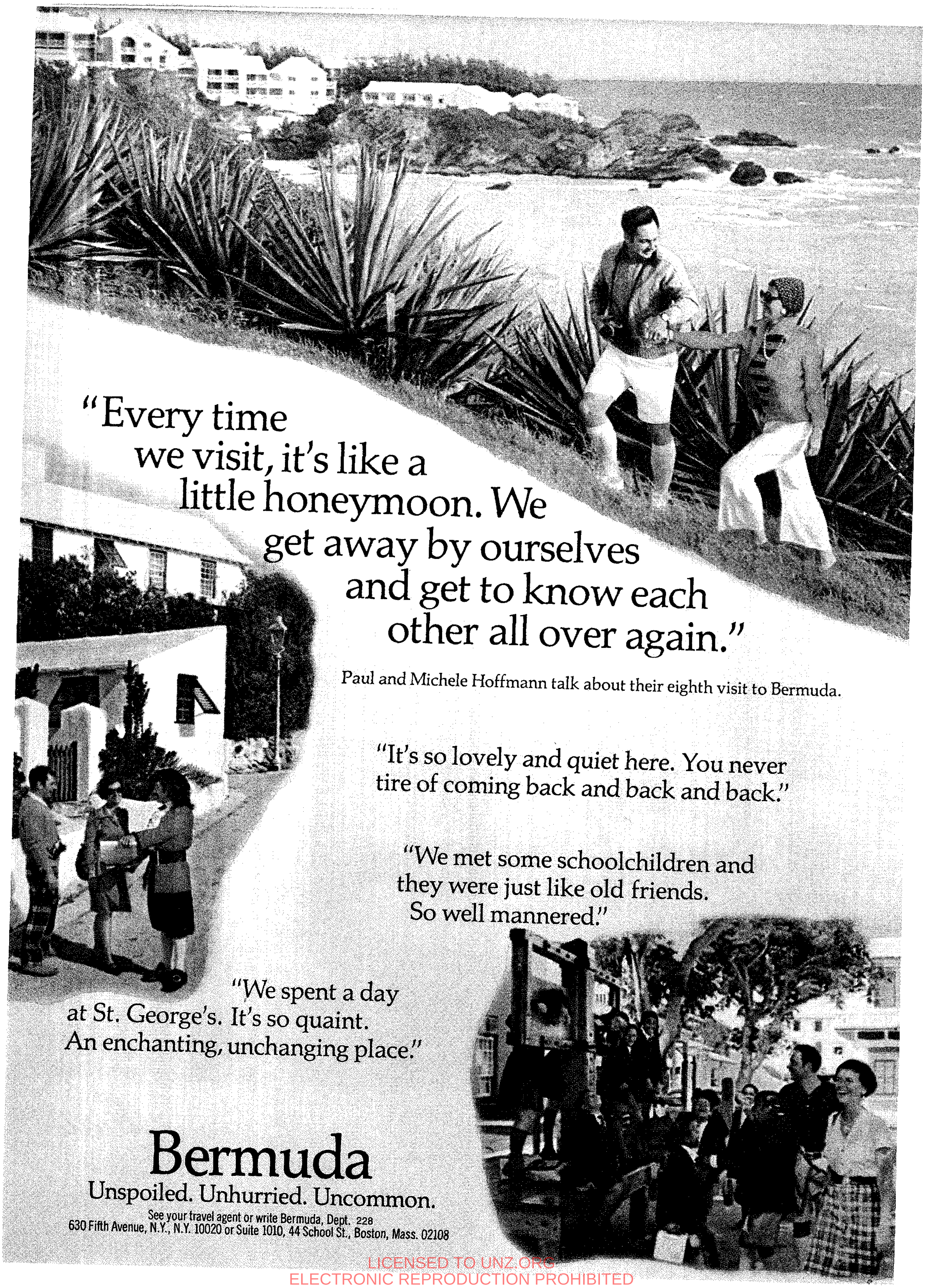

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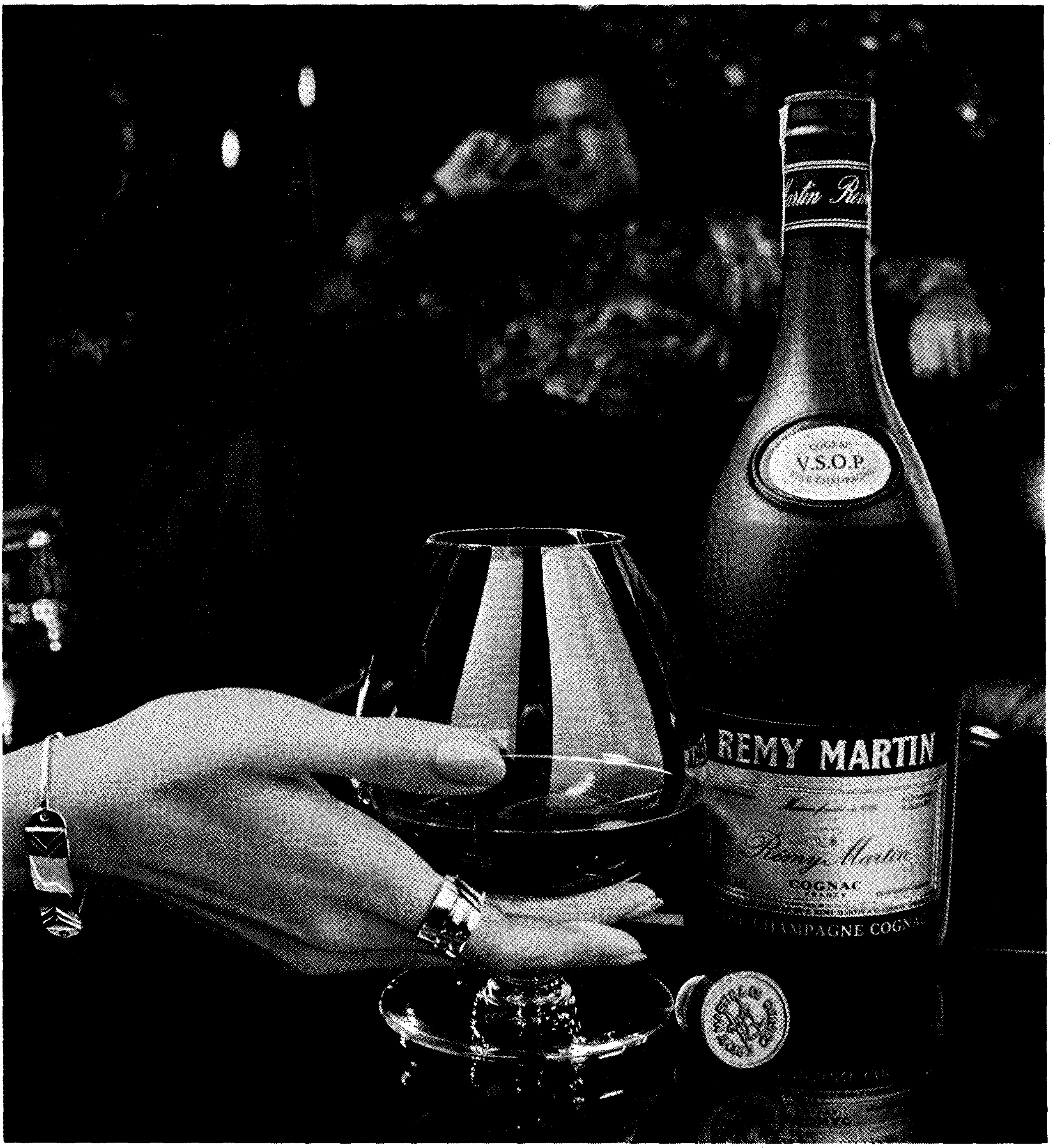

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LIVING AT THE BRINK OF DISASTER

"...Two upcoming programs make clear the helplessness of the average citizen when profit takes precedence over humanity..."

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You breathe. You eat a fish, drink the local water. Or, more exciting, you live near a nuclear power plant. Watch it! One of these days—sooner than God intended—you may look your last on all things lovely.

Two upcoming programs on WNET/13 pinpoint the hazards of nuclear accidents and pollution which, as everyday high risks go, may be the most terrifying. The painful problem is—as both programs make clear—the helplessness of the average citizen in a world where profit takes precedence over humanity.

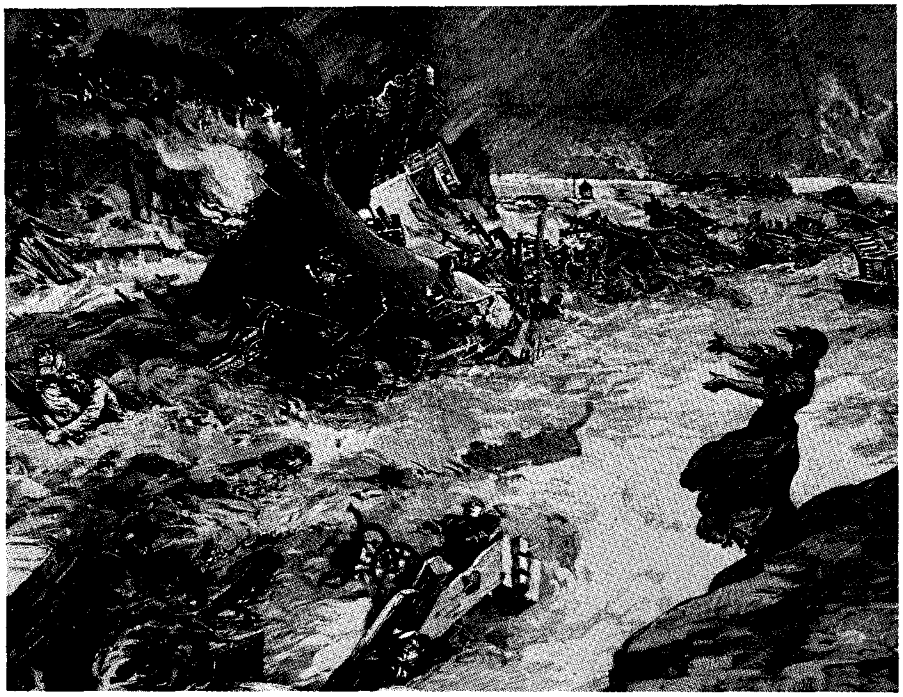
Incident at Brown's Ferry is Wednesday night's entry in the NOVA series (8 P.M.). It's a straight, solemn documentary, beginning with a description of what happened on the night of March 22, 1975, when a workman in the world's largest nuclear reactor, in Brown's Ferry, Alabama, checked for air leaks with a candle flame and touched off a wild, stubborn fire that burned for over seven hours, causing $150 million in damage. But oh, what that fire *might* have done!

Three thousand persons *could* have died immediately, says narrator Richard Kiley. Some 45,000 *could* have suffered radiation injuries. And 300,000 *could* have acquired long-term health problems, the script's euphemism for cancer and defective babies.

What this hour comes down to is an unresolved debate among several men of science — all of them familiar with the danger of nuclear reactors. Nobody's tone takes on the edge that warns, "Stop the Doomsday clock!" You wish, at times, for more anger, more passion.

Chief spokesman for the antinuclear bloc—for *life*, if you will—is Dr. Henry Kendall of MIT, founder of the Union of Concerned Scientists. In an academic way, he cares. "Nuclear power," he says, "is potentially the most hazardous thing we can incorporate into our society."

Dr. Linus Pauling, the aging Nobel laureate, agrees. But they meet a powerful adversary in Dr. Ralph Lapp. He says we are subject to more radiation by flying in a plane than by living near a nuclear plant. But he is assuming there will be no accident at the plant. We can assume nothing.



Professor Kendall assures us that the incident at Brown's Ferry was "a very close call." Had the circumstances been only "casually different," there could have been "a catastrophic release of radioactivity."

You wonder just how clever atomic scientists are when Fire Chief Artie Bumpus of Athens, Alabama—the nearest town to Brown's Ferry—makes a drawling cameo appearance. Perceiving that chemicals were not extinguishing the fire, he had a better idea: water. "It being the best extinguishing agent, we recommended that."

The scientists said no. Five hours later Chief Bumpus was allowed to turn on his hose. The fire was out in fifteen minutes. Sort of makes you wonder, doesn't it?

Since the fire, a sprinkler system has been installed at Brown's Ferry. The workmen who used to test for air leaks with a candle now use a feather. New York viewers will begin to wonder, early on, about Indian Point, Con Ed's nuclear power plant a few miles upstate. A government inspector quit his job in 1976, urging that the plant be closed down because "it's almost an accident waiting to happen."

Indian Point is still in operation.

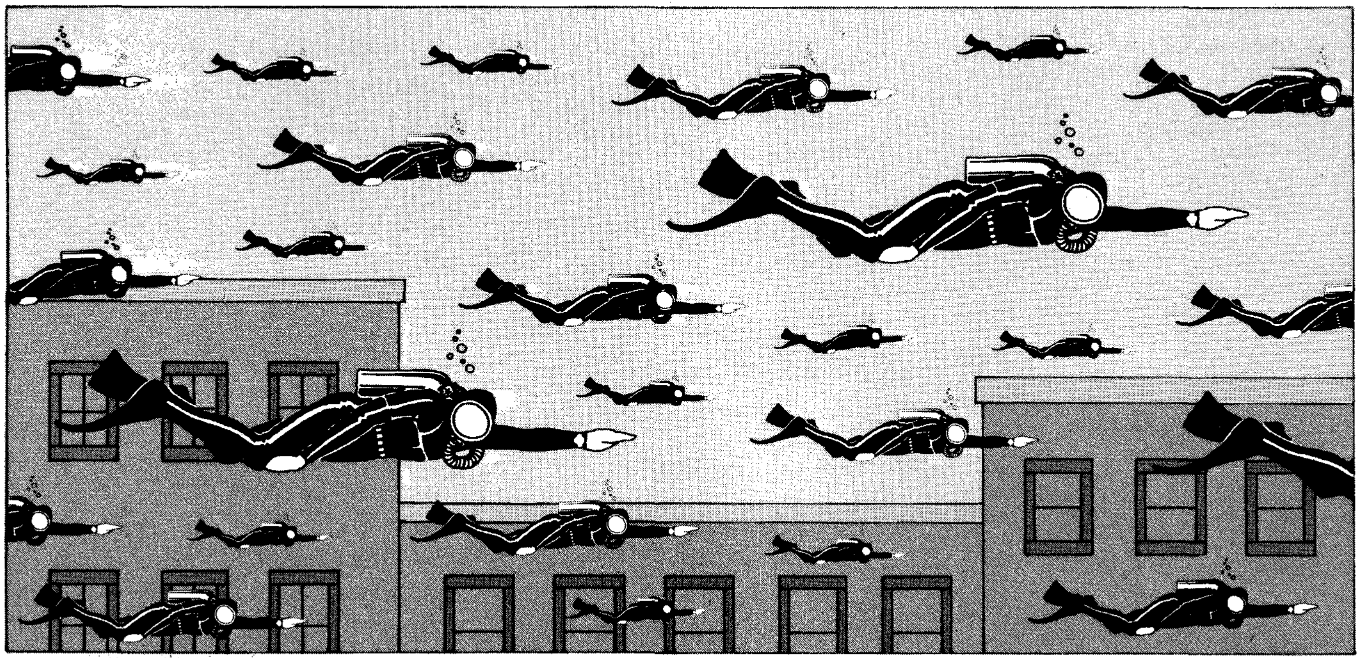
A new series with the awkward title **Cousteau: Oasis in Space** arrives Thursday evening at 9:30, also on WNET/13. Host Philippe Cousteau takes us to an Indian reserve in Canada where the waterways are poisoned by mercury refuse from a nearby paper plant. Some natives, whose lives depend on the fishing traffic, have developed the hideous symptoms of "Minamata disease." We are shown the awful sight of twisted babies, minds and bodies ruined by mercury, precisely as in the Japanese fishing village of Minamata.

Also in focus during this low-budget half hour is Silver Bay, Minnesota, where tons of asbestos tailings are dumped into Lake Superior every day. We hear doctors deploring the practice and urging that the nearby taconite plant be closed down. Then the workers say their piece. They prefer employment with pollution to unemployment without it. It's a desperate problem, with no solution in view. ■

Your Own Business / William Flanagan

WHERE TO TAKE THE PLUNGE

"... Diving has become convenient, safe, uncomplicated, and relatively cheap—more like bird-watching than beast-wrestling ..."



Scuba Do

There was a time when scuba diving connoted wrestling with sharks, squirming with squid, and wriggling free from giant clams. Alas, such days are gone. Most divers today know that diving is more like bird-watching than beast-wrestling. Wispy models now probe wrecks in 200 feet of water. Children dive. On a recent trip to Bonaire in the Caribbean, I met a 60-year-old Brooklyn grandmother who had just logged her thousandth hour underwater. So much for diving's macho value.

Even for the New Yorker, scuba has become so convenient, safe, uncomplicated, and relatively cheap that even this chickenhearted, lazy cheapskate has become a certified diver.

The **YMCA** has long been active in promoting diving, and many Y's offer training, including the following in the city: Central Queens, Eastern Queens, Flushing, Greenpoint, Harlem, Highland Park, McBurney, Prospect Park–Bay Ridge, Staten Island, Vanderbilt, West Side. Outside the city, check the phone book for the nearest Y. If it has a pool, it probably offers scuba instruction.

The basic Y course involves 36 hours of lectures and in-the-pool instruction, plus use of most equipment. Then you must take open-water dives, the location of which will vary according to the instructor and the season. If you take your course in winter, obviously you have to wait for warmer weather to become fully certified locally.

The period of instruction usually lasts a total of ten weeks and costs about $100, give or take $25. It varies from one Y to another and depends upon whether or not you are a Y member. You do not have to join a Y to take scuba instruction, however.

The **Aqua-Lung School of New York** (JU 2-2800), which uses the pool in the Hotel Sutton East (330 East 56th Street), is one of the oldest scuba facilities in the East. It is run by Ms. Frances Gaar, who has trained thousands of divers—including many women—and who once worked with Esther Williams. You need eight sessions to complete the course here, plus open-water dives, and the school will permit you to reschedule classes when business or other matters intervene. Cost of the basic course is $115, and that includes the use of all equipment. The Aqua-Lung School also offers advanced and instructor courses.

A note on certification: You must have certification to rent scuba gear and to use most scuba facilities. Depending upon your instructor's training, you will be given one of four certifications upon completion of a basic course—the National Association of Skin Diving Schools (NASDS), the National Association of Underwater Instructors (NAUI), the Professional Association of Diving Instructors (PADI), or the YMCA National Scuba Diving Program. All have slightly different requirements, but which one is best is largely a matter of debate. As with any instruction, the quality of your training depends mostly upon the instructor who gives it to you.

Quickie resort courses, which you can take at many places in the Caribbean, have value only where you take them. You cannot go to another resort and dive without instructions. If you are qualified to dive at a Club Méditerranée, by the way, that certification is recognized only at another Club Med.

Dive shops in and around the city can also arrange for you to get certified. Smack in midtown, **World Wide Divers**

Illustrated by Robert Conrad

(155 East 55th Street, 688-2510) sells, rents, and repairs equipment, fills air tanks, has a travel agency, books special scuba trips, and even owns the Habitat, a hotel in Bonaire. (Bonaire, just off the coast of Venezuela, is to divers what Aspen is to skiers.) World Wide's special packages to Bonaire, including accommodations, free diving, transportation, and meals, run about $539 for an eight-day stay; other packages are available. World Wide's basic scuba course costs $150, which includes the use of equipment. Semiprivate lessons (four students) are $265. Private lessons run $300. Currently, lessons are conducted in the Excelsior Club pool and at the Bellevue Hospital pool.

World Wide, like some other accrediting facilities, can usually arrange for you to take your open-water dives wherever you want. If you are heading for a vacation in the islands, for example, you can take all your instruction here. Your instructor will give you a letter to present to the dive-shop operator where you are going, and a local instructor will supervise your open-water dives. "In the winter, about half our students take their open-water dives in Florida, the Caymans, St. Thomas, or Bonaire," says John Thomas, president of World Wide.

Atlantis Divers World (500 Sixth Avenue, 242-1786) opened last May in the West Village and now runs basic and advanced courses and plans to add an underwater-photography course next summer. The 35-hour basic course will cost $80 as of April, not including the open-water dives. Atlantis also co-owns the Star Island Plantation, a resort in Montauk, and if you take your open-water dives there, the cost is $115 for the weekend's diving, including meals and room. If you are already certified, you can pick up advanced certification at Star Island by staying two consecutive weekends, making eight dives, and attending lectures. Total cost is $250.

In the city, Atlantis uses the pools at the Paradise Health Spa and the Henry Hudson Hotel Health Spa.

Central Skindivers has two shops, one in Jamaica, Queens (160-09 Jamaica Avenue, 739-5772), and the other in Bellemore, Long Island (2608 Merrick Road, 516-826-8888). It is the largest diving facility in the metropolitan area and offers classes in basic and advanced diving, underwater photography, and instructor certification. The basic course is $70. Classes are held in the pool at the Bellemore shop. Open-water dives are $20 each.

Central even has its own dive boat, a 59-footer which takes divers out from Freeport on weekends when weather permits. Those dives run $15 to $25.

In the Bronx, **Cougar Sport** (3470 Webster Avenue, 881-5636) runs the Skin Diving School of New York, besides selling and servicing equipment and filling tanks. Cost for the basic course offered is $130, which includes the cost of most equipment and open-water dives. The school uses local YMCA pools for instruction.

Kings County Divers (3040 Avenue U, 648-9897) in Brooklyn is a full-service dive shop. Its basic course is $69, plus $65 for the three open-water dives. Kings County will also give you a $50 resort course.

Brooklyn Divers (2917 Avenue I, 377-9461) offers two kinds of courses, besides being a full-time dive shop. The 32-hour basic course runs $115, including charter-boat fees for the open-water dives. Brooklyn Divers also offers an open-water course, which involves 42 hours of lectures and pool time, five open-water dives, and an optional night dive. That costs $150 and is strongly recommended by the management if you plan to do most of your diving in waters around New York.

Some notes on equipment and costs: Many teaching facilities insist that you have your own mask, fins, and snorkel, at least by the third lesson. That equipment will run $40 to $80, depending on type, discounts, etc.

All other equipment is usually provided while you are taking instructions and can be rented thereafter. For safety and comfort reasons, however, many divers buy their own buoyancy compensators (which allow you to control your buoyancy underwater). They can run $40 to $225 or more. Many divers also buy their own regulators (the mouthpiece and hose contraptions that connect to the air tanks).

Additional equipment is usually available for rent at most diving stations. But if you want to buy your own tank, backpack, full wet suit, weight belt, gauges, and whatnot, expect to lay out a total of $600 or more.

It's wise for novice divers to wait until they are convinced they will keep up with the sport before making those kinds of investments.

Where to dive? There are many divers in and around New York who take their training here and never wet a fin anywhere else except in the azure waters of the Caribbean.

But there are others who find the local waters exciting and rewarding. There are many wrecks along the Jersey coast, off the south shore of Long Island, and off Rhode Island—from warships to submarines to pleasure boats. And the local marine life—lobsters, striped bass, bluefish, sharks, crabs—is abundant. ■

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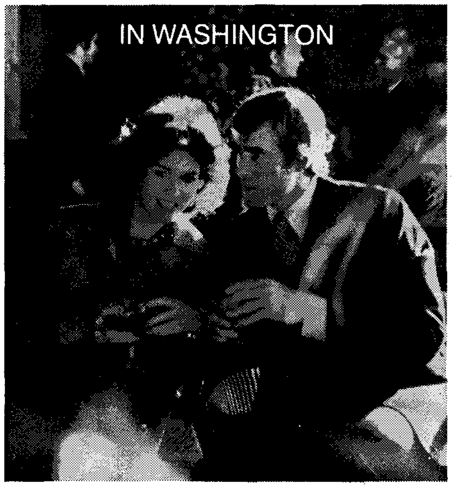

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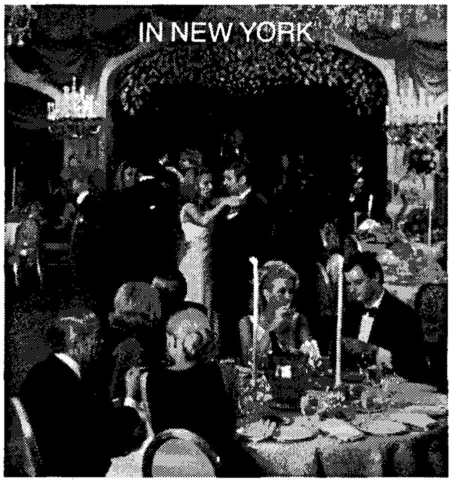

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Women's clothing—This sale reduces a large group of fall, winter, holiday, and even some resort clothing by 50 percent (last season's resort things are up to 75 percent off and begin as low as $10.95). Morris Moskowitz belts, were $15–$30, now $7.50–$15; Jones New York wool-knit skirt in black, brown, or navy, was $48, now $24; Ellen Tracy patch-pocket unlined blazer, was $54, now $27, etc. (and some nice one-of-a-kind pickings at lower prices); sizes 4–14. One-of-a-kind pairs of shoes are being offered at $10.95; other fall shoes are reduced 50 percent, and boots, 25–50 percent. An early-spring special: Peasant Dreams flat-heel, open-toe lace-up espadrilles in a wide range of colors, were $25, now $15; sizes 5½–10. American Express, BankAmericard, Master Charge. All sales final. *Creations 'n' Things, 265 West 72nd St. (724-8800); Mon.–Sat. 10:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sun. (for sale only) noon–5 p.m.; thru 2/27.*

Tut, Tut—If you go to Washington, D.C., to visit the King Tut treasures at the National Gallery, it will cost you $27.50 per person—minimum—for double occupancy at the Hay-Adams Hotel for 1 night, plus $26.50 for round-trip bus fare. The Islanders', a travel/service club, is running a Sat.–Sun. Tutankhamen Weekend, which includes Continental breakfast on the bus going, drinks later, 1 night at the Hay-Adams ($15 additional for singles), shuttle service to the museums on the mall, snacks and drinks on the bus back, and the bus trip, as well as a special club membership, all for $65 each, including tax. Once in Washington you're on your own, and the exhibit lines are *lonnng. The Islanders' Club (679-5810); weekends thru 3/12.*

Jewelry—Several hundred pieces of the handsomest, most imaginative contemporary jewelry in town are reduced 20–50 percent at this mezzanine gallery. Everything is handmade, artist-created; most pieces are signed and one-of-a-kind. Gold pieces, some set with gems, are reduced 20–30 percent, silver pieces, 30–50 percent: a 10-karat-gold-and-sterling-silver modern link bracelet, was $375, now $262.50; heavy contemporary silver buckle set with picture jasper, was $125, now $75; gold, silver, and ivory pendant, was $550, now $330; painted scrimshaw Chinese dragon pendant mounted in silver, was $154, now $77; silver or gold rings, some set with jasper, lapis, malachite, etc., were $18–$400, now $9–$200; gold or silver earrings, were $22–$150, now $11–$75. All major credit cards, checks accepted. Exchanges made. *Aaron Faber, 578 Fifth Ave. at 47th St. (575-8035); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; thru 3/26.*

Mexican sweaters—A 4-day warehouse sale of heavy Mexican sweaters, wrap style, offers a wide range of colors and patterns, from traditional Greek key motifs to geometrics to brights, all at prices considerably below retail. Wool blends are $19; Greek keys in colors, $27.50; fancy geometrics, $30; alpaca cable-stitch wraps in solid neutral colors, $25; sizes small to extra large. Cash only; all sales final. *Yummy, 213 West 40th St., second-floor loft (221-3091); 2/26–27, 3/5–6 only, 10 a.m.–4 p.m.*

Café olé!—As coffee prices soar skyward everywhere else, they're falling at Zabar's, for 5 days only. French-Italian roast, Colombian, and Kenyan, were up to $3.79 a lb., now $2.98; 2 highly regarded Jamaican coffees exclusive to Zabar's are also reduced: Jamaica High Mountain, was $3.98 a lb., now $3.49; Jamaica Blue Mountain, was $5.50, now $4.50. Also, a Melitta 4-cup coffee maker packed with a 1-lb. tin of Melitta coffee and 10 filters (usually $4.98 for the maker, $3.59 for the coffee), now $5.98 for both. *Zabar's, 2245 Broadway at 80th St. (787-2000); Mon.–Thurs. 8 a.m.–7:30 p.m., Fri. 8 a.m.–10 p.m.; Mon.–Fri. 2/21–25 only.*

Free haircuts—The latest hairstyles for women are being professionally cut here, free of charge, Mon.–Thurs. at varying times of the day. Do not phone for an appointment; instead, you must go there in person during working hours. The staff will look at your hair to check its suitability for styling and show you the choice of styles. You select one, then get your appointment. The premises are bright, clean, and efficient. About 300 women are selected every week; everyone with the same appointment is cut and styled simultaneously, so there is no waiting your turn. *Hair Fashion Development Center, 666 Fifth Ave., fourteenth floor (397-6580); Mon.–Thurs. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.* ■

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

We Interrupt This Magazine

We interrupt this magazine to tell you about *New York,* tell you who we are.

We think we're a little more curious than most. More lling to dig deep into life and come back with informa- n that may sometimes shock, infuriate, or embarrass u — but will always enlighten and entertain you.

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We tell you how people are rediscovering the power in eir bodies — through everything from jogging to "out- -body" experiences.

And we tell you about the return of barter — William lanagan says the tax people are nervous but you can ofit.

In short, *New York* helps you get more out of every rt of life.

Gael Greene (restaurants) and Alex Bespaloff (wine) ve taste buds educated to a fare-thee-well. John Simon (movies) and Thomas Hess (art) have unblinking eyes for the good — and the bad.

Alan Rich (classical music) and Nik Cohn (pop music) have ears undeafened despite too many amps. And Dan Dorfman (finance) has steady fingers on Wall Street's sometimes unsteady pulse.

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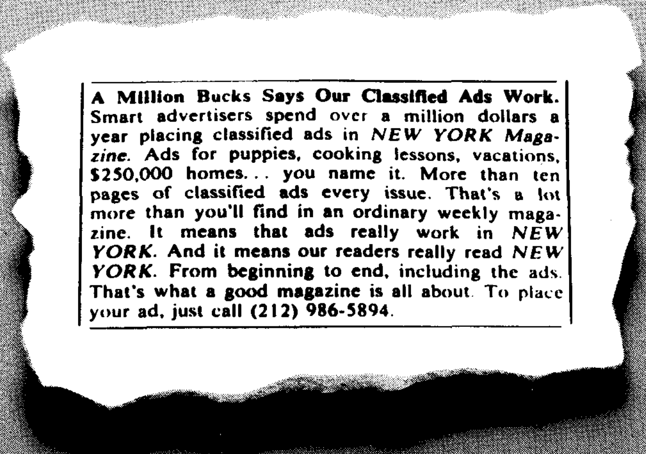

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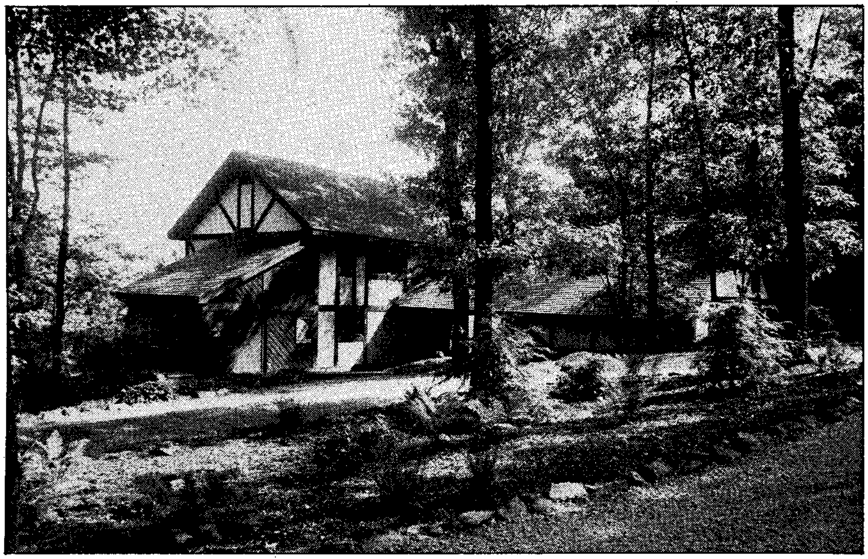

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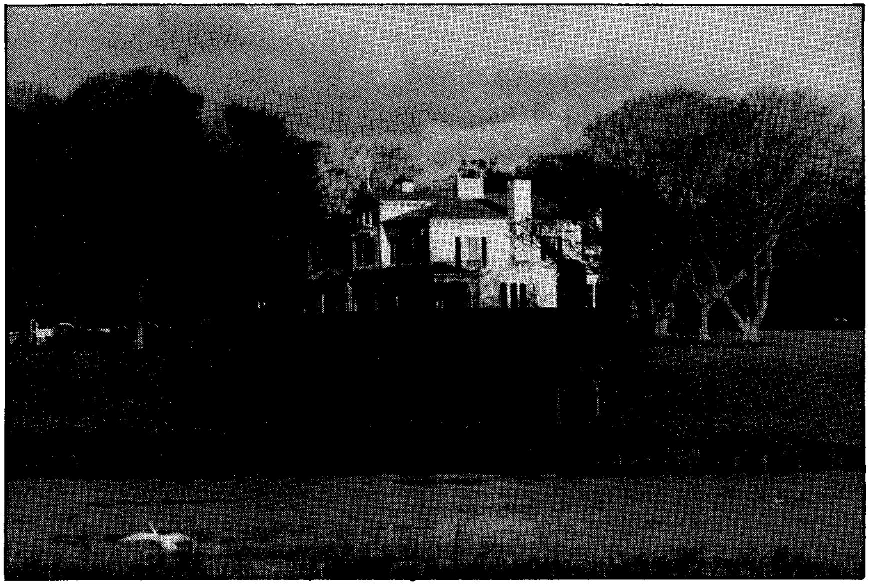

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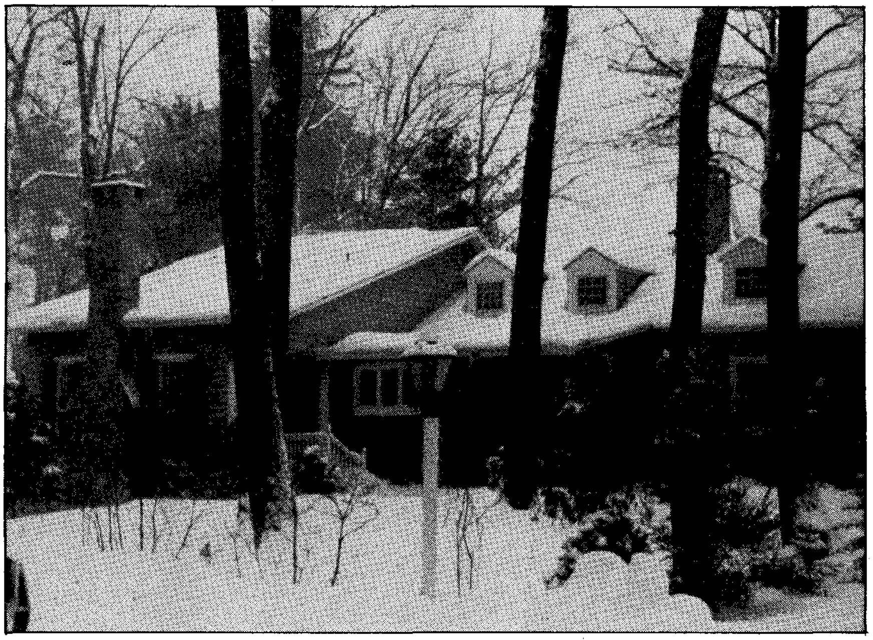

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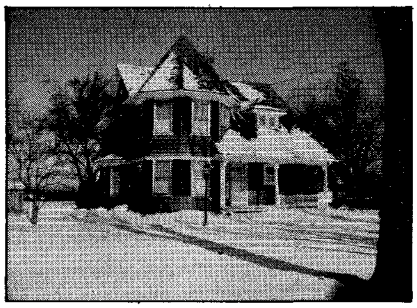

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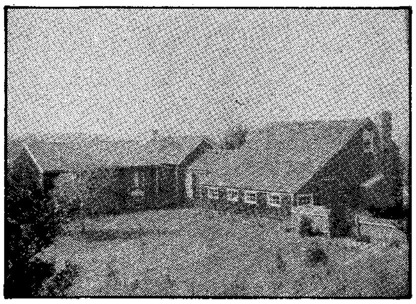

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 278

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

NOAH S. DE WINTER—Malcontent son of Rebecca and Max.

KNEE-HIGH MEYER PURSEOFF—Midget Israeli pickpocket.

Above, Messiah's Handles. Competitors are invited to invent one name/description based on the mangled version of a familiar name or phrase.

Results of Competition 275, in which you were asked for the opening two sentences of a bad book: the first flavorful, the second deflating.

Report: The high cost of deflation included adroitly rotten writing, sexism, racism, and a soupçon of enviable bad taste. A day like all days. Many variations on "Call me Ishmael." Also, amorous letdowns, lust in the sandbox, Fear of Dentist and Love of Pet. Ye are wondrous strong, yet lovely in your strength, as is the light . . . have a Sealy Posturepedic morning.

First Prize of "The Songs of Bob Dylan From 1966 Through 1975" (Knopf) to:

Fay was just the type of dame that drives chumps like me crazy—tall and sleek, with liquid gray eyes, lush red lips, a soft, smoky voice, and long, silken, honey-blond hair that gracefully clung to her supple, tan shoulders. But, of course, that was before the accident.

Neal Leader, Norman, Okla.
sp. mention: Ellen Hopkins, Williamstown, Mass.

Morning light cascaded over the porcelain roof tiles on the Imperial Palace at Peking, filtered in through the inlaid lattices of the Audience Hall, and bathed the Dragon Throne in the soft shimmer of early day. Then, in ran the little yellow people on tiny feet, all talking funny.

Elizabeth Happy, Kansas City, Mo.

The great army waited: Duke Robert, The Fearless; Duke Rollo of Brittany; Hugh of Montrose; Roger de Montgomery; Guy of Amiens; The Count of Flanders, he of the noble mien, his barons and housecarls; many true knights; brave rustics in leather jerkins— all waited in the dusk of St. Martin's Day for the king's call to arms. Then a guy in a real nice suit got up and said, "Ahem, ahem, er, let's go."

Jack Ryan, NYC

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

Tangier: hooded, ophidian eyes regarding one from the baleful darkness of beaded entryways; an ineffable sense of menace, present even in the unidentified smells that assault the nostrils, and in the strangled, glottal obligato of the muezzin calling the faithful through labyrinthine fly-spattered streets to prayer. "Eeeeee," squealed Kiki Westhoving, flinging one of the Tangier Hilton's whitest pillows at Muff and Binky, her roommates from Miss Porter's, "it's *marvy!!*"

Alex Vaughn, Old Lyme, Conn.

The sea churned and salt spray pooped the foredecks, soaking the mizzen; while sailors scrambled up the rigging, the first matey yelled, "Make ready all battens!" from the brass wheelhouse: The *Sea Lily* hove to, spars creaking, while maelstroms whirled about and boiling black waves broke over the bowsprit. "Looks like a storm," said Blind Hank.

David Ambos, Amherst, Mass.

The black limousine pulled up in front of the large house with the high iron fence, and out stepped a small man in a somber black suit who had been sent to deliver an important message to Don Genovese. "Are you home, Donald?" he shouted as he knocked on the front door.

Richard Fried, Brooklyn

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a large fortune must be in want of a wife. Unless he's gay.

Mimi Cozzens, Hollywood, Calif.
sp. mention: Ellen Conford, Massapequa, N.Y.

And Honorable Mention to:

Telling a tale, it is paramount for the first sentence to expose as much as possible of one's charisma by capturing it in a flavorful flight of words. Win a few, lose a few.

Jay Dantry, Pittsburgh, Pa.

She opened the door slowly and, as the white winter light filled the entrance hall, her mind raced back to another time when this narrow corridor was filled with galoshes, canoe paddles, polo mallets, tennis sweaters, picnic hampers, and other mementos of a childhood that now, she alone had survived. "I bet I can get a hundred thou for this place," she thought to herself.

Arthur Weller, Interlaken, N.J.
sp. mention: David H. Bernstein, Brooklyn

"Every man owns a corner of history," was the gist of the legacy which El Gran Señor de Barcelona, my father, left hidden in the hilt of his *hidalgo*'s rapier. I did not find it.

Thomas C. Rosica, NYC
sp. mention: Peter S. Brown, Bangor, Me.

The first time I gazed upon Jennifer, her mysterious and exquisitely, achingly beautiful face was bathed in an eerie, misty light. The maid invariably forgets to dust the bulbs in the entrance way.

Dan Williams, NYC

Once upon a time there lived a Mother Bunny who had three little bunnies who were very good bunnies, and one little bunny who was a very bad bunny indeed. Betsy Bunny was good because she always washed her ears, and Bambi Bunny was good because she always did as she was told, and Bobby Bunny was good because he always remembered his manners, but Benjy Bunny was a bad, bad bunny because he picked his nose.

Nancy Dickinson, Waterford, Conn.
sp. mention: Thos. Van Steenbergh, Bergenfield, N.J.

Last night I dreamt of Manderwyck. This morning when I woke it seemed silly.

Ira Avery, Stamford, Conn.

Young Martina Levesque peered through the window of the clattering stagecoach at her looming journey's-end—isolated, mist-shrouded Chateau Grave, Breton residence of the mysterious Chandeliere family: brilliant, brooding St. Juste Chandeliere, stalker of Pasteur's reputation; his elegant, epileptic wife, Chesley; and their young ones—Martina's unmet charges—Jacques and Jacqueline, of whom there were only dark whispers. "Hurry, *mes chevaux*," quietly urged Martina, who had to go tee-tee.

John Hofer, Southboro, Mass.

"Only a mind like Jorgensen's," thought Sir Wilfred, "an intellect choked by its own near-Kierkegaardian enigmas, could have brought such disgrace to the traditions of the Academy. Boy, am I upset."

Fred J. Abbate, Moorestown, N.J.

As Farris adjusted his specially tailored cashmere jacket over the kid-leather shoulder holster, he looked into the mirror and liked what looked back—brown, gold-flecked eyes set deep in a handsome face, all crowning a six-foot-two frame that had the chicks talking to themselves. Now, he thought, as he dialed the phone, if only dad can let me have the car tonight.

David Kritchevsky, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

His first memories of childhood were of

long, lazy walks with his mother in her garden, where tarragon, sweet basil, chives, rosemary, mint, mustard, and a salt lick for the wild animals all tumbled in gay profusion. But he was leaving that sheltered life behind him now, and her sturdy little body was becoming smaller and smaller as she waved to him crying, "Come down from that balloon, Herb, you're breaking your mother's heart."
Joanie Rogers, Snowmass, Colo.

At about noon Long Arrow changed his stride from the tireless lope that had carried him 30 miles since sunup to a lung-bursting sprint. "O Wind Kachina," he gasped, as his rock-thewed legs pumped pistonlike and his feet drummed the baked plains earth, "make my speed as the wild stallion's or I shall be late for din-din."
Susan Burfoot, New London, Conn.

John Walker was, in every sense of the word, a winner: Phi Beta Kappa and football all-American; self-made millionaire by the age of 30; presidential adviser and confidant; international sportsman; the lover of several of the world's most renowned beauties. But now he had been rendered impotent by death.
J. M. Riordan, Laguna Beach, Calif.

"Before we set off on this expedition across unknown territory," said the gray-haired man, peering from beneath his broad-brimmed hat, "I want you to know that we'll meet up with Indians and grizzly bears and ferocious heat and killing cold—folks, it ain't gonna be no picnic!" Fifteen of the twenty-two wagons pulled out of line and started heading back East.
Paul Skaggs, River Edge, N.J.

"The study of nicotinic acids and their various stains on the human epidermis is an oft-neglected area of scrutiny," remarked my illustrious friend Sherlock Holmes after breakfast one morning in November, "yet I fancy that it is precisely that particular phenomenon that will lead us to unravel this baffling matter of Lady Hartescue and the seven golden prune pits." To which I replied, "Who cares, Hockey Puck?"
Ken Olfson, Los Angeles, Calif.

Five women murdered, all in their twenties, all with the first name of Belinda, all strangled with a navy-blue stocking. It's a good thing he transferred from homicide to robbery, thought Lieutenant Daton as he threw down the newspaper, or he would have had the inglorious task of tracking down yet another crackpot.
Teresa Gerbers, Glenmont, N.Y.

The sunlight squeezed its way through the dense foliage of the thicket of trees surrounding the pond, danced shimmeringly along the ripples on the surface, and alternately caressed and abandoned the tall figure strolling slowly and silently through the grove. Jackson Smith stroked his chin reflectively and pondered the futility of training frogs.
Charles G. Sonnen, Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Across the dimly lit lounge she stared, captivated, at the face of a once-beautiful woman, a face not etched by time or disappointments but molded by experience, a face which, by displaying the knowledge it had acquired, unknowingly mocked the ignorance of her own countenance. She stood up, and the face across the lounge in the mirror rose with her.
Scott Burnham, NYC

In the village the urchins jigged and suckled treacle humbugs: Lacking the delicacy to reseal the grave which yawned in the miasmal moonlight, a pair of slack-jawed miscreants, Messrs. Burke and Hare, trundled their creaking barrow through the bat-befouled churchyard to deliver to their surgical customer for the sum of ten pounds, ought and six, a grisly commodity. It chanced to be the bloated cadaver of a certain Millicent ("Muffy") Hays.
Albert G. Miller, NYC

Months of diligent, often frantic, digging, probing, snooping, investigating—even a bit of palm-greasing—and finally I had enough information to nail both the speaker and governor on kickback charges on the front page of my newspaper, the *Record*. Here's how the *Knickerbocker News* scooped me.
Eric Freedman, Averill Park, N.Y.

The townspeople had tried to burn down the cathedral twice; they had tried flooding and bombing, and finally desperate night-long praying for a miracle that would take the evil building from their town as abruptly as it had appeared. But Douglas, the magic duck, was determined not to reroute his home until he had made at least two new friends.
Caroline Leavitt, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The whole sky was bathed in a terrible light as the firestorm instantly leveled giant office buildings, sudden huge fissures swallowed whole city blocks, the tortured earth writhed in its terrible agony, and radioactive ash covered the now-silent countryside. All Rio was asking: Could young Francisco de Rosas overcome his playboy image?
Physics Bldg, SUNY, Albany, N.Y.

Some stood, some sat, but most knelt in silent prayer in the hushed locker room. "O.K., guys," our quarterback yelled, "let's go out there and show them this is a given day."
Richard Hafey, Morningdale, Mass.

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 278, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by March 4. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive a two-year subscription to *New York* and runners-up will receive a one-year subscription. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of March 28. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. Postcards, please.

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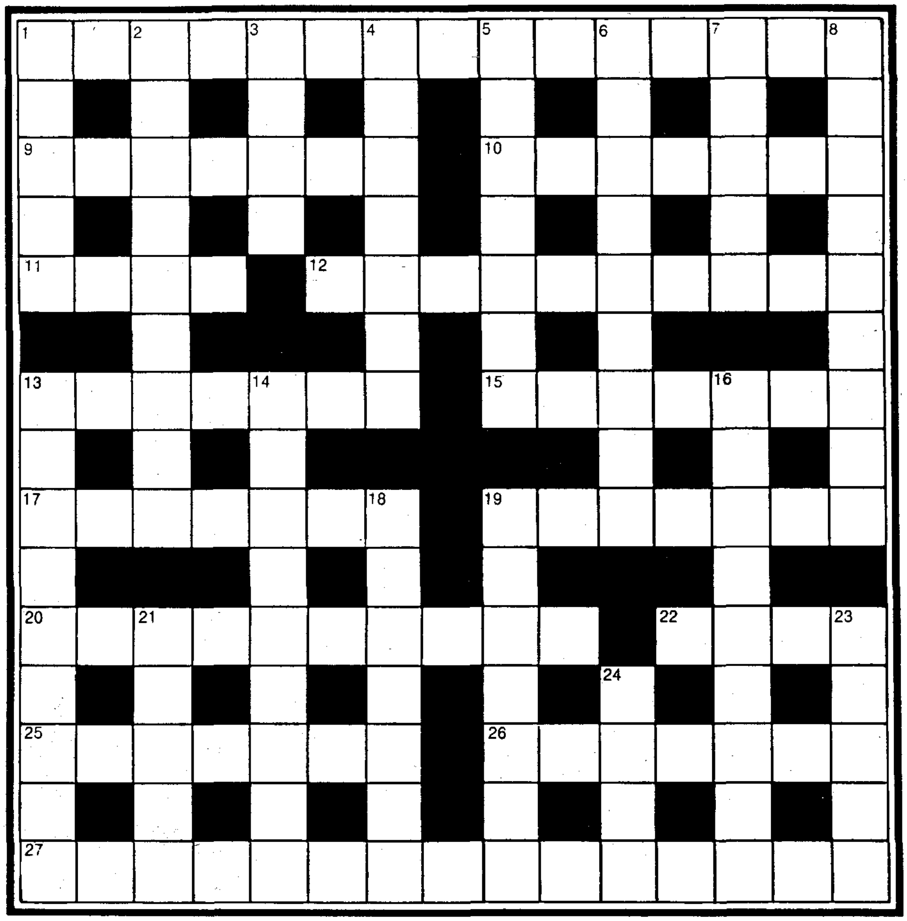

Solution To Last Issue's Puzzle.

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Clues

ACROSS

1 One per cent for a girl in confinement? (5, 2, 3, 5)

9 Man ails when turned into other creatures. (7)

10 Labourers in the back rank know about a large number. (7)

11 Nymph among the chosen few. (4)

12 Test a girl for the source. (10)

13 Heraldic animal which is one not frequently found in the fifties. (7)

15 See liar reforming to appreciate truth. (7)

17 Bottles for an artist in restaurants. (7)

19 Greeks who go into trances. (7)

20 The saint is corrupted to become the exact opposite. (10)

22 Port is what is put in the bottle. (4)

25 Endanger a beard with a cut out. (7)

26 State of a priest without a degree. (7)

27 Close contest for people repeatedly making love? (4, 3, 4, 4)

DOWN

1 Talk foolishly although right in the head. (5)

2 Fellow-citizen who makes the hour begin badly. (9)

3 Period of my early childhood. (4)

4 The opening would be of a different sort if nothing were missing. (7)

5 Nevertheless we come in to do what a bird does. (7)

6 Boy holding a periodic payment for paternity. (9)

7 Deprive of fortitude by beheading a criminal. (5)

8 Stupidity in five hundred and eight points. (9)

13 To play at being embraced by an animal is a mother's experience. (9)

14 Where to eat when there is a celebration in the old country. (9)

16 "His ——— adjusted her garter" (Flanders). (9)

18 A woman commanded about fifty and attacked with explosives. (7)

19 After an award I deal out punishment as a trick. (7)

21 The subject would have to choose if the king came afterwards. (5)

23 "I spy a ——— in drinking" (Scott). (5)

24 Part of tree used for ship. (4)

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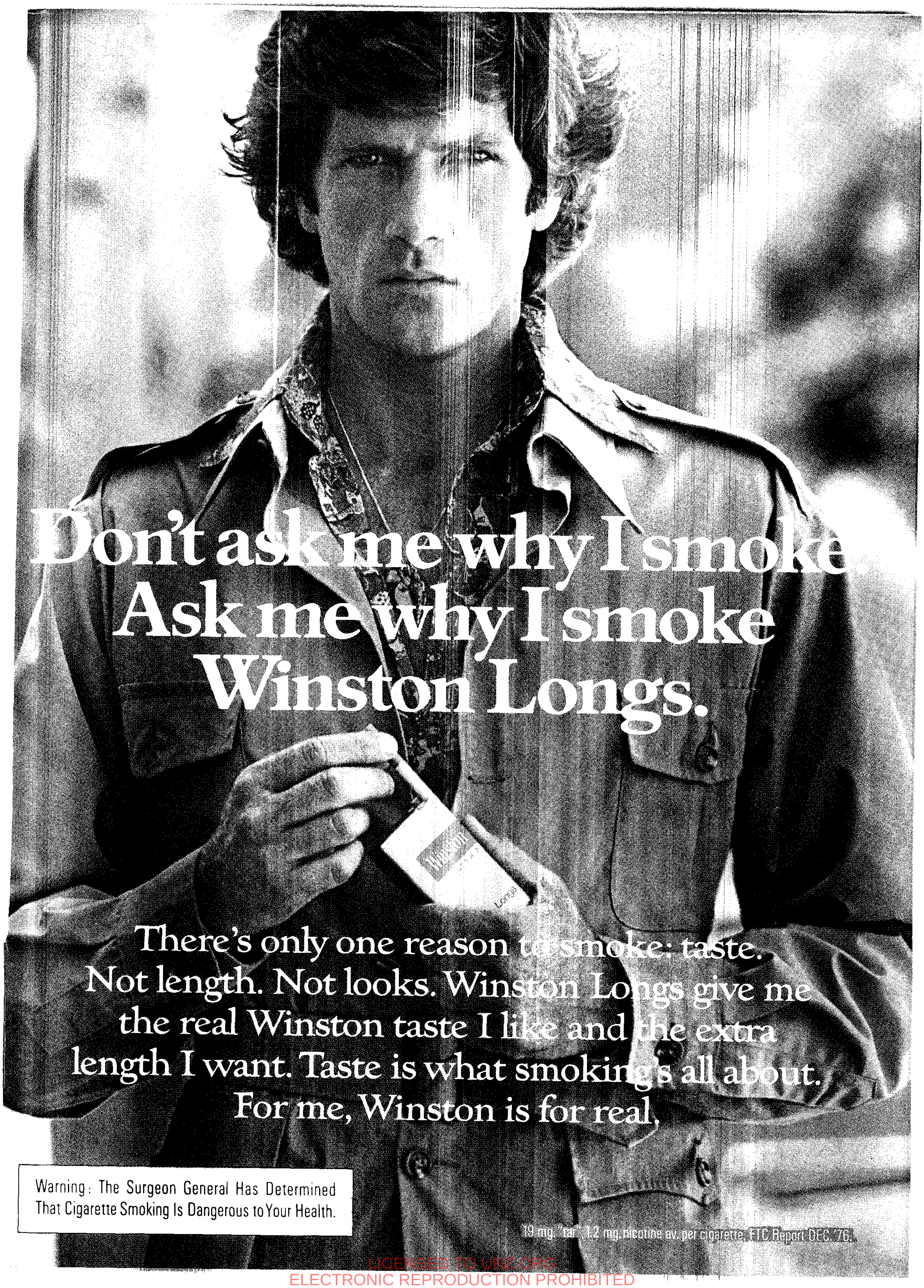

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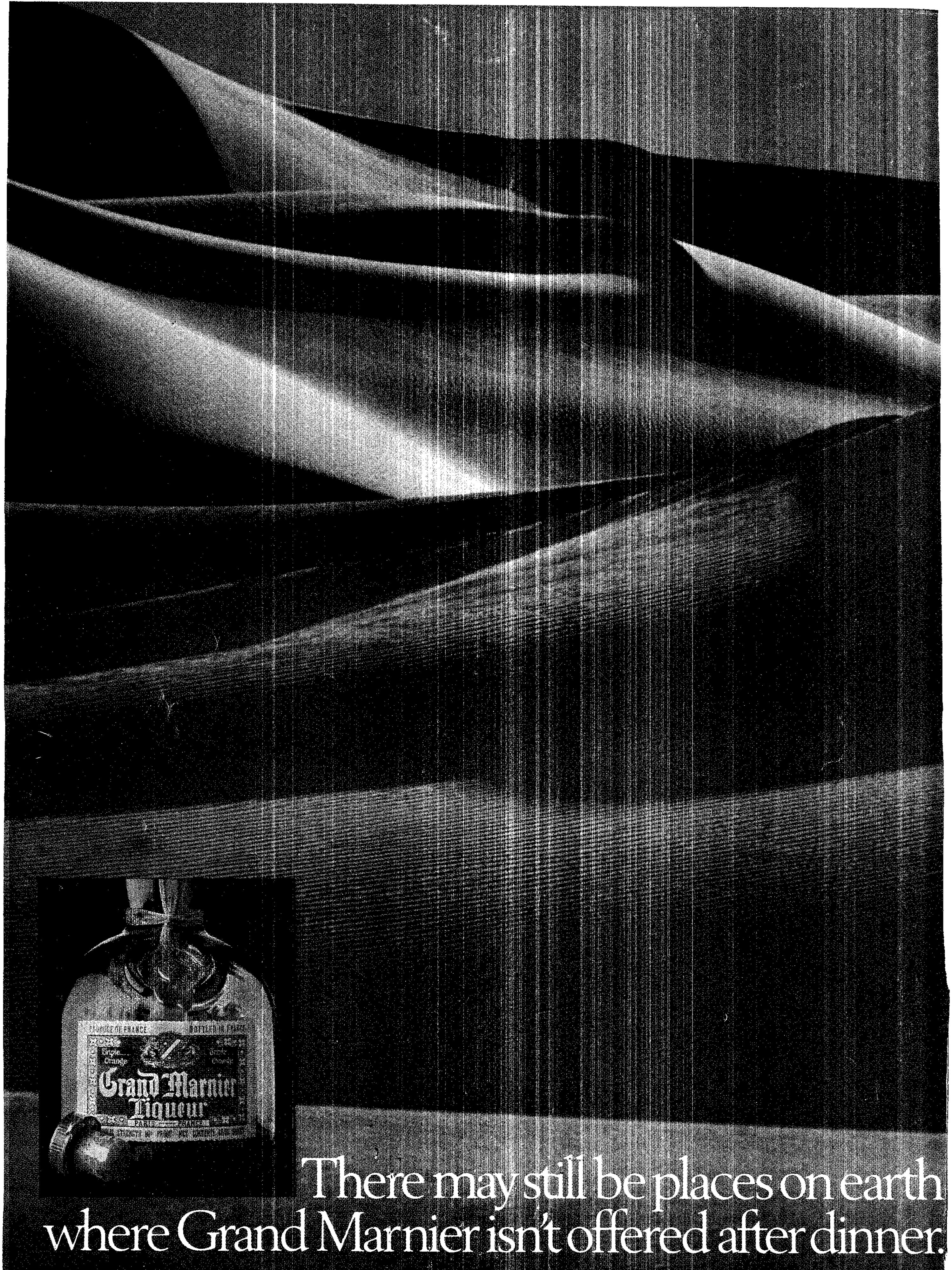
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